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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III JANUARY, 1925 NUMBER 6

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The Thundering Herd of the Yellowstone

By Horace

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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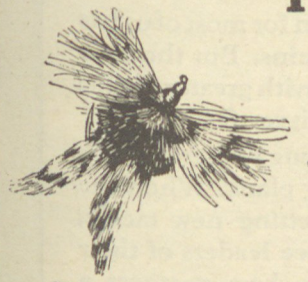
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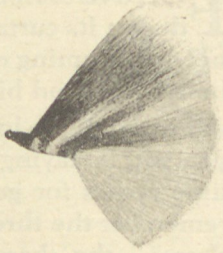
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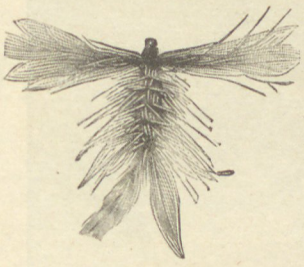
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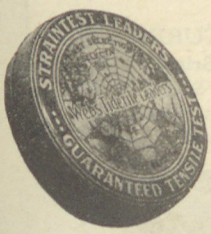

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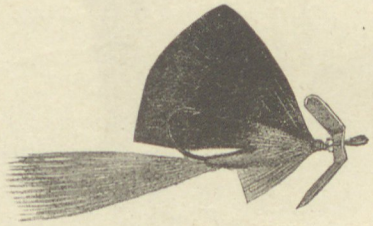
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What Bob Becker

(Editor Woods and Waters, Chicago Tribune)

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Outdoor America

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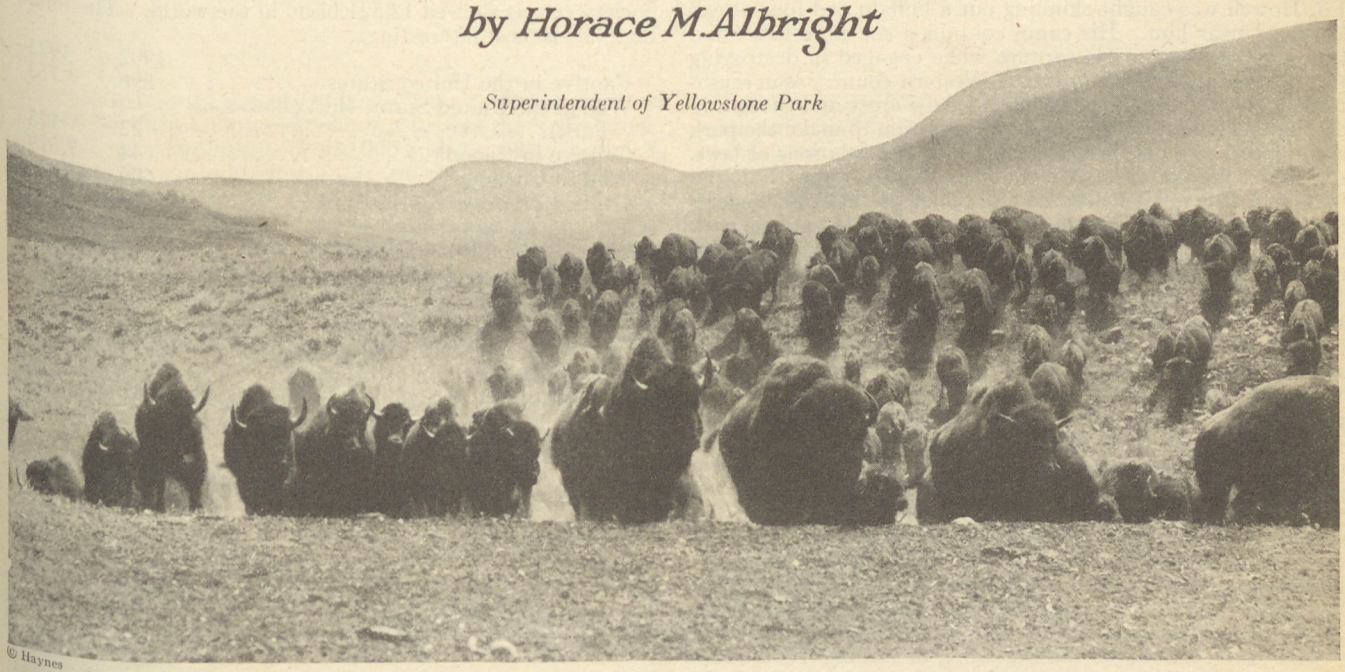
THE THUNDERING HERD OF THE YELLOWSTONE

by Horace M. Albright

Superintendent of Yellowstone Park



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"HOW many buffalo are *left* in the Park?" is a question that is asked ten thousand times a year of rangers and other officers of Yellowstone National Park.

The work of the American Bison Society, able writers, and effective speakers during the first decade of the 20th century, indelibly impressed upon the minds of everybody, old and young, that the American bison was doomed to extinction, and this impression seems to be as strong today as it ever was. Almost instinctively, the public is aroused by any mention of the killing of buffalo. Until the last year or two, a news item regarding the killing of a buffalo provoked a scathing editorial the following day.

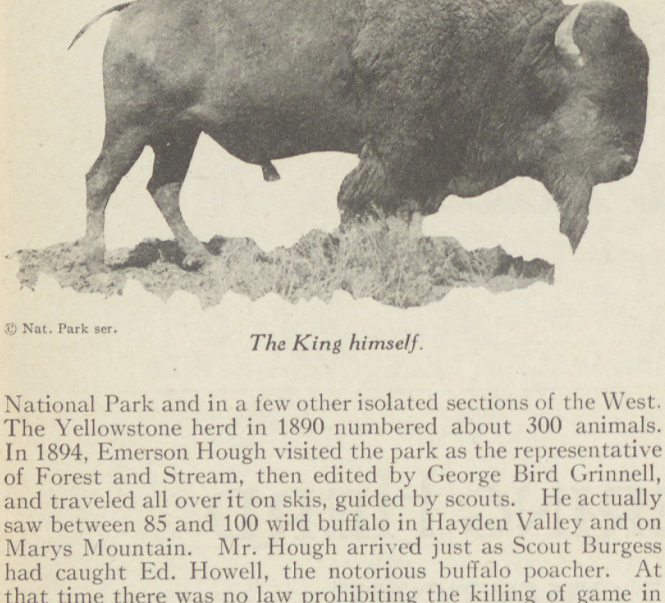
When the Dooleys, who own the bison herd on Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake, decided a few years ago to sell permits, at $200 apiece, to kill buffalo bulls on the island, a tremendous volume of protests poured into the departments at Washington, concerned with game conservation, and newspapers published demands that the "slaughter" be stopped, and that the Government buy the herd and protect it. Even in Salt Lake City this attempt to reduce the number of buffalo on Antelope Island was denounced in vitriolic terms. Yet Antelope Island was and is being overrun with buffalo, and sooner or later killing will have to be done on a large scale.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

So, in Yellowstone National Park, the interested visitor, who asks how many buffalo we have *left*, uses one word too many in his inquiry. We have so many American bison *left* and still coming, that we do not know what we are going to do with them. On August 1, 1924, the big Yellowstone herd numbered 780, while the so-called "wild herd," buffalo that have never been under fence or control of any kind, and which roam in higher and wilder country—in the region east of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone—had somewhere between 75 and 100 animals.

It is amazing to note the interest the average park visitor takes in buffalo, and when he is told about the size of these herds he fairly gasps with surprise. He is overwhelmed with mixed feelings of relief and pleasure. He expresses his previous understanding that this noble animal was facing extinction.

To men and women interested in wild game, buffalo and bear have been keen competitors of the geysers and the beautiful Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone as the chief attractions of the park, and this has been true for more than thirty years—ever since the buffalo passed from the plains and came so near to extermination. In fact, in the United States, the bison absolutely vanished as a wild game animal in the early eighties, except, as Dr. W. T. Hornaday has recorded, in Yellowstone



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The King himself.

National Park and in a few other isolated sections of the West. The Yellowstone herd in 1890 numbered about 300 animals. In 1894, Emerson Hough visited the park as the representative of Forest and Stream, then edited by George Bird Grinnell, and traveled all over it on skis, guided by scouts. He actually saw between 85 and 100 wild buffalo in Hayden Valley and on Marys Mountain. Mr. Hough arrived just as Scout Burgess had caught Ed. Howell, the notorious buffalo poacher. At that time there was no law prohibiting the killing of game in the park, and poaching was rampant. The only action the superintendent could take was to eject offenders from the park. Ed. Howell was caught skinning out a buffalo and four others lay dead near him. His camp contained six more hides and heads. The news of his capture while engaged in destroying the few remaining buffalo in the Western country was sensational. Newspapers everywhere joined Forest and Stream in demanding action by Congress on legislation to make the park a game preserve and prescribe penalties for violations of laws, rules, and regulations. Mr. Hough's detailed story followed later and still further aroused the public to insist on Federal legislation to insure the protection of the buffalo and the park itself. The result of this capture of Ed. Howell, with buffalo blood on his hands, was the enactment of the Act of May 7, 1894, which makes the possession of any part of a bird or animal prima facie evidence that it was killed in the park, and prescribes heavy penalties for violation of its provisions, or the rules and regulations authorized to be promulgated by the Secretary of the Interior for the government and control of the park.

Mr. Hough estimated that the Yellowstone buffalo probably numbered 150 when he left the park in April, 1894. Subsequent poaching still further reduced the herd and by 1902 it was reported that only 22 wild buffalo were left in the park. The superintendent at that time, Major John Pitcher, also reported that in addition to these 22 wild bison, there were four in captivity in the park, owned by Mr. E. C. Waters, who operated a boat line on Lake Yellowstone, and four at Henry's Lake, Idaho, captured in or near the park by Mr. R. W. Rock.

The year 1902 marks the beginning of the big Yellowstone herd, the so-called "tame herd" as distinguished from the "wild herd" that so narrowly escaped total extinction. The Secretaries of the Interior for eight years, since the Protection Act had been enacted into law, had been recommending the establishment of another herd in the park, to be kept under control in a region where it could increase and thrive.

At last, after splendid work by conservationists and sportsmen, individually and through their organizations, Congressmen and Senators were impressed with the precarious situation of the bison, and on January 30, 1902, the United States Senate passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture "to transmit to the Senate any facts which they possess with reference to the preservation in the United States, or the Dominion of Canada, of the buffalo, or American bison; informing the Senate whether or not such animals are dying out or are on the increase; to what extent they are running wild or being domesticated, and whether or not such as remain are of pure or mixed blood; and also informing the Senate whether or not any steps ought to be taken by the United States for the preservation from extinction of such animals."

In complying with the requests of the Resolution, the Secretary of the Interior, in July, 1902, advised the Senate that in the United States the total number of buffalo, both full and mixed blood, was 1,143. There were 175 mixed bloods, and 968 pure bloods. Of the pure bloods, only 72 were running wild, 22 in Yellowstone Park, and 50 in Northern Colorado (George Bird Grinnell has recorded that in 1901, a year before this report, the Colorado herd was wiped out by poachers, so there remained only the 22 in Yellowstone Park). In Canada there were 600 running wild in the Great Slave Lake Country and 44 other pure bloods in captivity. In Europe there were 114. The total buffalo in the world were 1,676, properly omitting the destroyed Colorado wild herd and the mixed bloods.

At the close of 1922, just 20 years later, the American Bison Society census showed 12,521 bison in the world. The following table is most interesting:

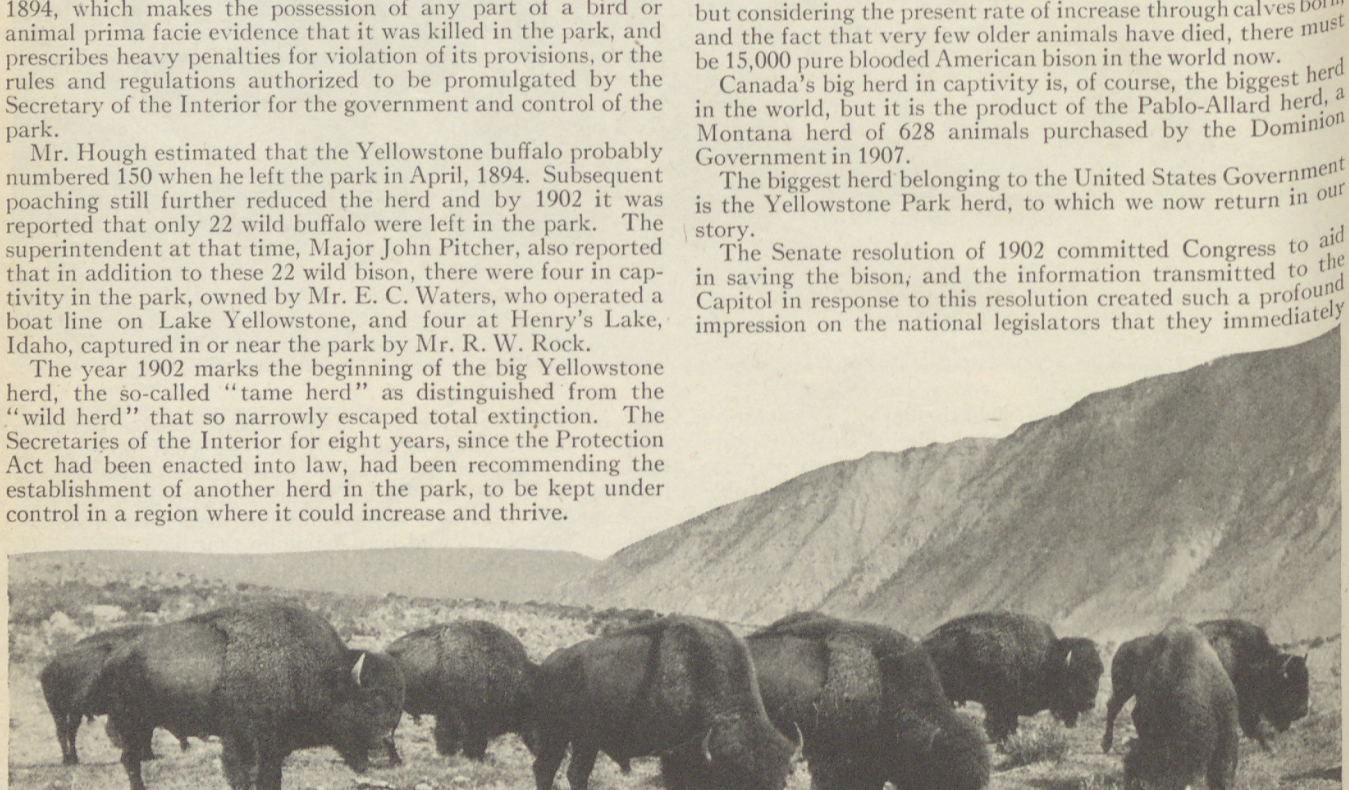
	1902	1922
Captive in the United States	896	3,753
Wild in the United States (in Yellowstone Park)	22	125
Captive in Canada	44	7,579
Wild in Canada	600	1,000
Captive on other continents	114	64
Total in the world	1,676	12,521

There has been no census published since January 1, 1923, but considering the present rate of increase through calves born, and the fact that very few older animals have died, there must be 15,000 pure blooded American bison in the world now.

Canada's big herd in captivity is, of course, the biggest herd in the world, but it is the product of the Pablo-Allard herd, a Montana herd of 628 animals purchased by the Dominion Government in 1907.

The biggest herd belonging to the United States Government is the Yellowstone Park herd, to which we now return in our story.

The Senate resolution of 1902 committed Congress to aid in saving the bison, and the information transmitted to the Capitol in response to this resolution created such a profound impression on the national legislators that they immediately



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Tame herd at Mammoth Hot Springs. All fine bulls.

Turn to page 40

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Down to the Lamar River in droves.

appropriated, in the deficiency bill of July 1, 1902, the sum of $15,000 for the establishment of a new herd in the Yellowstone. The Secretary had asked for $30,000 and President Roosevelt had urged the appropriation of this amount, but half this much was all that it was seen fit to allow.

Colonel C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones, the famous scout and buffalo hunter, who at that time was taking a great interest in the preservation of the bison, was employed as Game Warden. He arrived in the park July 16, 1902, and arrangements were made for the establishment of the herd. A site for the home of the herd was selected a mile south of Mammoth Hot Springs. This site is still used in the summer months for the "show" herd of buffalo bulls which we bring from the Lamar River Ranch.

After much negotiating, the contract was finally executed for the acquisition of 18 cows from the Allard herd, which was then situated near the Flathead Agency, Montana. Three bulls were purchased from the Goodnight herd in Texas. For new blood it was proposed to capture animals from the wild herd, and 22 buffalo belonging to the herd were seen that year on the head of Pelican Creek. Howard Eaton, famous Wyoming guide, delivered the cows from the Allard herd in the fall of 1902, and Buffalo Jones went to Texas and brought back the 3 bulls from the Goodnight herd. Thus, with 21 animals, the new herd was established in Yellowstone Park.

In Acting Superintendent Pitcher's report for 1902, the statement is made that the herd did well that year. It then consisted of 27 buffalo, 20 old ones, and 7 calves. Five of the calves were from the cows of the Allard herd and two calves were captured from the wild herd. Thus, by the end of 1903, we had three strains of blood—from the Allard herd, from the Goodnight herd and from the park wild herd. One of the Goodnight herd bulls was driven out into the park in an effort to make him join the wild herd. He died that winter. An appropriation of $2,500 had been made for the care of the herd in the Act of March 3, 1903.

By 1906, the new herd had increased to 57 animals.

In 1908, when there were 74 in the herd, hay was cut for the first time at the Buffalo Ranch; 100 tons were cut and stacked during the summer. That year 35 wild buffalo were seen, so they had increased by 13, while the new herd had increased by 53 in six years.

In December, 1911, when there were 147 bison in the new herd, it suffered its first set back. Hemorrhagic septicemia attacked some of the younger animals and 22, or 15%, died. The Bureau of Animal Industry was appealed to for aid, and it sent experts to the park to study the disease. They soon developed a serum, and in June, 1912, the herd was vaccinated.

In January, 1919, when the herd numbered 385, of which 176 were males, 149 females, and 60 calves, sex undetermined, the second attack of this dread disease occurred, and this time 36 of the younger animals died, and 17 were missing. This was a loss of 13% of the herd. New serum was made and in October, 1919, 355 of the younger buffalo, including 90 calves, were vaccinated. In 1920, we vaccinated the 42 calves of that year's crop, and again, in 1921, we vaccinated 80 young calves, born that year.

On March 18, 1922, the third outbreak of hemorrhagic septicemia occurred and by April 4th 49 had died. As the herd had numbered 506 when the epidemic started, this time we lost 16%. When the first indication of the disease appeared, Bureau of Animal Industry scientists were summoned from Helena, and the epidemic was controlled through vaccination. After each epidemic the areas where deaths occurred were disinfected.

Hemorrhagic septicemia in buffalo works with quick and deadly results. Here is a brief description of the symptoms, by Dr. Neil Plank of the Bureau of Animal Industry:

"Blinking of eyes. Dropping of lids. Animals lie down—upon stirring up there appears to be a stiffening up of animal. Arched back very prominent and weak. Staggering gait, increased respiration, unable to arise, labored breathing, drooling from mouth, comatose and death.

"Animals after first showing sickness die from 2 to 24 hours.

"Slight bleeding from mouth and nostrils.

"One 3 year old cow took 36 hours to die—March 25, 1922."

Long may he reign.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

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Kiowa Indians revive an old tribal custom.

Having suffered such a heavy loss in 1922, and knowing that the disease is capable of exterminating a herd of buffalo in a short time, we no longer take any chances on its getting a good start while we "call the doctor." We obtain each year, from the Bureau of Animal Industry, fresh serum, which we keep on hand at the Buffalo Ranch, together with instruments with which to vaccinate the herd at the first sign of another outbreak.

Aside from these three outbreaks of deadly disease, the Yellowstone "tame herd" has thrived, and is now in splendid condition, although there is a surplus of bulls, and the herd is growing so fast that we cannot develop hay lands to keep abreast of the winter needs of the buffalo. Bison are grazing animals, and while they range well back in the hills at the headwaters of the Lamar River and its tributaries in summer, they come down to the lower levels of the Lamar Valley with early storms. In midwinter when snow is deep, hay must be fed, in order to keep them from drifting down to the settlements. In summer, a mighty drift fence—a worm fence of logs, seven feet in height—holds the herd in the upper Lamar Valley and away from the hay fields. The present fields, in normal years, will produce from 700 to 800 tons of hay. They are being extended from time to time, as funds are available, to cultivate new areas.

On August 15, 1924, there were, as before stated, 780 buffalo in the herd, including 120 calves of this year's crop. In the wild herd, which has never been under control of any kind, there were 76 counted in the spring of 1923. Assuming that this herd increased to 85 in a year very favorable to game, our herds in August totaled 865. The males and females are not far from being equal in numbers, but 188 of the males were castrated when calves.

There has been no perceptible impairment of size or features of the male buffalo as a result of this operation.

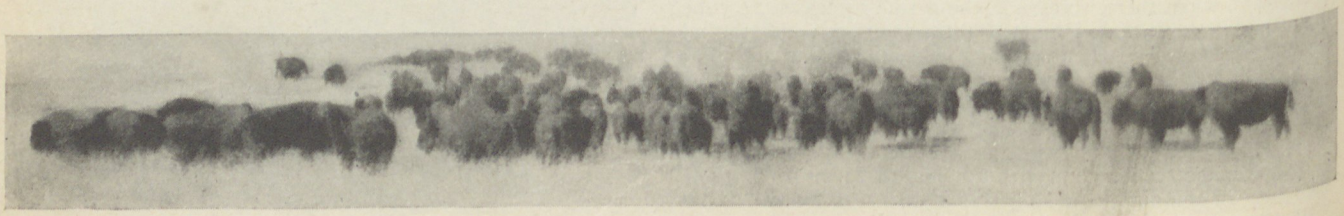
Some years ago the Department of the Interior adopted the policy of giving bison to any public park or institution that would agree to pay expenses of capture and shipment, and 55 were shipped to such public establishments prior to this year. Feeling that surplus animals could not be absorbed much longer by public institutions, the Department asked for authority to dispose of buffalo to private parties also, and on January 24, 1923, Congress granted the authority in the following provision of law:

"That the Secretary of the Interior be and he is hereby authorized, in his discretion and under regulations to be prescribed by him, to give surplus elk, buffalo, bear, beaver, and other animals inhabiting the Yellowstone National Park to federal, state, county, and municipal authorities for preserves, zoos, zoological gardens and parks: *Provided*, That the said Secretary may sell or otherwise dispose of the surplus buffalo of the Yellowstone National Park herd, and all moneys received from the sale of any such surplus buffalo shall be deposited in the Treasury of the United States as miscellaneous receipts."

It was established as a policy under this law that any party who would agree to defray all expenses of capture, crating and transportation from the Buffalo Ranch 34 miles to Gardiner, Montana, the nearest railroad terminus, costs that amount to about $85 per animal, to likewise pay express charges to final destination, and finally to protect the buffalo from injury or death, would be given one or more animals free of charge. We have just filled orders for 86 buffalo, which have gone to all parts of the United States, some to private estates, others to public parks. In all cases, fine, strong, young stock have been shipped and every new owner has expressed himself as delighted with his specimens of American bison.

There was a great abundance of amusement in arranging for these shipments. Correspondence regarding buffalo resulted in some side-splitting letters regarding availability of bison as pets for children. However, "Fun with Buffalo" will perhaps sometime be the subject of another article.

Sixteen of our recently donated buffalo have entered the movies in Hollywood, but they will probably find a home on Catalina Island a little later. They will help finish Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]



—and slowly winds across the lea.

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THE SON OF KASPER

by Ben East

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

WE sat one night, Dan Taylor and I, before the ruddy fire in Dan's high-manteled fireplace, smoking and talking, and listening to the rush of the January wind across the white roofed city. It was whistling about the corners of the house with wintry savageness, and in the wires far above the lighted streets it fairly screamed its song of cold!

"Bet it's cold up there tonight," Dan remarked. We had been talking about the wild rough country of the Nipigon, up above the frozen expanse of Superior—"Back Forties," as old Dan calls it. I had come down from the Little Beaver, a hundred miles east of Nipigon, in November, and it was of that and of Jim Grayson's lonely cabin, on the north shore, that we had spoken most.

I had told Dan the story of the eight-prong albino buck that I had hunted for days and days, and of how I had come at last to the end of my hunt, and I asked him if he knew the story of Jim's Pal, Little Moccasins, who was "Down with the spruce," at the edge of the Little Beaver. He had known all the story years before, and we told and retold bits of it together. And I was so lost in the story, and the memories of the days I had had in the Wilderness around the little spruce bordered lake that I did not notice Dan's remark at all.

He came back after a moment to the things I was thinking of.

"There is another story that Jim may tell you sometime—if he gets to know you well enough—that you'll think about even longer than the story of the white-marked bear—and that is the story of Fangs."

"Do you know it, Dan?" I asked.

"Do I?" he rejoined, "I was there when part of it happened!"

I leaned back in my chair. Dan is somewhat of a teller of tales himself.

"Let's have it," I urged. "I might never find Jim in a mood to tell stories again. It took a long while, and a strange event, to bring that first one!"

Dan shook his head. "It's his story," he said simply—"he'll tell it all right—if he gets to know you well enough."

October came again with warm suns, and a soft blue smoke-haze across the open fields, and down-drifting leaves in the woods,—and I headed again into the north country, by train and lake steamer and canoe, to the isolated cabin on the Little Beaver. I had planned a two-weeks' stay this time, knowing that even that would be all too short—and they are days that I shall always like to go back to, when I sit alone in the winter evenings, and dream of the times in my life that have counted! I did not even take a gun with me—for that day when I had stood among the spruce by the little trout stream, and had watched the red blood staining the white shoulder and chest of the albino buck, at the end of the hardest week of hunting I had ever spent, I had come, too, to the end of all my hunting, in that fashion, for all time!

You may wonder why I would journey all the way to the Little Beaver, unless it were to hunt—but, my friend, have you ever hunted, when it was not your purpose to kill? If not, then you have missed much of the joy of following the trails of the wild things. There was not a day of those two short weeks that I did not hunt—and this time, without regret, Jim Grayson hunted with me! And what a hunter he was! We watched the squirrels, as they stored beechnuts in hollow pine limbs. We saw great antlered bulls come out into the bright autumn moonlight on open stretches of gravelly beach, at the soft grunt of a tight-rolled tube of birch! And once there was a simultaneous crashing in the alders at each end of the open strip of shore—and two great beasts stalked out of the brush and glared their challenge across at each other, for an instant, before they rushed together—but that is a story itself!

In "The Son of Kasper" the versatile Ben East has given us a real story of a he-man's dog "gone wolf," and Charles Livingston Bull, one of the world's most famous illustrators of animal stories, has not only illustrated it, but has sent us a painting of Kasper's son which will be the cover of the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

We watched a weasel as it sprang upon a ptarmigan from behind the shelter of a fallen log—and again, looking across a narrow timbered ravine, we saw a buck flying through the spruce, with six big gray wolves close at his heels; and from the yapping and snarling, we knew they made their kill just over the rise of ground!

Oh, it was varied, that hunting of ours! And in the evenings we sat in the cabin and smoked—and if there is a trace of regret in my memories of that trip, it is for the milk-white head, adorned with its eight pronged antlers, that looks sadly down from the wall, and for the snow-white rug that is spread before the big crude fireplace. A year before those trophies had been part of a living thing of beauty, that had lived upon those same ridges where we had watched that day—and it was I that had hunted it down and killed it!

And perhaps it was because Jim hunted with me—or perhaps it was because of the way in which I hunted—or both—but at any rate, I came day by day to know better the big woodsman, who saw and thought so much, and spoke so little, and it seemed as though he were coming, too, to know me better.

But it seems he did not get to know me well enough—so at last the morning came when I pointed a birchen craft down the river that leads down the long slope, from the Little Beaver, to the "Mighty Gitchee-Gumee,"—and he had not told me the story of Fangs.

I was a week late getting started, that next fall, and the cold winds of early November were whipping Superior into a white-capped fury of gray ridges, when our boat swung out from the Soo.

The promise of coming storms was in the cold air when we sighted the dark spruce-covered Canadian shoreline—and thirty miles up the river that leads to the Little Beaver, the storm broke! A blinding blizzard of snow, swirling down out of the northwest, on a wind so cold that the water froze in a clumsy icy ring on our paddles, as we drove the canoe into the storm!

We could feel it growing even colder, and we knew that morn-

ing, if not evening, would see the river frozen. Even now in the still stretches along the shore, and in the quiet eddies behind half-submerged logs, the snow was forming opaque shell ice. It was too late to turn back, and the canoe could be taken out in the spring. So we paddled on, the French half-breed and I, keeping our mittened hands well up on the paddles, out of the freezing river, and bending our heads low to shield our faces from the stinging particles of snow. We fought on against the wind and current, even when the early storm dusk, settling down, blotted out the shore, that we had only half seen, through the blinding smother of snow, all the afternoon!

Then, when we had decided to land and make our camp in the shelter of the next bend, suddenly on the shore ahead the red blaze of a fire blinked at us, through the storm!

We stayed that night in the shelter of the Chippewa lodges, and the wind changed before midnight, swinging into the southeast. So the river did not freeze, after all, and we went out in the morning into a heavy fall of soft, slow, down-drifting flakes. We had snagged the canoe, in landing, the night before, and so we stayed with the Chippewas that day, and heated our pitch-pot, and mended it with strips of papery bark from a birch that leaned out over the river.

The storm stopped toward morning of the second night, and shortly after sunrise we pushed our canoe out upon a river that wound, a black ribbon, through the white forest world.

The snow made overhanging banks, down to the water itself. The trees were buried under the white stuff, so that distant ridges seemed cloaked with an almost unbroken carpet of snow. Fallen logs along the shore made hardly perceptible mounds in the depth of it. And the new white world was silent save for the low ripple and murmur of the river, and occasionally a soft flopping thud, as a spruce or hemlock branch ridded itself of its weight of snow.

We rounded the last bend and came out onto the Little Beaver. Jim's cabin was there on the opposite shore, half buried in drifts, and from its broad clay chimney a friendly column of pine-smoke curled up into the trees about it. Three people were standing just outside the door, and when we were halfway across the lake two of them struck westward into the forest, leaving the broad double trail of snowshoes behind them—but not before I had seen that the one was a young man, with the black hair and the dark gay eyes of a young French-Canadian—and the other was a woman, slender and apparently young, and from her hair that fell in two jet-black braids across her shoulders, and from the dark half bronzed color of her skin, I judged her to be an Indian. More than that I had seen that the man moved with the strong suppleness of a lynx, and the woman with the lithe grace of a fawn—and both were well used to racquets!

And that noon, when the Half-breed had departed down the river again, and Dan and I ate alone in the quiet cabin, and listened to the gay winter chirping of the little black-capped chickadees in the low pines outside, he told me who they were.

And suddenly he seemed to know me well enough—at last!

This, then, is the story of Fangs, and of how Jacques Duprez, the young Canadian of the Hudson Bay Post on Nipigon, came, one night when the timber wolves were running on the hot trail, to Benoir Grayson, whom the Chippewa call the Humming Bird, and who is the daughter of Jim Grayson and Little Moccasins.

"I don't know if you've ever seen the lead dog of old Pierre Beranger's sledge

Then at last, the clipping teeth had met in flesh and held.

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For some reason, the dog's speed perhaps, the big cat failed to tree.

team, across the lake there, or not," Jim began. "But if you have, you'll remember him! He's half husky, and quarter wolf —and the other quarter is dog, big bodied and big souled. His mother was the husky—one of Pierre's team—and his father was Fangs, the son of Kasper.

"Kasper was a Saint Bernard that Dan Taylor brought up to me from Cheboygan, twenty-three years ago. Dan knew how I loved dogs, and he brought me one that he said was a man's dog. And Kasper fitted the part! His big shaggy tan back came up almost to my waist, and his great legs, smooth below the knees, looked the size of my forearm! He was only two when he came, but the muscles of him were like steel! Big and rippling on the chest, hard and lean and thin from the ribs back, and bunched in the massive hind legs, to give the driving power of steam pistons! His feet were big, flat, broad pads, that held up on the snow like racquets. And after that first winter they were as tough as the feet of a wolf! I've seen him overtake a snowshoe rabbit in six inches of light snow, going up the side of a single ridge!

"There was one thing about him of which I wasn't sure. His eyes were kind and honest and deep—but there didn't look to be much fight in them, and I wondered about his courage. Then one morning at daylight, just as I was letting him out of the door, a lynx crossed the clearing there in front of the cabin. *For some reason—the dog's speed, perhaps, or the fact that the wind was right, and he couldn't get scent of me on the trail—the big cat failed to tree.* It was over when I got there, and I knew then that my dog's courage was like his eyes—quiet and deep!

"Oh, he was a man's dog, all right, Kasper was, when he came—but he didn't stay that way! The cabin was new then, and I was alone that first winter—but when I brought Little Moccasins home with me, from Nipigon, in the spring, Kasper became a woman's dog!

"He would sit or lie at her feet, hour after hour, contented just to look up into her face as she worked on the moosehide racquets or her beaded moccasins. She never went into the forest alone—Kasper wouldn't have it—and if she pushed her canoe out onto the lake without him, he was in the water after her like a shot. A word was enough to keep him out of the canoe, but he'd swim around behind it, till she took pity on him and let him clamber in over the end. Never tried the side. He knew better! Once in, he'd crawl along the bottom to her, and tuck his big cold nose up into the hollow of her arm, as she lay back and let the birch drift. Oh, it was a picture, I tell you! I got so I liked to see Kasper with her, almost as much as I liked to be with her myself!

"Then, that fall, Red Murphy came up here from the Michigan lumber camps, to hire out at the Post. Rumor said he had left the States because he had killed a river-man with his peavy, in the last spring drive, so the Factor wouldn't hire him. He drifted east then, looking for a trap-line, he said—and he came to the cabin one day when I was away in the woods. . . .

"I bandaged his throat up the best I could, when I got home, and took him down the river to the doctor that night in my canoe. If Little Moccasins had let the dog leap once more, I wouldn't have had to bother!

"Kasper had laid on the bunk beside her, with his head resting on his forepaws all that night, but every time she was awake his big, soft brown eyes were wide open and watching her. She said she did not believe he so much as flicked a lid till she got up the next morning.

"From that day he was even more of a woman's dog than ever. It seemed as though, at the knowledge of the brutality of a man, a barrier had risen even between him and me!"

Jim stopped for a moment then and it was very quiet in the cabin. I waited. He was coming, I knew, to the part that he could not have told before, because he had not known me well enough!

"Then, one afternoon when a warm spring wind was whipping the ice out of the lake," he went on slowly, "we took that Pal of mine down there among the spruce—and left her.

"I sat that night with two Chippewa women from down the river, keeping watch with me over the little new life that lay in a spruce cradle over there by the fireplace—and in the gloomy silence of the night I heard Kasper, from where he lay on her bed, whining low in his throat. I could hardly hear him above the sighing of the wind in the spruce outside—but after a time he whined again—got down, and walked across to the door. I let him out, and there on the door-sill he stopped and looked back at me with inexpressible longing and sadness in his big brown eyes! An hour later he howled once, long and deep, from the edge of the timber. I looked out the window, but the clouds of an early May rain made it too dark. I couldn't see him, but I knew he was there—stretched across the fresh mound of earth, and my own sorrow found relief in that one long-drawn howl.

"He never came back to the cabin again. I decided before the end of summer that he had died of grief or been killed. Then October came—and with it the hunting moon. The moose called and answered across the lake, and there wasn't a night that the wolves didn't run a trail within hearing of the cabin. And then one night, an hour after the yapping told me that they had made their kill on the ridges west of Pierre's cabin, something made me step to the window and look out. And there, at the head of the mound, in the shadow of the spruce, sat Kasper—and beside him, two timber wolves moved restlessly! I couldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen him, big and gloriously fit in the sheen of the autumn moon—but it was true! Kasper, my southland dog—a man's dog and a woman's

dog, had gone to the wolves! And for some strange reason and in some strange way they had accepted him!

"And even as a wolf-dog he had come in to grieve silently over the grave of his Woman-God, and his wild companions had followed him out of the forest.

"I opened the door of the cabin to call to him. The wolves slid away into the timber like shadows, but Kasper didn't even move. He sat there, quiet, on his haunches, for a long time, watching me. Then at last he rose and trotted away after the wolves. He stopped at the edge of the timber to look back at me again, standing there for a moment, huge and splendid against the shadows—then he was gone!

"It was the fourth winter after that that Pierre brought in a wolf pelt from his trap line that was too big and too tinged with yellow to be a true wolf. So we knew that Kasper was leaving sons in the forest. And occasionally, on the winter snows, I saw the tracks of his big pads in the trail of a pack, so I knew he was still there—but I never saw him again alive.

"The Humming Bird—I call her by her Indian name you see, because I am a 'Squaw-Man'"—It would make you glow to hear big quiet Jim use that word! All the tenderness of his memories of Little Moccasins are in his voice, and too, all his fine scorn for the derision that is flung at a man who chooses such a pal. His eyes look far out among the spruce and pine, and you know he is following the trail of snowshoes shorter than his own!—

"Humming Bird was eight summers old when we found Fangs, another of the wolf sons of Kasper.

"We had gone one morning in late June, trout fishing on a little stream some five miles to the west of the lake here. We were more than halfway up to the spring where the stream headed, by noon, and were getting into a bit of wild hilly land between two small rivers, where I had never been but once before. We would have had to turn back downstream then to make the cabin before dark, for it's rough going through the thick timber in summer, but the Humming Bird always liked a night out in the forest with me, with just the stars over us and a little stream tinkling by a few yards away"—the big man stopped for a moment. I knew he was thinking of another in whom the blood of her people had made strong the call of those wilderness nights—"So we broiled the trout we had caught that morning for dinner, and rested till the trees' shadows were as long as the trees themselves. Then we went on up the brook, catching enough fish for supper as we went.

"We came to the spring an hour before sunset. It bubbled out, a clear gushing stream, from a little cave beneath the roots of a huge water maple, and up the side of the steep slope above it, a well-defined path led. There were many footprints in the white sand below the spring-tracks of wolves and deer and lynx, and one huge print of a bear—and the path was used. There were big rocks and a tangle of wind-fallen logs at the top of the hill that might secrete dens so we started quietly up the path. And halfway to the top we found Kasper! There was a wide space on either side of the path where the underbrush was beaten flat, and in the hard soil we could see the claw marks of a bear. At one side of the circle lay Kasper, torn and clawed almost beyond the semblance of a dog! And across the path from him lay a she-wolf, with the lower half of her body twisted strangely under her. From where I stood I could see that she had nursed young during the summer. We went on up the path then, and at the crest of the hill it ended in the den of the she-wolf and Kasper. A roomy shallow hole under a big boulder, with the opening half hidden by a young spruce. We could hear a whelp whining eagerly at the sound of our careful approach and with my knife and a dry, sharpened beech stick, I dug my way under the rock and crawled into the low-roofed den. There was but one whelp, and from his size I judged that he had been born late. He snarled a little at me and showed his little sharp, white teeth, but his mother had been dead at least twenty hours, and had probably been away from the den a much longer time than that. So when I pushed a fresh trout out to him, quietly, he gave one eager sniff and forgot his hostilities. He knew meat, all right, when he saw it!

"I'll never know how much the dog side of him had to do with winning him over, but little as it manifested itself later on, it must have counted a lot there at the first. He let me carry him out of the den and fasten a leather thong about his neck. Of course the Humming Bird would take him back to the cabin with us. We started down the path, with me carrying the wolf whelp, and when we came to the place where his father and mother had died, it was easy to see how it had happened. They had probably been coming from a hunt when they caught the scent of the bear at the spring. Halfway up to their den, coming like two silent gray streaks through the timber, they had overtaken him. For a while they had circled, worrying him, trying to turn him back, away from their young up there at the end of the path. Finally the she-wolf, driven desperate by fear and anger, as the bear continued to work stubbornly up the slope, had thrown aside the caution she would ordinarily have displayed in such a fight, and had gone in with a savage rush. The bear had broken her back with one lightning sweep of his short heavy forearm—and it had been only Kasper then that stood between him and the helpless whelp in the den up there. And the raging dog, made doubly fierce by the knowledge, had hurled his ninety pounds of steel hard body, time after time, against his enemy's terrible guard! And each time he had been knocked away, smashed down, only to regain his feet before the bear could reach him. *Then at last, the clipping teeth had met in flesh and held! Held while the heavy claws ripped his body to ribbons from throat to tail,* and at last reached up to clasp about his massive head, and tear out, through yielding flesh, the grip that would not break!

"A bloody trail led away into the timber and two hundred yards along the hillside we found the end of it. The bear was a big solitary male, and his throat was torn open, as I did not know the jaws of a dog could tear!"

(*To be continued*)

PROBLEMS of paramount interest to the sportsmen of the country will be discussed at the Third National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, to be held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Ill., April 2, 3, 4, 1925.

This will be undoubtedly the largest gathering of sportsmen ever assembled. Representatives of chapters from all parts of the United States will be there to present the problems affecting local wild life conditions.

Internationally famed writers, statesmen, leaders in the business world, have announced their intention to attend.

If your chapter has not elected delegates to this event do it without delay, as the national progress made by the League in the past year is ample proof of what co-operation can do.

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Romer Grey (on extreme right) with his guides in the Tonto.

THREE BEARS

by R. C. Grey

Photographs by the Author

THERE are days in the Tonto when wind and storm make hunting difficult, yet all conditions offer some advantage. Wind plays only to spend itself at last, and rain-soaked ground or a light snowfall make more indelible new tracks of wild game.

The above paragraph met and arrested my glance while I was looking over a diary with its faithful record of my activities last fall. The memorandum was dated October fourteenth, a circumstance particularly noticeable because the characters were underscored in red ink. I did not need to trace the philosophic source of that mood. I remember October fourteenth was a red-letter day that season.

At the time we were camped at Beaver Creek, three miles back from the Rim of the Tonto Basin. There had passed two days of rain which on the morning of the thirteenth, under the touch of a cold wind, turned to drizzling snow. Afternoon brought the sun, warm and glimmering, and only shaded places kept intact the thin white sheet that was spread by the morning's storm. The wind died and a strange stillness prevailed, a primal stillness. Night came gloriously with distant cold stars and the unbroken lull, a night that predicted a good bear-hunting day. The word passed around camp—a bear hunt tomorrow!

Hence on the morrow we were up before sunrise, waking to a clearly cold and frost-covered world. I stepped lively and hugged the blazing fire, eating my breakfast to the hopping motion of a Hopi harvest dance. Meanwhile preparations for the hunt were in progress; horses were being saddled, our outfit, seventeen strong—long legged giants of wood and desert—were strapping on cartridge belts and loading guns. Everywhere don't-shoot red, red hunting caps and red-scarfed sombreros; everywhere the clink of spurs ringing merrily! At the far camp the hounds leaped and barked and bayed, eager to be off.

We were on our way through the colorful, voiceless forest when the sun tipped the Rim. The ground glistened white where the sun's rays pierced, and diamond lights shone from the red and yellow of fallen leaves. We cut through the tall pines and spruce, so stately and still, following the trail that led to Promontory Point.

When we reached Promontory, Ed Haught, one of our guides, was elected to go down the canyon trail with the dogs to scare up some bears from the oak thickets, the likeliest places to find old Bruin, and the party split into groups, each to ride out to a definite vantage point which came within a spread of two miles of gun fire. One has to understand the topography of the Rim and the Basin wall to understand that such maneuvering left each group isolated and independent of the other. The great edge of the Rim curves, flares into capes, and thrusts out long peninsula-like arms which shut out communication from all other points beyond the immediate neighboring sites and adjacent canyons.

My brother Zane and I had decided to ride out to the Rim above Horton Thicket where for several seasons before we had exciting adventure. Two eyes seemed insufficient in that matted place in the forest, for branches reached out everywhere to snag a rider.

After a while we came out to one of Promontory's many cape-like projections, and there tied our horses, took our guns, and walked to the ledge to study the prospect. Directly below us was a three hundred foot rocky drop to a jut of boulders that made a tempting shelf.

"That's a great bear site!" Z. G. ejaculated, "but I've never had courage enough to tackle it. What do you think about it?"

"Great! You'd feel like the king of the world if you ever did get out on it."

"Well, I'm trying it!" my brother announced with a characteristic finality that never knows retraction.

"Then I'll see how far down I can climb on this next projection," I returned. "We can cover the canyon between us and each a far canyon, too."

Z. G. disappeared under the ledge and I swung off through the brush to short-cut to the next promontory. When I came out on the rocky summit of the point, I glanced across the canyon and saw Z. G. looking much like the famous human fly who crawls down the faces of hotels and public buildings and out-feating him at that because he had a gun in hand. The descent was decidedly perilous. My prospect was scarcely more inviting, for though the ledge I chose was higher than Z. G.'s objective, the way was steep.

I managed to arrive still possessed of my gun, and panting and flushed with achievement. There I stood, high over the great basin, its trees like small bushes across the distance. To the right of me and below, Z. G., gaining his rocky butte whistled vociferously. The air was so still that sound traveled clear.

"Say! Wouldn't we be in a pickle if a bear happened on us unexpectedly from the rear?" called Z. G.

I wanted to reply that failing to shoot the bear we would have two alternatives, either to be hugged to death or to step off into nowhere. But I checked my facetiousness. Whereupon Z. G. lapsed into a silence that premeditated action.

The stage was set, and I, too, was ready. I sharpened my eyes, ears and wits; I looked, listened, figured.

The greatest all-encircling vista of the Tonto Basin is from the main projection on Promontory Point beneath which Z. G. now sat in lordly survey. I was east of that, and from my rocky ledge commanded a view of two canyons formed by the moody irregularity of the Rim, and of the fifty miles of wooded Basin that stretched southward to the Matazelles in hummocky waves of forest land.

A great sloping wall of rock a hundred feet to my right shut out part of the canyon that separated me from my brother. I looked backward in that direction now and again, for I had a strange feeling that something unfriendly lurked in the thicket at the base of the rock. Through the strange quiet and windlessness came the occasional rasping call of jays, the sweet song of a canyon thrush, the whistle of an elk far off, the cluck of a turkey, the click of a peculiar insect, a denizen of these woods. Perhaps a half hour passed. Then I became assured that a new and intermittent sound from the base of that wall of rock was the heavy foot of a bear milling about in oak leaves. Soon there came the tell-tale sound of a loosened rock banging its way into the canyon below. Something precipitated that slide!

Z. G., who had been studying the western prospect, turned quickly when the rock drummed down the slope.

The big black that charged down on him.

"There's something behind that wall!"

"You bet there is!" I radioed in a stage whisper.

"Watch that ledge!" Z. G. returned.

But his remark was muffled; his back was toward me again. Events transpired so quickly that I had no time to wonder about a new and sudden action on his part. He had jumped to his feet. His gun pointed toward the west slope he was covering, to some point beyond my line of vision.

"Grab your gun! A cinnamon! He may come over the top of this ledge!"

The words carried to me dimly, almost lost in the ringing boom of his 30-government. Then there was silence. Z. G. had not changed position.

"Where's he headed?" I yelled in the heat of the excitement.

"Turned down by my shot. He's in an oak thicket below a bald opening where I spotted him. Oh, what a chance! If only he hadn't turned! I'm afraid he will have cover clear down and out the canyon now. Perhaps the dogs will strike his trail and send him back again."

Minutes dragged, and my gun, aimed indefinitely at the oaks that skirted the rock wall, grew heavy. As yet we had heard no barking, no indication that the dogs, by now surely somewhere below us, had struck a lead. On windy days it is difficult to hear the dogs, but this day of unusual calm gave splendid opportunity to locate them once they would send up their call.

Z. G. and I began to converse with each other over the stocks of our guns when suddenly the outward silence was snapped by a rustle and crackling of leaves that sounded from the oak brush where the rock wall sloped and disappeared in the

"Get back, boy!" Zane Grey with his hounds and trophy.

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greater canyon. I looked at Zane and groaned inwardly. Verily it was a bear that had been milling around beneath the wall. He had been frightened out by Z. G.'s shot. The miserable thought occurred to me that the bear had run across a clearing to make the far thicket, and he did it without either of us getting a bead on him, because, at the moment, we were concerned with the cinnamon Z. G. had located. What a shot to lose!

We could hear the beggar travel down and work outward toward open country, so we covered the few clearings ahead with watchful eyes.

Suddenly, and as surely as we had calculated in hurried conversation, the bear came out into the open on an eastward hummock far below us. Z. G. and I opened fire. I shot twice, Z. G. four times. On his last shot our guns cracked together. The bear, limping, turned southwest across the slope and disappeared in a thicket.

There followed a minute of silence. Then came wild joyful yelps and bays. The dogs had located the trail of the bear we had turned. Another minute and a rifle report rang out from below, one, two, three. Silence closed over the last explosion, broken soon by renewed baying from the dogs. Far below us, to the south, we could discern dark objects moving in a clearing. Our eyes, soon accustomed to the distance, focused on the fight which we watched to the finish. It was a miniature stage with miniature actors.

The dogs had the bear in the clearing, holding him at bay. Presently the most pugnacious dog jumped at the animal and bowled him over. Whereupon the others circled round. Then a dark object moved from the trees; a small spot of red showed, marking more clearly in the glare of sunlight Ed Haught, who came to give the coup de grace. We caught the clear ring of the shot and the muffled echo that rolled down the canyons to sigh itself to exhaustion. I was a-tingle from top to toe. Ed disappeared in shadow, the dogs more reluctant to leave following in straggling disorder. The bear lay like a small brown stain on the patch of yellow sunlight. Somehow the thrill I felt was quickly gone.

It was not long after the last echo died that I was startled by a yell from Z. G.

"Mind your gun! Quick! To the far ridge of your east canyon, high up under the Rim!"

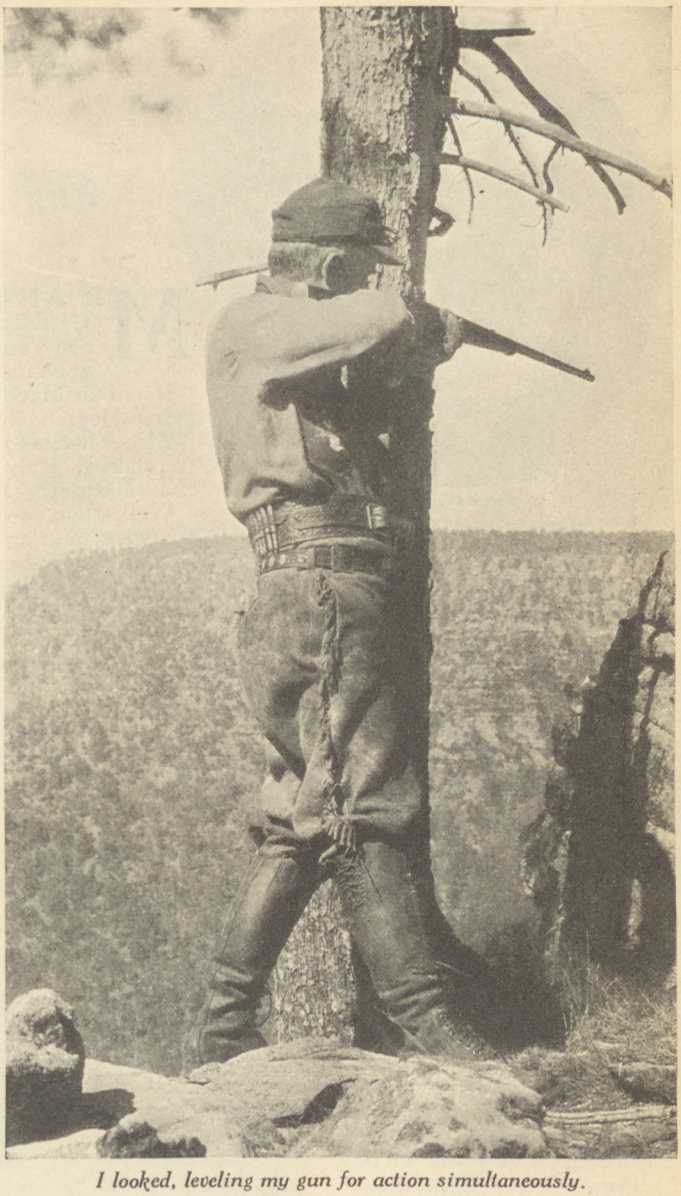
I looked, leveling my gun for action simultaneously. Not much of that great sweeping slope that formed the remote wall of the canyon on my left came within Z. G.'s range of vision, so I knew his eagle eye had located the bear at the most southerly point of the bold rocky arm. A great thrill ran through me, the primitive instinct to find and kill paramount to any other desire. I scanned the ridge. The piercing sound of Z. G.'s first shot cut through my consciousness and seemed to touch every sensitive fibre of my nervous system, yet making my eyes more eager, my gun grip more relentless. I marked a puff of powder on the distant ledge and just ahead espied a big black bear tearing along with a fleetness I had never ascribed to his kind. My breath came as short as if I had been running. It was difficult to command my energies to action. Again Z. G.'s gun spoke. He missed the bear the distance of his leap, but small wonder, for he was shooting against the sun toward a background of glaring red rock.

Just as Z. G. threw another shell into his gun, I fired. Gravel spit up behind the bear. Z. G. shot again and again. I saw his fourth shot go home high up on the bear's back. Not for a moment did the bear halt. I opened up a second time. A lope behind the bear powder blew from a rock. No novice could have displayed more disgustingly poor marksmanship! . . . Another bullet from Z. G.

The last shot turned the bear from an upward to a downward course, but did not change his general direction which was toward us. Temporarily the bear's move scored for him, because small matted oaks on the lower ridge afforded shelter and stayed our shots.

"He's past my range, now," Z. G. called. "You'll have to cover him."

I searched the rocky ridge above the oak thicket, hoping the bear would make for the Rim again. I could hear but not see him, which increased the thrill and interest of the game. He was heading round the canyon, working toward us steadily and sure, below me, and somewhat above Z. G.'s position and entirely out of his range. I tried signals and amplified stage whispers to describe the bear's advance to my brother who in turn cut my courtesies with a sharp demand that I keep my eye on our quarry.



I looked, leveling my gun for action simultaneously.

The course that bear picked convinced me of his resourcefulness. Wherever a break in the thicket ended sheltered progress he would work up to a shelf of rock, and move along under it completely hidden from my view. Popping pebbles, rolling stones and puffs of dust marked his way in these places. He was not more than seventy-five feet away when he passed through the thicket directly below me. I hung over the ledge in the vain hope of seeing him. Would he make for the rock wall and try to work up along it and on out of the canyon? If he could cross the clearing where the other bear had tricked us, that would be his safest bet. Instead he pattered on to curve the nose of the wall and climb the ridges of the greater canyon. Wise old bear! There was a battlement of boulders ahead, on which I had not figured and through which he plunged giving me the first glimpse of his black furry self that I had since Z. G.'s shot had turned him. I tried to cover him with my gun, but his action out-timed mine.

Though my attention was focused on the rocks behind which the bear had disappeared, I caught Z. G.'s movements in the outer edge of my vision. He took sudden aim and fired. The bear, in shielding himself from my fire, exposed himself to Z. G.'s lead.

"Can you see him?" Z. G. yelled without looking my way. "He's hitting it hard in this direction!"

Again through a break in the boulders I spotted him, just a speeding dash of black that trees and rocks soon blotted out. I took a random shot which was ineffectual. A second later Z. G.'s gun boomed again.

"I hit him! Right through the middle! But he's still coming. Hear him?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 57]

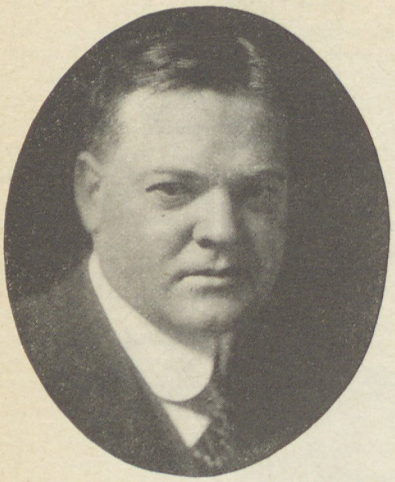
The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

An Opportunity

Offered by

HERBERT HOOVER

Secretary of Commerce



Herbert Hoover,
Secretary of Commerce

MR. ANGLER, are you at all interested in black bass fishing?

Ah! — listen to the chorus! Only about 100 per cent!

Well, then, do you want to bring bass fishing back in your community to a position commensurate with the sterling qualities of this mightiest of American fresh-water game fish?

Here is your chance to do it. Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, points the way in his letter which is published on this page.

He is offering not advice, but *bass*. After all, it is the fish that count when it comes to fishing.

All you have to do is to furnish some place to keep them, and the government of the United States, through Mr. Hoover, will furnish the fish.

He has asked us if we will help him find a gang of good fishermen in Iowa, for example, who want to start a steady flow of real bass into the lakes and streams of their community.

We will help him find such a bunch; and not only in Iowa, but in every state in the country. Here is a mighty opportunity.

But read the letter, you fishermen. Let Mr. Hoover tell it.

Department of Commerce,
Office of the Secretary,
Washington.
December 2, 1924

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Dilg:

As you know, my boyhood days were spent in Iowa. My most vivid and joyous recollections of that period are of patient angling in Iowa streams for the very occasional fish with a willow pole and a properly spat upon worm. It was a long time between bites.

Now, during my adult life, I have been possessed with the notion that the joys of boyhood, the strengthening of vision, curiosity and patience in his mind can have no greater contribution than just free and successful fishing. These armies of boys march into national life year by year, and these qualities are badly needed.

Now, the object of this letter is to say something in particular. You know the work that Mr. O'Malley and I instigated three years ago when we came into the Department of Commerce in search for new means of propagation of fish and restocking of our depleted streams. This work has resulted in something important to that Iowa boy and his father—provided he has been properly brought up.

As a result of systematic experimental work we this year, from fifteen acres of ponds, produced 150,000 three to six-inch black bass for a net expenditure of about $600 plus the rental of the swamp and the part-time salary of a Bureau of Fisheries expert. Hitherto, as you know, it has been the practice to propagate fish in elaborate and expensive hatcheries and to pour hundreds of thousands of freshly hatched half-inch fry into the streams. About 95 per cent of them die or are devoured.

By the method we have developed for propagating in natural yet protected places, we nurse them up to three to six inches in size in a single season, and we believe 95 per cent of them should survive when put into the streams. I am confident that we have opened a new method of stocking our prairie state streams, and that with sufficient energy and interest we might bring them up to equal the full energies of the boy and his dad. Black bass is one of the gamest and most nutritious of our fishes.

We need some public-spirited group in, say, Iowa by preference (that is sentimental), to try out this plan by their securing fifteen or twenty acres of proper swamp land, with stream supply of water, throwing up some cheap dykes in it so it can be separated into ponds. The total outlay should not represent more than five or seven thousand dollars. Their further expense would be limited to the hire of some local farmer as a watchman to see that nobody goes fishing in the ponds.

If some group will undertake this outlay, I will have the Bureau of Fisheries advise them as to selection of the locality, and at government expense we will furnish the breeding stock and an expert to give such supervision as is necessary. I believe they could produce 150,000 three to six-inch bass each season to be turned into the streams in the locality of said public-spirited group. With one further season for growth in the streams there should be about 125,000 ten-inch bass available for that boy to do his worst upon. We would continue to replenish breeding stock each season if necessary and also expert advice so long as Congress does not diminish our appropriations. My hope is that we could thus establish a method of fish propagation at a trifle the cost of present methods and with infinitely more practical results. If some public-spirited group would undertake it, and if it becomes as successful as we believe it would, then no doubt spread to other states and other localities.

If our hopes in this newly discovered method should be realized, no youngster need ever fail to provide the family supper and accompany it with that natural glow and pride that belongs to these unconscious students of great mother nature.

Can you assist me in finding a bunch in Iowa that would tackle this?

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.

U. S. Makes Appropriation for League's Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Game Refuge in Budget Report

For the acquisition of areas of land or land and water pursuant to the Act entitled, "An Act to establish the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge," approved June 7, 1924, and for all necessary expenses incident thereto, including the employment of persons and means in the city of Washington and elsewhere, $375,000 (of which $75,000 shall be immediately available), being part of the sum of $1,500,000 authorized to be appropriated for such purpose by section 10 of said Act; and for all necessary expenses of the Secretary of Agriculture authorized to be appropriated for by section 9 of said Act, $25,000 to be immediately available; in all, $400,000, which shall be available until expended: Provided, That the Secretary of Agriculture may incur obligations and enter into contracts for the acquisition of additional areas to an amount, which, inclusive of the $375,000 hereby appropriated, shall not exceed a total of $1,500,000, and such contracts shall be deemed a contractual obligation of the Federal Government.

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Will American Fisherman Save the Fishing

By J. WALTER DRAKE

Assistant Secretary of Commerce

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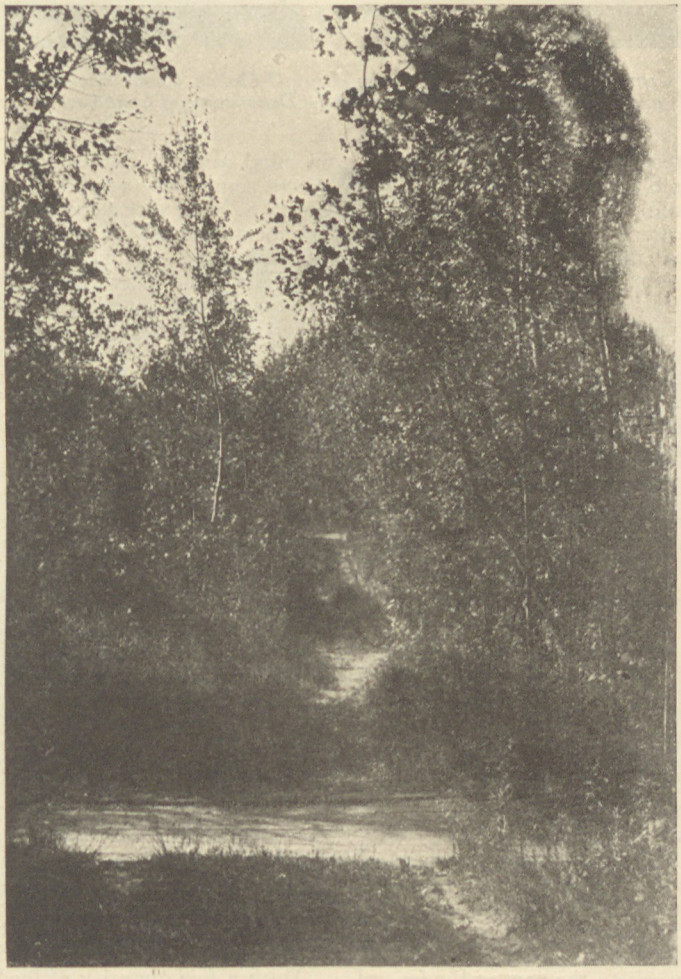
J. Walker Drake, Assistant Secretary of Commerce who will explain this great plan fully at the Third National I. W. L. A. Convention in Chicago, April 2, 3 and 4

THOSE who have followed fishing from boyhood as I have find the call of the lakes and streams growing stronger every succeeding spring. As a source of health and pleasure this great sport of the boys and men of America is not excelled by any other form of recreation. Aside from the question of sport there is a practical phase of great importance in that the food value of fish equals any on the list in the human diet. The fraternity of American fishermen has a membership that totals over four millions. In one state alone last year two hundred thousand licenses were issued to individual fishermen.

In the great out-of-doors of America it seemed, a few years ago, that the fishing was inexhaustible. With the great increase in our population and the even greater proportionate increase of fishermen, there has grown, at a still more rapid pace, a peril that threatens the extinction of that national sport. The lakes and streams are daily being rendered more accessible to the fishermen; modern good roads and the motor car bring within quick and easy access waters that were formerly at the end of a long and rough journey; and many of the best places in the country that had for years been fished very little because of their inaccessibility are now rapidly becoming depleted. I have in mind one instance, the great Au Sable River of Michigan. Three years ago one of Michigan's fine old sportsmen said to me that the Au Sable could not be fished out, that it would stand up indefinitely under the heavy fishing. Two years ago he admitted that the fishing was about gone. The chief headquarters for fishermen on this river are easily reached by rail, and are within one or two days by automobile from the populous cities of Southern Michigan and Ohio. My friend said that after the opening of the season in May he had seen literally scores of fishermen every day passing his cabin on the banks of the Au Sable, often so close upon each other that one might put his cast into the back of the flannel shirt of the man ahead. This is merely illustrative of what we know is happening throughout the country. It is a difficult matter to find any place so hard to reach that it is not hard fished.



Where the fledgling trout are raised in Turtle Lake.

Most of us find that our happiest memories of sport run back to the fishing of boyhood days. My earliest recollection of fishing is of being taken by my father to a trout stream in Northern Michigan. The stream was full of stumps and logs, and cedars overhung the banks, a typical trout stream of the north woods where the fish were the dark, hard fighting kind. While I spent my time in luring the speckled trout out of a few choice holes, my slim legs protected from mosquito attacks by an armor plate of paper wrapped under my stockings by my father, he fished up and down stream. A hundred trout was a fair day's catch for him. A few years afterward a railroad was put through near by, and the stream became a fisherman's paradise while it lasted. When I was a boy it was a long day's travel by team to reach it; now it is scarcely an hour by automobile. Scores of our trout streams have gone the same way; and the bass fishing is in the same danger.

There are two great American game fishes above all others—the trout and the bass. Chief among the trout family is the famous speckled trout which we all know, and of the bass we have the small mouth, adapted to the colder waters, and the black, large mouth, or Oswego, which will thrive anywhere in America. Those who live in the central states make an early pilgrimage in the spring to the trout streams and then during the summer and fall they get bass fishing near their homes or in the many famous bass fishing waters. The trout abounds in all the northern latitudes, and I have taken bass up in Canada where the summer is so short you can reach out and touch both ends of it, and from the Everglade Lakes in Florida with a little two foot alligator crawling at my feet during lunch time on the bank. Bass are now raised in many places in artificial ponds as a staple food product. Both

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, reads the scale held by Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of Fisheries. J. Walter Drake, extreme left and Stephen B. Davis, Solicitor of the Department of Commerce, extreme right.

bass and trout are particularly responsive to the hand of man in propagation and culture, but the hand must be turned to help if we are to have our bass and trout fishing.

It is evident that unless some prompt steps are taken by the fishermen themselves the fishing is doomed to destruction. In spite of the stocking of waters every year by the federal and state authorities, no one who has followed the sport can fail to realize that much more is required than has been or can be done through these agencies alone. The fact that fish are furnished by the government fish bureaus for stocking public and private streams has resulted in indifference and inaction, in letting the government do it. But the time has come when the government alone cannot save the fish. The fishermen must take hold for themselves. Fishermen are pretty good citizens. They are accustomed to respond to appeals for help. There is something about their love of the sport that makes them red blooded in their attitude toward their fellow men. The danger that faces their favorite pursuit may surely be averted by invoking this spirit in cooperative effort. Four million fishermen with a single common purpose—surely they can save the day! With an army of this size spread in outposts over the whole of America, the ineffectual efforts of the government could be reinforced to prevent the destruction of the nation's fishing. With this in mind I canvassed the whole outlook early in this year with the Commissioner and the Chief of the Fish Culture Division of the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce. In conjunction with the various state bureaus the federal Bureau of Fisheries has been furnishing fry to the extent of several millions per year for restocking the lakes and streams. A considerable number of fingerling fish have also been used for the purpose, but not enough to have an appreciable effect. The difficulty has been that there were not facilities for rearing a large number of fry to the fingerling stage. During the past two or three years extensive experimental and development work on the part of the federal Bureau has convinced its officials that the lakes and streams must be stocked with larger self-protective fish; that fry will not do. This was the way out if the fishermen of America could be brought to respond in defense of their own interests.

In talking with the officials of the Bureau of Fisheries, I had in mind my own fishing and shooting club up in Michigan, where some forty years ago our present Postmaster General, Harry S. New, with a group of well known sportsmen, went into the forest and established the Turtle Lake Club on the banks of Turtle Lake. The Lake is a couple of miles in diameter and furnishes some of the finest bass fishing anybody could wish, both small and large mouth. On its bank under a group of pine trees is a boulder marking the spot where we laid to rest the first president of the Club, "Uncle Ed" Gillman, who for fifty years was one of the best known and best loved sportsmen of America. Through the Club's property there run some fourteen miles of main stream and three or four smaller feeder streams, as well as the creek forming the outlet of the Lake. For many years we have been struggling to preserve our trout and bass fishing, particularly the former. Off to the southwest of the Club, a few hours by automobile, lies the Au Sable. A like distance to the north is the Black River, where on the morning of July 1, 1910, I had such trout fishing as we have all dreamed about. All through that country there are many streams and lakes which form the natural habitat of trout and bass. A great deal of stocking with fry has been done in the past years, especially in the trout streams. However, the efforts to meet the inroads of fishermen by planting fry seem to be futile and ineffectual. Our fishing in that whole section of Michigan has been hard hit and those of us who have followed the subject closely believe that it can never be restored unless some other and better method is followed than planting fry. In spite of the best intentions the results of that kind of stocking are almost infinitesimal under the heavy demands upon the streams that exist nowadays. The salvation of the fishing lies in stocking with self-protective fish. Fingerlings some three or four inches long, hatched in the spring and liberated in the fall, or better yet, yearling fish liberated in the spring, will have a chance for life that is denied the fry.

With a fair quantity of food trout will grow to a length of five to seven inches in a year. Bass will grow even faster. I have recently seen, taken from the Lakeland Fish Ponds of the Bureau of Fisheries in Maryland, ten miles from Washington, bass that have grown during a single summer to a length of over eight inches. The Bureau of Fisheries after wrestling

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with this problem for many years and having experimented for the past two or three years with the propagation of fingerlings in large numbers has come to a turning point in its policy. Instead of stocking almost entirely with fry as has been done by federal and state agencies, self-protective fish must be used except in original stocking where there are no fish enemies. Larger quantities of fingerling and yearling fish must be produced, and adequate rearing ponds are required which the Bureau is not now able to acquire.

Having in mind that the conditions at Turtle Lake would be ideal for rearing trout and bass, I consulted Mr. New, the President of our Turtle Lake Club. We knew very well that our fellow directors and the members of the Club were interested in a much broader way than merely preserving their own fishing. We had frequently discussed with them what the Club could do to help preserve the public fishing. The result of our conference was that, with the consent of the Club members, an offer was made to turn over to the Bureau of Fisheries for fish cultural purposes whatever waters within its property were necessary and suitable for the purpose. The Club agreed to defray the cost of transporting supplies as well as part of the cost of equipment. The one condition insisted upon was that the young fish propagated by the Bureau in Club waters should not be used to stock the streams and lakes of the Club but should be distributed entirely outside of the Club property in the surrounding country. This offer, put into legal form, was immediately accepted by the Bureau of Fisheries. Last May a man from the Bureau was stationed at the Club and the necessary troughs and equipment provided, partly at the expense of the Club, for the trout culture work of the Bureau. It was stipulated that the Club should have the assistance and advice of the Bureau's representative in propagating separately the necessary fish for stocking the Club waters, entirely outside of the time required for his duties in the Bureau's work. After some little investigating it was found that one of the small streams feeding the lake, known as the Big Spring, was best adapted for trout propagation. Here the wooden troughs were installed, and the result of the first season's effort is in the neighborhood of 12,000 fingerling trout in a splendid, healthy condition. These were moved from the breeding pens in the late fall to ponds formed by several dams placed in the outlet stream of the lake, thus giving the fish a much larger range. The young fish are being fed and next spring will be five to seven inches in length.

In the hands of experts who understand the business, raising trout is an easy matter. Having tried out the chicken business on a fairly large scale, I am prepared to say that I think it is easier to raise fish. At any rate, there is no uncertainty whatever about the results of fish propagation under men of experience. The officials of the Bureau of Fisheries are definitely planning to reach an output of upwards of a quarter of a million of fingerling and yearling trout at Turtle Lake which will all be distributed in the surrounding country in waters outside of the Club's property. This is easily equivalent to ten or fifteen million fry; in fact, it is doubtful to my mind whether of that number of fry even one hundred thousand would reach maturity. The production of such a large number of fingerling trout would be totally beyond the capacity of the ponds of the present fish hatcheries. Moreover, the conditions prevailing more nearly approach the natural habitat to which the fish will be inducted and this is an assurance that they will thrive when transplanted.

The fry for the Turtle Lake Hatchery will be obtained by hatching eggs at the Alpena Station of the Bureau of Fisheries, where the incubating facilities are adequate. The splendid opportunities for rearing fish from the fry stage to fingerlings will result in multiplying many times over the capacity of the present hatchery supplying that vicinity, and will make it possible to produce and distribute several hundred thousand self-protective fish.

The experience in the Bureau of Fisheries through a long period of years in raising both trout and bass is that there is nothing to be feared in the way of disease among fish that are held in the hatcheries for several months before being liberated, if care is taken to select the eggs from reliable sources. The fish are fed on beef heart and liver. It has not been found

This is the large pond at Lakeland after draining, where more than 160,000 big mouth bass were produced by 225 adult fish from April to October.

that the fish thus fed during their early growth contribute to a diseased condition of the stock in any stream where they are placed. A proper amount of care in the selection of the eggs, coupled with the fact that fish which develop any weakness or disease will not survive, insures the results if conditions in the stream where they are planted are favorable. There can be no question but that the loss of fry is tremendous. Probably less than five per cent mature. There is almost no loss in fingerlings, even in transporting from the hatchery to the stream where they are liberated, and thereafter they are of such size as to be able to protect themselves to maturity. Certainly over 95 percent of the fingerlings will mature, and of course even a larger percentage of yearling fish.

The enterprise at Turtle Lake will, I believe, point the way to the fishermen of this country in cooperative effort to save their fishing. A number of requests are already being considered to carry out the same arrangement in other localities. This is one of the two proposals which I submit to the American fishing fraternity, and I do not doubt that they will take advantage of it as a sure means of preserving the trout fishing. The work can be generally directed in every state by experts of the Bureau of Fisheries and the expense to fishing associations and groups is a small fraction of what they would be willing to spend to stock the streams with good sized fish. Above all, they are investing their time and effort in such a way that each fisherman has a direct and personal interest in the results.

The second proposal is this: In the way of protecting the nation's bass fishing, the Bureau of Fisheries, as I have said, has found from experience that a higher degree of success is obtainable by planting large bass. This is the result of close study of the results of stocking the waters of the United States in past years. It has been found desirable to plant the fish either late in June or in September or October, June being preferable because then the waters are full of natural food and induce a rapid rate of growth. The fish, therefore, have attained a good growth and have become more or less acclimated during the time when the food is plentiful and are in good condition to look out for themselves in the following spring. The diminishing food supply in the fall is not so conducive to bringing them to that condition.

The facilities of the Bureau of Fisheries have not, however, been adequate to supply a sufficient number of fingerling bass. With a view to demonstrating the facility with which bass may be produced and of rearing to a self-protective size at little cost, the Bureau has for the past three years been propagating bass at Lakeland, Maryland, in large ponds built by the construction of dykes in a swamp through which a small stream flows. The ponds are so arranged that they may be drained, and are from four to twelve acres in size. They are shallow and the only plant food is the voluntary growth occurring after the ponds are flooded in the spring. They are drained in the fall in order to eliminate all animal life. In the spring they are flooded and mature bass and other fish are placed in them before spawning time. Last April 225 bass were put in one of these ponds twelve acres in extent which has a depth of not over four or five feet of water. Without any other provision whatever in the way of care and food than the attendance of a boy who acted as a guard, there were propagated in this one pond by the end of October over 160,000 fingerling large mouth bass. These were distributed in the surrounding country. In the adjoining ponds crappie and other bass were raised in similarly large quantities, all of the ponds being under the care of the one man, who was not an experienced fish culturist. In one of these ponds early in May there were placed thirty adult gold fish. In July three thousand fingerling large mouth bass were liberated in the same pond. It was found that the gold fish consumed a certain sort of natural food which the bass did not eat. The bass found other natural food and as the gold fish became of an attractive size the bass devoured them. Thus, there was an evolution of bass through the gold fish stage which consumed all varieties of the food in the pond into sustenance for the bass. It was a curious illustration of the possibilities of fish culture and feeding. By October first of that year there were taken out of this pond 540 bass from seven to nine and a half inches in length and twelve hundred from four to six inches long. The large mouth bass is an extremely adaptable fish and thrives in warm waters where trout and the small mouth bass could not prosper. The success of this plan has demonstrated the possibilities of bass culture in every part of the country on a scale that will provide fingerling bass stock in adequate quantities for all the waters.

The next step in this program must be taken by the fishermen themselves. In every locality there are many swamp tracts and small lakes that could be used for large breeding ponds for bass. Many clubs own such lakes or swamp areas. By cooperation with clubs which are willing to provide such ponds and with fishermen generally who are not members of clubs, the Bureau of Fisheries proposes to propagate sufficient numbers of bass in this manner to adequately maintain the supply of bass in our national waters. The immense productivity of the bass, its hardiness, and in the case of the large mouth bass, the ability to thrive in almost any fresh water, lend themselves well to the effort. Practically any tract of swamp land of a few acres in extent so situated that it can be flooded and drained is suitable for the purpose. The only investment required is for damming or dyking to enclose the water. A small water flow is necessary even though it may be pumped. The whole procedure is extremely simple and the results are astonishing.

At a fair estimate a bass from twelve to fifteen inches in length, probably two years of age, will produce 800 to 1,000 eggs. With no fish enemies there should be a maturity of at least 75 percent of the fry. It is merely a mathematical proposition. A pond of twenty-five acres in extent should be amply sufficient to produce fingerling bass to stock all of the lakes to be found within a radius of fifty or seventy-five miles in some of our northern states.

Small natural lakes may be employed to excellent advantage, particularly if they can be drained. If not capable of being drained, it would be necessary to seine the small fish so that a small percentage would probably avoid recovery. Many of the sportsmen's organizations throughout the country have under their control ponds suitable for the propagation of bass in this manner. There is a considerable saving in transportation and handling in having numerous rearing ponds from which the stock would be used near the distribution points. The Bureau of Fisheries proposes in connection with the establishment of these ponds to give such assistance as is necessary in an expert way. If desirable, a representative of the Bureau will visit the locality and advise as to the adaptability of the proposed swamp or lake and furnish such other directions and help as his experience may suggest. It has been demonstrated that large ponds running from 25 to 1,000 acres in area can be made to produce bass in proportionately larger numbers than small ones and of a much better quality. It is possible to combine several species in one pond; for instance, crappie, sunfish, and catfish, in addition to the bass.

The Bureau's policy, therefore, is to retain the present intensive pond system now in operation in eighteen of the Bureau's stations. The ponds do not exceed one-half acre in area and about eighty-five percent of their output is distributed in the advanced fry stage. For virgin waters or those containing no adult fish or fish enemies the planting of bass of this size will result satisfactorily, provided the waters are well stocked with aquatic plants. The stations now in existence are all operating on this basis, and are conveniently located with reference to distribution requirements. Supplementing these stations the Bureau of Fisheries proposes that through cooperation of fishermen and sportsmen's associations and clubs, large ponds shall be established throughout the country for the production of fingerling bass. Under this arrangement the Club would be able to secure all the bass needed for stocking its own waters, and the facilities available to the Bureau will enable the latter to produce sufficient quantities of fingerling fish to stock all the waters in the vicinity. In this case as well as in the proposal to secure the assistance of associations and clubs in propagating fingerling trout, the Club reaps the benefit of the stocking of public waters, thereby greatly improving the fishing for all. It is my experience that the members of our numerous fishing clubs are not merely interested for themselves; they want everybody to have good fishing, and they are all willing to help the other fellow. We must have a closed season practice that will protect the fish during the spawning period—this is vital if we are to preserve the fishing. And we must not let the great American fishing perish through failure to replenish and protect the fish.

Thus, the cooperative support of the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce, the fishermen and fishing clubs of America will not only preserve but improve the fishing in every part of the country so that it will be better than ever before.

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How to Write a Hunting Story

by

Frank Stick

ILLUSTRATED BY

EVERETT E. LOWRY

MY previous article, pertaining to the fishing story, has brought such a tremendous amount of appreciative comment that I find myself unable to resist the insistent solicitations of the editor to do another instructive preachment along the same lines. Those who know me will understand how one of my diffident and retiring nature would recoil at the thought of posing as an authority on this or on any other subject. Were it not that I am confident that the young writers of the present day are in dire need of helpful suggestions regarding the subject indicated by the above title, and were I not sure that this will be a better and a finer world when these suggestions are generally followed, this article would not be written.

As I have implied, felicitations for the fishing story article have come from all over the country. One admirer from Slough Creek, Ark., writes, "I have long desired, but always doubted my ability to write for the magazines. The publication of your article has convinced me that literary ability is not essential."

Another writer even hinted of an inspirational tone to my little effort, which even I had failed to perceive, and which, if it does exist, I take no credit for. His letter, in part, reads, "There was something about your recent story which has been lacking in recent literature, since Mr. Volstead got in his dirty work, to be exact. A liquid, intoxicating quality, as it were, which is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to lay one's finger upon. Where, oh, where do you get your inspiration? Perhaps you live in Jersey."

This last letter, of course, touched me deeply. But how the dickens did he guess that I do actually reside in the state he mentions.

To begin with, let me assure the aspiring young author that a first hand knowledge of the particular branch of hunting he desires to describe in his narrative is not essential. Any railroad will furnish you with sufficient data in the way of booklets and folders to last for a year or two. In addition to the booklets it is important that you provide yourself with certain inexpensive articles, to wit, a tape measure, a liquid level, a stop watch, and a devoted friend. These are to be used for experimental purposes in determining the trajectories, muzzle velocities, and patterns, at various ranges, of the several weapons to be used in the chase. It is well if the friend be both fleet of foot, tireless, and fearless. In fact, it is not a bad idea to provide oneself with several friends, for accidents may happen. To trace the course of a bullet up to a hundred yards is neither difficult nor dangerous, but to follow this same bullet eight hundred or a thousand yards, at which distance most of the game is killed, *in the magazines*, and to note all of its slightest deviations from the straight course, requires, as you can see, not only quickness of eye, but unusual agility. It is well, before beginning your experiments, to warn your friend to remain at all times at the posterior end of the leaden missile. Most of the accidents are caused by the score keeper's desire to show off, and more than once I have known a burst of speed to cause fatal results.

As this purely technical stuff occupies at least a third of your article, too much pains cannot be taken to have your records correct. As an example of how this matter should be handled, consider the following, which is taken from a recent moose hunting story.

"Using Knockemdead ammunition, 1000 yards, load number 7,220 grain metal jacket bullet, M. V. 2700 f, s, gave ten shot group 9.65 inches, being 7.48 high by 6.80 wide, cartridges satisfactory up to and including 9000 yards, 4000 yards, 175 grain, hollow point, cut on bias, twice tested, two 19 in. groups which is quite satisfactory considering the fact that I was shooting prone position, right arm in sling, balanced on one foot, and one eye entirely out of commission because of altercation with wife previous evening, result of attending banquet given auspices Bootleggers Union, and quite uncalled for."

You can see, this sort of stuff makes intensely interesting reading. As I have said, while too much effort cannot be given to having your records complete, the writing itself may be done as hurriedly as you desire, and no corrections are necessary. It is put in mainly to satisfy the reader that you are expert in matters pertaining to shooting irons, and those who do read the stuff would not be apt to recognize literary quality or style if they saw it.

I often wondered how our ancestors ever managed to lay in a supply of meat with the puny weapons they used.

Thoughtlessly he fired at a bull elk with a thirty-thirty carbine while we were stalking deer in a creek bottom.

I often wonder how our ancestors ever managed to lay in a winter's supply of meat with the ineffective and puny type of weapon they possessed in those early days. The only answer that I can see is that the grizzlies, and moose, and panthers, and woodchucks and conies of the past century were far less ferocious and formidable and of considerably weaker constitutions than those we pursue at the present day. An ancient rifle, which one of my own forefathers carried across the continent in the fifties, and with which he succeeded in killing specimens of all of the big game of the west, including Indians, used a hundred and twenty grain bullet, and the best penetration I could ever get with it was through four inches of soft pine. Today this gun would scarcely be considered powerful enough for prairie dogs. All the experts agree, and you in your article must remember, that for each species of game to be hunted there is one type of gun peculiarly adapted, and to pursue your quarry with any other weapon is not only foolhardy in the extreme, but it simply is not done by the better class of huntsman. I never will forget the embarrassment of a very dear friend of mine, on a hunting trip in the Rockies. Thoughtlessly, he fired at a bull elk with a thirty-thirty carbine while we were stalking mule deer in a creek bottom. Poor fellow. He was so upset about it that he packed up and went home the next day, and he would not touch a morsel of the very fine tenderloin which we cut from his bull.

For the average hunting trip in Maine or New Brunswick, five or six calibres and weights of rifles are sufficient, I would say, and not more than three shot guns of different gauges. To advise your reader to pack in a greater number, is to entail too great a hardship upon his gun bearers, and is apt to lead to confusion when game is sighted.

The proper names for groups of the various kinds of gregarious animals and birds that may be sighted on the hunt should be memorized. Not so very long ago I had a hearty laugh while reading a story by one of our well known writers on outdoor topics, when I ran across a paragraph in which he mentioned seeing a "covey of squirrels run down a hill." Of course he should have said "Wisp of squirrels." In a like manner we speak of a large flock of ducks as "a gaggle," a concourse of deer as "a brace," a collection of ptarmigan as "a herd" or a pair of skunks under the cabin floor as "a damned nuisance," etc., etc.

No matter what variety of game you are writing about, particular stress should be laid upon the ferocity, and intelligence and all round keenness of the senses of your quarry. This reflects creditably upon your own ability, when, in the last paragraph, success crowns your efforts. Personally, and on the quiet, and just between the reader and myself, I think the keenness of scent of many of our antlered game animals has been greatly overrated. I heard a guide state once that a large buck which he was trailing had winded him while he was still several hundred yards distant, and he seemed to consider this as indicating considerable scenting ability on the part of the stag. To me, the incident was decidedly commonplace, for I myself, though I am not blessed with any unusual sense of smell, have frequently winded this same guide from a far greater distance. On another expedition, there was a certain guide in the party, whom we always left in camp, in order to preclude the danger of the other members of the party becoming confused as to its location. In fact there is no better safeguard to this always present hazard of the wild lands than a well seasoned backwoodsman anchored to the tent pole.

If you will remember, in all hunting stories, the main animal character is always distinguished by the possession of some peculiarity of structure, or some unusual marking. Thus, we have had in the past, "Old Club Foot, the Grizzly," "Old Three Toes, the Black Terror of the Himalayas," "Old Ring Neck, King of the Badlands," etc. The list is endless, yet even now the enterprising young author need never be at a loss for a new title, or for a new name for his animal characters. Simply lop off an ear or a toe, or poke out an eye, and the thing is done. Personally, I favor a name denoting some malformation of a foot or hoof. This always gives the opportunity for a fine bit of detective work every time the hero happens upon the trail, and by suggestion, imbues the animal with more than usual intelligence, because he is able to overcome the handicap of this distinguishing mark.

The unlimited opportunity for decoration possessed by the animal character is, I think, the chief reason why the animal and the hunting story is so much more in evidence than the fishing story. "Old Scraggly Fin," or "Old Notched Tail," is about as far as you can go with this latter type of narrative, for, unfortunately, the fish will succumb under an amount of abuse that would serve simply to goad a four-legged critter to greater activity. In this the animal does not differ from the average reader.

From the very beginning of your story, you must impress upon the reader that your hunt is undertaken from the very purest and finest motives. In short, for the purpose of procuring certain trophies for the decoration of your den, or, better still, for the sake of the dear one back home, whose main ambition for years and years has been to possess a stuffed mountain lion for her boudoir, and a polecat skin for in front of the hearthstone. This brings in the heart interest, without which

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no story is complete. Remember, no true sportsman ever hunts for meat. In fact, judging by most of the hunting stories I have read, he seldom or never eats meat.

If you will hearken back, you will remember that in the story the author is always very explicit in giving the ranges at which his game is killed. You will remember, also, that the distance is always given in even hundreds. No animal is ever put down at five hundred and thirty-seven, or six hundred and ninety yards. It is always "I caught sight of the buck, elevated my sight for six hundred yards, and let him have it." How simple it is, and how much better than to carry a yardstick. Anyone can remember that each notch on the sight means a hundred yards. Of course the man who invariably undershoots his mark has a distinct advantage. As a case in point, I remember

Some writers prefer to be more exact in their figures and insist on stepping off the distance after each successful shot.

an acquaintance who took a shot at a buck, across the narrow arm of a lake on which we were camped, and put him down with the last cartridge in his magazine. On examining his rifle, he found that, in creeping through the brush, the rear sight had been unintentionally elevated to the last notch. Thereafter, he always insisted that he had killed that particular deer at a thousand yards range, despite the fact that the lake at this point measured less than a fifth of that distance across. Oh, well! After all, what are a few hundred yards more or less among hunters.

Some few writers prefer to be more exact in their figures, and insist on stepping off the distance after each successful shot. If this is your own method, remember that it is advantageous to hunt in hilly country and always try to have your game across a valley, or atop of one knoll, while you are on another. This has been known to give some excellent results, by the stepping off process.

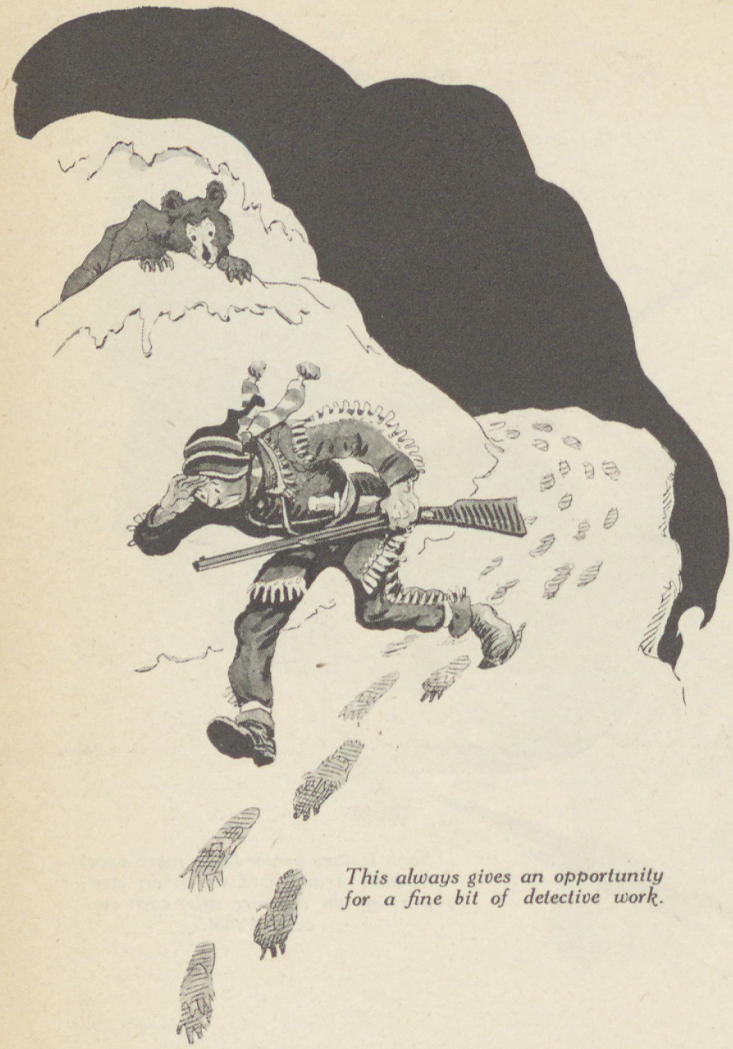
Particular attention should be given to your instructions regarding the outfit. Here a sporting goods guide is indispensable. Unfortunately, there has been too great a tendency of late to go light. As an example, I saw, not so long ago, a moving picture entitled "Empty Heads," or some such name. In this moving drama of the out-of-doors, the heroine and the hero (one of nature's noblemen) were lost in the wilderness with no equipment whatsoever, excepting one or two unmentionables, in the way of clothing, and a penknife. They got along nicely, too, though a bit elemental, at times.

Yet, such extreme examples as this are harmful, and their effect upon the sporting goods trade is bound to be extremely deleterious. No outfitting house could exist upon the sale of penknives. I do not want it understood that I favor the elaborate and bulky equipment advocated by some of our authorities on woodcraft. However, certain articles are indispensable to any well organized camp. Most important, perhaps, of all the outfit, are the beds. Of course, it is ridiculous to suggest carrying feather mattresses. These are too hot and stuffy. My own preference is for a simple felt mattress and the springs should be of the lightest construction. Box springs are too bulky to pack well in a canoe, or on horseback.

One of the first rules in woodcraft is to learn to make one article serve two or three purposes. For this reason the tin bath tub is better than the collapsible kind. One tub to each member of the party is the rule. The guides excepted, of course. By connecting the tubs with strong cords, they may be strung back of the canoes, thus serving excellently as luggage carriers. I know few sights more picturesque and inspiring than a line of these useful household utensils, bobbing and swaying in the wake of the canoe, each loaded with its cargo of camp accessories. Following the same line of thought, pillow cases serve excellently as landing nets, your blanket makes a service able tablecloth, and your friend's tooth brush can be made to do double duty as a gun cleaner when tied to a slender sapling. I do not know of anything more apt to endear the sportsman to his guide than to be always ready with some such helpful suggestion as those I have mentioned. God knows the guide's life is hard enough at best and anything we can do to bring a bit of sunshine into his existence is bound to be appreciated.

If I were asked the most important thing to be considered in building the hunting story, I should answer unhesitatingly with the one word "Blood." Around this word the entire narrative is constructed and, indubitably, it should be sprinkled freely through the pages until the climax is reached in a very shower of this precious fluid. Precise and graphic descriptions of each shot and the resultant wound should be given. The course of the bullet should be gone into carefully and its effect upon the animal's vitality noted and described. What can be more thrilling and enthralling than a truthful word picture of an animal in its death throes? As an example of the results that may be attained along these lines, I present the following extract from a recent story.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.



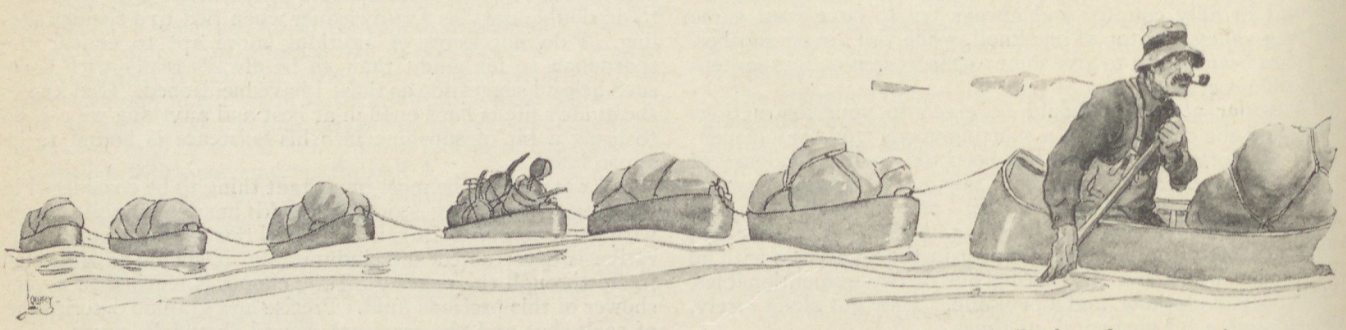
This always gives an opportunity for a fine bit of detective work.

"As I peered over the ridge, I saw the old she bear with her two cubs making their way slowly along the rim rock, just below me. Just as I sighted her the old girl stopped and turned over a rock so that the cubs could get at the food beneath. The look of contentment on her face, and the maternal affection she displayed, was almost human. It was a rare opportunity for a sure shot, so I drew a bead on her shoulder and let her have it. It struck rather far back and she let out a bawl of pain. This shot, as I found when I skinned her, entered the lung cavity, penetrated the liver and lower intestines and shattered the pelvic bone so that it protruded. Of course the shot would have caused death eventually. My next bullet broke a hind leg and it gave way under her. The third shot struck close to the spine, paralyzing the hind quarters. At this she fell to whimpering and tried to drag herself over to her cubs, as though to protect them from the invisible enemy. One of the cubs had disappeared into the brush, but the other waddled up to her as she stood there swaying from side to side and snuggled up against her, licking her wound and whimpering. I knew the old girl was too far gone to be dangerous, so I walked down close to her and gave her another shot in the ear, which finished her. The cub never offered to run, just lay there whining, so I shot it with my pistol. I could hear the other cub running around in the brush, so I went back a ways and hid and after awhile it came out and I got it, too, which was pretty good for one day's hunting."

"Pretty good!" I should say so. Why this was an epic achievement as measured by the standards of a lot of the hunters I have met in the past. Just a simple, terse statement of facts, but what a beautiful picture it suggests of the wild free life of the open, with its harmless, zestful pleasures. It is just such stories as this that have caused the sportsmen's periodicals of the past to be so widely read and which have made them of such tremendous educational value to the youth of the country. Zane Grey and Dr. Van Dyke, Don Hough, R. P. Holland and some others among the present day writers feel differently about the matter and have said so in their articles. Zane Grey has even gone so far as to intimate that "the success of a hunting trip is not to be measured by the size of the bag," which statement will of course be meaningless to the outdoorsman brought up on the type of story I have quoted.

A few good photographs will be a great aid in placing your manuscript. These should be chosen for detail, rather than for artistic quality, and should always show the slain animal prominently in the foreground, though not so prominently as to efface the form and feature of the author. The best pose is the one made famous by that supreme slayer of all time, the Little Colonel. One foot should be placed on the animal's neck with the rifle across the knee. This may be varied by placing the rifle across the horns, to indicate their spread, supposing the trophy to belong to the deer family. A close up of the guide dressing the deer or moose is always good, and is enjoyed particularly by the feminine readers. All the more up-to-date sportsmen's camps keep stuffed heads on hand for photographic purposes, in case the guide is unsuccessful in the chase. One of these days some enterprising host will stock up with specimens mounted entire, which will be an innovation and bound to make his camp popular. It will take a lot of the hardship out of the hunting trip, too. I know one sportsman who broke a long winning streak, by leaving the table to go out and take some snapshots of a buck his guide had just brought in. He got his feet wet, which brought on a cold and no telling what might have developed if there hadn't been plenty of stimulants handy.

Of course there are many features pertaining to this branch of literature which I have failed to touch upon, but I have, I believe, mentioned the essentials. I feel sure that the young author who studies this article carefully and who keeps in mind the main ideas I have advanced will eventually succeed in placing his manuscripts, somewhere. There are always the McFadden publications. As a parting injunction let me say that a year or two spent in some meat packing establishment may prove of incalculable benefit to the aspirant for glory in this particular field.



By connecting the tubs with strong cords, they may be strung back of the canoes, thus serving excellently as luggage carriers.

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GEESE~DEAD AND ALIVE

by Kenneth D. Phillips

Illustrated by Eustace Lee Florance, Jr.

GEESE? You bet we got geese! And we had forty more of the old babies swinging around our heads, too, right over the decoys. It was great—you should've seen 'em—and say! You should have heard what they called us after we shot. I know seven new words in seven new geese languages. Boy—how those old ganders can talk!

Doc and I went out to the river night before last and stayed in the shack to get up and get the early morning duck shooting. We really went after ducks, but we always put out goose decoys too. You never know when the old Canuckers will come fooling around the river, and they might come in. They might. We'll have 'em all our lives, too, if we can just get folks to back us up and cut the old out-of-date bag limit. Here I am with two geese and I wouldn't trade them for a week in the White House—unless there is some good goose shooting near Washington.

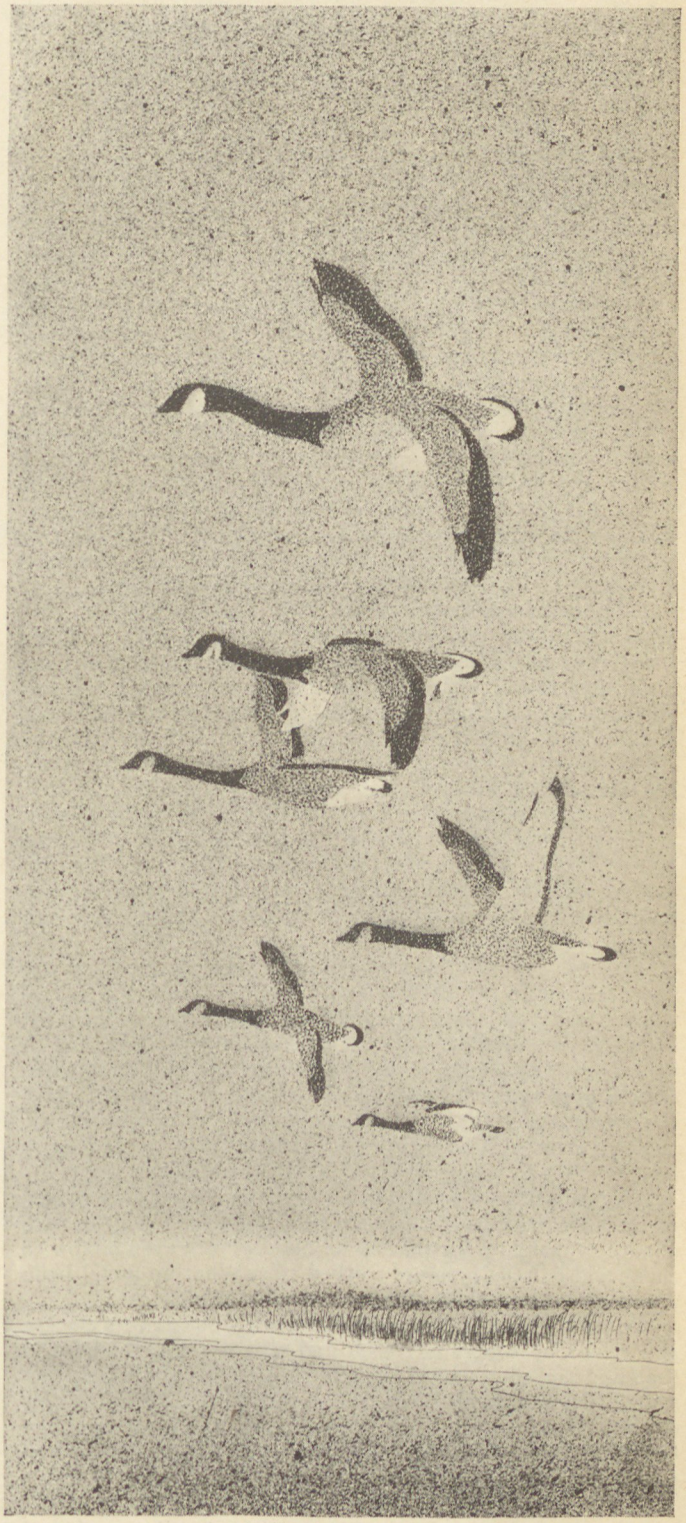
We sat out on the old Platte all morning; shot a few ducks that drifted in; had a nice morning and plenty of fun. One little bunch of teal gave us a lot of fun. They came in from behind and roared over us like a tornado, nearly taking the bills off our hats—and before we could reach a gun they were sitting in the decoys. We stood up to jump them and they wouldn't fly—just looked at us between drinks. After they got all the water they wanted they started playing around right in front of us. Doc said we could watch them awhile and then throw an apple at them to start the fun. While we were watching them an old he-mallard swung in from the left, and tried to light out on the end of the bar. Then he changed his mind and started out. We certainly gave him the scare of his life. Doc shot at him and I shot twice. We ran him clear off the river and I'll bet he is still telling his friends about the two rowdies he passed three hundred miles back.

When we turned from him to get a pair of teal apiece, we saw them about a hundred yards out, and going like bullets. Doc laughed and I had to join him when I thought of the slick way the saucy green-wings had fooled us. Now that the little fellows are getting rather scarce a fellow hates to shoot 'em anyway; and they certainly are the gamest little bird that flies.

About noon a little bunch of shovellers dropped in, and as they swung over the decoys we got all six with six shots. Doc felt so good that he wanted to go home right then but I suggested a chance at geese and that settled the argument. It always does. When a fellow is all tired of sitting in the duck-blind with few ducks in the air, he is always willing to go home until someone says "Geese" and then he wants to stay until dark. We compromised on a trip in for lunch, and a return for the afternoon.

When we reached the fence that keeps the pasture from stretching out into the river I took the shells out of my gun and climbed through. Doc came along behind but had left his gun in the blind. I helped him through with his camera and the dead ducks and we made the shack in good order.

We made some coffee and toast, finished the bacon and cakes left in the morning, and settled back for a nice comfortable smoke. Then Doc began to think about geese and wanted to get back to the river, so away we went through the field, Doc dragging along behind with his trusty camera. He seems to think that a camera is part of a hunting outfit, and from the way he keeps that big machine under his arm you would think they had stopped making them. I have seen him leave a two-hundred dollar gun in the blind all night, but I never saw him leave the picture factory for an hour.



And again they circled.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

We got pretty near over to the fence and were walking down that first little channel when Doc hollered "Get Down! Get Down!" I slipped to one knee and tried to pull my back down into the sand with me. It seemed like my left knee was pushing my chest clear up over my head, and my eyes got all out of joint trying to see something without turning my head. Pretty soon I kind of felt something coming. Some instinct told me there was game out in front, and I raised my head a tiny bit at a time until I could see. Migosh! Here came the three biggest geese I ever saw—right at us, about twenty feet off the ground. They looked as big as three feather beds, and only about a hundred yards away. On they came and I began to pick out the biggest one. The old boy in back looked like a twenty-pounder, and the others looked nearly as good. I got ready to take the big boy and held my breath; I figured on about where I would get the best chance; I wished I had bigger shot—and I wished I had an automatic—and I wished they would hurry.

I also cussed Doc for having that damned camera when anybody with brains would have a gun. You might know we would get into three geese and he wouldn't be ready—just like the big ox! I was mad at Doc, and scared about missing the geese. It seemed like I spent a whole day there waiting with all the ugly thoughts racing through me.

On came the geese, slowly. It seemed like they knew we were there, and were themselves afraid to move. On they came—and just as I picked out the place on the big boy's neck to plant my shot I heard Doc holler "Shoot! I got 'em. Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!"

I wondered why I came hunting with such an idiot. He couldn't shoot, but he hollered his head off at me. Here I was, all ready to shoot, and he gave me orders like I was the boob, and him the wise guy. I raised up and pulled down on the big boy bringing up the rear, just a shade below the other two birds, and squeezed the trigger. It seemed like my hand was paralyzed, and I pulled and pulled. Then I tried the other trigger and pulled it nearly out of the gun. I thought the safety was on and I pushed it so hard my thumb was sore. Then I drew on another goose and pulled and pulled and Doc hollered, "Shoot! Shoot, you fool! Shoot!" until the geese had flared and gone and I was still pulling on the gun.

I stamped around all sore and red; I cussed the man that made the rotten gun and I cussed the shells that wouldn't shoot, and called Doc a blabbing old fool—then I opened my gun.

Oh, fool that I was; Oh, two fools that I was; I had forgotten to put the shells back in the gun when we left the shack, and it was no more good than a club.

Doc looked over my shoulder and burst out with a roar. He laughed and hollered; rolled and kicked his feet. A fool, was he, with his camera? And me, the wise boy with his gun!

"Haw! Haw! Haw!—Haw!" he laughed till he cried, and I finally began to grin, and then to laugh with him. Me calling him an idiot for taking pictures, and me hunting geese with an iron club—Gee! I felt ashamed, and I wondered if Doc had heard me cussing him.

Well, we went over to the river and I had two shells in my gun and four in my hand. Now that the chance was gone I was all ready. Gee! it was tough to have a chance like that and blow it—tougher still to think of the way I bawled at poor Doc. It was sad to lose my goose but worse to lose his. I sure hoped the picture would be a good one. I hated to have the whole thing lost. Never again, thought I, would I go near the river with an empty gun. I hoped Doc would forgive me.

We got back to the blind and I never said a word. I looked at the water and I looked in the air; not a bird in sight. No chance to make up for that awful minute; not even a crow to shoot and get the pressure worked off. What an awful boob I was, and calling poor Doc for not being ready!

We sat and sat and no birds. Finally about two o'clock a pair of mallards gave us a look and we got them. Doc sat in the blind and smoothed the feathers on the old green head and said "Two wonderful birds, Billy, just see the sheen on this old boy. Look at that color!" But I was thinking about the three geese, and did not say anything. It was all right for him to talk about the mallards so I wouldn't feel bad, but it didn't help much. I tried to think of something else besides geese but the more Doc tried to act unconcerned, the worse I felt.

I wished I had never seen a goose, and I wished Doc would kick me and have it over with. A crow came along and I gave him both barrels. That helped a little. How I prayed for a bunch of geese—just a chance to make up for that blunder—a chance to take back all that I had said about fools—just one chance—not much hope, though, as geese are anything but common, anymore. A fellow is lucky to have one chance a season these days. Well it could not be helped—and just then something happened—

I stepped out to set up a couple of decoys which were being washed out by a little channel when Doc stood up in the blind and yelled "Get in here! Get in here! Geese! Geese!" I'll bet the farmers on shore heard him and called the kids in the house.

When he shouted, I turned around and looked. Way down river came that bunch of honkers—way down stream a mile or so, waving and weaving like a smoky streak in the sky; just a faint line against the blue grey November East. I had worlds of time but I hurried anyway. I ran to the blind and got down so low I felt like a cave. Doc was down with me and we tried to see who could get the lowest. We slid the shells out of our guns and put in the old twos that we always carried—those old twos that every duck shooter lugs around until they get all rough from sliding them in and out of the vest. The old shells that always go in the gun with a prayer for accuracy and effect. Gee! Doc, if they'll only come!

We got down again and peeked through the willows. It don't pay to take chances with the old gander with his twenty years of looking for hunting caps and gun barrels.

On they came, and lower we got—way down on the sand like a couple of frogs. On they came, and our teeth chattered, our knees had St. Vitus in them, and we crouched and shook.

On, up the river, and on up the river. They seemed to grow fainter, and then a turn and they showed up again. Up and up, but Oh! so slow. If they'll only come, and hurry. If I can only make up for that awful thing at noon.

They came closer and closer. Now they were just below us over the next towhead. They seemed to brush the willows; now they turned, started out over the river. We honked like a goose, and we honked some more. I thought Doc sounded rotten but I couldn't say anything. I hollered once and it sounded worse. What if we should scare them! We held our breath and forgot our teeth and knees.

Then they straightened out again and headed in right for us. Now they swung in and in and set their wings. I looked at Doc and his eyes stuck out like feelers. I wondered why it was so hot. I looked at my gun again and got lower in the blind. I prayed for them to come in and I wanted them to hurry. I wanted to holler and I was afraid I would scare them. They came and came and got so big I wondered if our shot would kill them. I thought of the old shells—what if they wouldn't shoot? What if we should miss?

I felt Doc shake and I saw him twisting his hands on the gun. If they would only come! If they would only hurry—and if we would only hit them—

Then they set their wings for the pitch into the decoys and slid along the side of the blind. Now they are beside us, and now in front. It seemed like they went faster than the wind.

I saw Doc raise, and I tried to jump up. My legs seemed dead and my gun seemed to weigh fifty pounds. My front sight looked like a wash tub, and I tried to pick my bird before he got away. Gee! they went fast after they passed us. Then we both shot and it seemed that they jumped a mile. We shot again and they jumped another. Then the babel of geese and the milling around—It seemed like the whole sky was geese and I wondered if we had any. I saw Doc jump out through the side of the blind and I jumped out beside him. Out there on the water were our four geese and we ran and stumbled to pick them up.

I guess we stood there a minute and I know I was dazed. All at once there was a roar, and a bunch of mallards was all around us trying to light in the decoys, but what did we care? Two big fat geese apiece. I was glad the three got away at noon. I was glad the mallards got away. I was too happy to walk or say anything. Two big fat geese. A successful trip—a dream come true.

Gee! it's a wonderful thing to get some geese!

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They came in from behind and roared over us like a tornado.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Frank Stick

Here is another chapter of the greatest story of a boy you have ever reaa

LORRY did not have to wait long to find out. Harry Tomans was the first to espy the fisherman.

"Hey, boys, here comes Old Muddy Miser," he called from his vantage point. "Let's have some fun."

The naked boys climbed to him, eager, mischievous, easy prey to suggestion. Lorry did not like the looks of things. He went towards them, and ascended the slanting part of Big Rock, until he stood on top, above them. He had no idea what they would do, or how he would act. But there was a growing commotion in his breast.

Old Muddy Miser waded along the shore until he reached the edge of the shelving ledge and here he left the water to fish from the rock. If he saw or heard the boys he made no sign. Gradually he walked along the ledge. Lorry was thrillingly keen to note how he manipulated that live bait. Suddenly a stone swooped over the fisherman's head and dropped with a splash near his line. Lorry whirled quickly. He saw that Harry Tomans had cast that stone. The boys were snickering, and had their backs turned when the old man lifted his gray face to look at them. How strangely that old face affected Lorry! Soon it was averted, and the fisherman gave no further heed. Some of the other boys threw gravel into the water where he was fishing.

"That's a dirty trick," called Lorry, sharply. "Would you want anybody to throw stones in where you were fishing?"

"*Pogie! Pogie! Pogie!*" yelled Harry Tomans lustily, still with his back turned. Then he bent his naked body, convulsed with laughter.

This ill sounding epithet was one that time out of mind had been given to inmates of the County Poor House. Old Muddy Miser had no home, and in the winter he lived on the charity of the county. This fact was known to all. Lorry gasped with an emotion new to him. He suffered a shock that any boy could so revile an old man, especially an old inoffensive fisherman.

Ed Graves reached for a rock that lay at his feet.

"Don't you throw it," called Lorry, low and hard.

Ed seemed checked in his movement. He gazed up at Lorry, his shifty eyes expressing anger and doubt. The chances seemed that he would risk Lorry's disfavor and throw the rock. But his brother Crow pushed him back.

"Say, don't you like to fish?" he said, gruffly.

Then Harry Tomans snatched up the stone and cast it, not carelessly or mischievously, but with the malice that was in him. The stone nearly hit the old man.

"I'll fix you for that, Harry Tomans," shouted Lorry fiercely.

"Bah, what can you do?" yelled back Harry, banteringly.

Lorry saw that it was no use to waste words on this fellow; also, with the flame of fury which suddenly burned over him, he saw the hour he had long expected had come. Swiftly grasping up a lump of sun-baked mud, the only missile within reach, he threw it hard at Harry. The lump cracked on his bare back and burst into dust. Harry screamed as if stung by a whip. He jumped straight up. Then bawling incoherently he ran to where his rifle lay on his clothes, and cocking it he pointed it up at Lorry. His face was black. His eyes gleamed as no eyes Lorry had ever looked into.

"Damn you! I'll kill you!" he shouted, hoarsely.

Lorry had another kind of shock. He gazed down into the evil face, and into the tiny round black hole in the end of the rifle. A terrible calm waved over him. He expected to see fire and smoke burst from that gun. Deliberately he knelt, bent his head, and began to tie the lace of his canvas shoe. His fingers trembled slightly. Lorry heard some of the boys gasp, as if the suspense had suddenly broken. Then Harry growled; "You look out for me, Lorry Dunn!"

Lorry felt as if released from a mighty strain. He raised his head. Harry had lowered the rifle and was in the act of stepping aside. Manifestly he had taken Lorry's strange action to mean he had been intimidated. Letting down the hammer of the rifle Harry walked over to his clothes and laid it down.

The tension among the boys relaxed. Pale faces showed a sickly smile. Tway Miller began to stutter: "L-l-l-le-let's go home."

But every nerve in Lorry's body was strung for action. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the old fisherman watching him. When Harry swaggered back to the circle of his comrades Lorry leaped like a tiger off the rock, and pounced upon the rifle. He flung it far out into the river. It made a sullen sounding splash. The sharp stern action liberated in Lorry a perfect storm of passion. Yet he seemed to feel cold, deadly—in the grip of something hitherto unknown.

With that same wild action he bounded upon Harry, beat him down, and knocked him off the rock into the river. He went under, came up sputtering water and blood, and floundered to the ledge. He climbed out, bawling with insane rage; and the instant he got up on the level bench he began to search for some kind of weapon. He threw a bucket and a shoe at Lorry's head. Lorry dodged them, and then rushed in to batter him with lightning blows. Harry was heavy, clumsy. He swung at random. Lorry knocked him flat. Then Harry got to his knees and began to crawl round looking for things to throw. He found a piece of sharp rock, and flung it with all his might, edgewise, and the missile just grazed Lorry's head as he ducked. Almost Lorry welcomed this boy's code of fighting. He bit his tongue to keep back a savage yell. Then he jumped with both feet square upon Harry, bowling him over on the ledge. Harry struggled to rise. And Lorry, with all his might, kicked him in the face, knocking him sheer into the water. Harry went under. He did not come up quickly.

The older Graves boy dove in and came up, dragging Harry with him.

"Help, you—fellers," yelled Crow, lustily.

Several of them went to his assistance, and soon they dragged Harry to safety on the rock. Blood ran in a red stream from his nose and mouth, down over his chin, and to his wet body. He was conscious, but at last thoroughly beaten. While Lorry watched, breathing heavily, the boys wiped the blood off him and helped him on with his shirt.

Lorry walked out of hearing and sat down. He suddenly found himself so weak he could not stand, aware of a quivering and jerking of his muscles, of the sweat that made him wringing wet, of the laboring breast. The terrible commotion within him was a fearful thing. Vaguely he realized it. A dark tide of his mind seemed to be wavering, receding. For some moments he sat there, with head bent, sick and spent. Then as he gradually recovered something of his composure he felt extreme pain in his right foot. This was the one with which he had kicked Harry so violently. His knuckles were skinned and there was a bad bruise on his left knee.

Both groups of boys gathered up their poles and buckets, and climbed the rock.

"We're goin' home," called Crow Graves, walking a few paces along the ledge. He seemed uncertain, yet was plainly friendly.

"Leave me alone," answered Lorry.

Crow hesitated a moment, then joining the others, disappeared with them under the green sycamores. Lorry heard the clink of a tin bucket on stone. Turning he saw the old fisherman standing just

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That old face was seamed and worn, with scant gray beard, and hooked nose, and weary sad eyes as gray as his hair.

below on the sand. His face and shoulders came abreast of the ledge where Lorry sat. That old face was seamed and worn, with scant gray beard, and hooked nose, and weary, sad eyes, gray as his hair. They bore a gaze of inquiry.

"Lad, what is your name?"

"Lorry Dunn."

"Is your father Dr. Dunn?"

"Yes, sir."

"I knew him years ago." Then the old man opened his bucket and took out the only fish it contained—a bass larger than Lorry had ever seen before. "Here, you take this."

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

"Thank you," exclaimed Lorry, in delight, as he took the bass. "What a whopper!"

"That's only a small one . . . . Do you like to fish?"

"Yes, sir—love it," answered Lorry, with a shy eagerness. Had he sensed what was coming?

"Come and fish with me some day," said Old Muddy Miser. "I live in the pot-shop at the head of the falls."

"Oh—I will," stammered Lorry.

Then the old man picked up his bucket and shouldering his long pole he started into the willows. As Lorry stared at the bent form, the old slouch hat, he turned to say; "I'm glad you are not bad like those boys."

Lorry watched him disappear. "Bad?" he whispered to himself. "Wonder what Pa would say to that? . . . . But there're some things I'll never do."

He did not divine then that the moment was crucial and far-reaching in the development of his character. He knew something wonderful and profound had happened. But it was only that he had actually met Old Muddy Miser, had seen him close, had found him mild and soft spoken, somehow vastly different from what he had been taught to expect. Marvelous to think he had been invited to come up to Dillon's Falls and fish with him.

Lorry sat there for a long time, dreaming, listening to the murmur of the running water, wondering about this strange old fisherman until the cool shade of the trees above him warned him that the sun was setting.

He put the bass on the string with his red-horse suckers and taking up his rod he started home. His foot hurt considerably, but he could walk on it, and did not mind the pain. As he crossed the covered bridge he peeped through one of the cracks in the wall to look long at the white and green stretch of water. Dillon's Falls! Something significant had come into his life—the beginning of a fulfillment of vague romance, of the kingdom of adventure.

"Yes, I'll come," he said softly to himself, and then walked on, rattling the loose boards of the floor of the bridge.

Lorry reached home just before dark. As usual his father sat out on the lawn in his easy chair.

"For the land's sake!" he ejaculated, in great pleasure. "Lorry, you are a—a—lucky boy."

Lorry well knew that his father had intended to say fisherman, and he swelled with pride. His mother beamed on him with her soft dark eyes. Homer came rushing back to the tub under the hydrant, where Lorry deposited his fish, and babbled praise incoherently.

The story of Lorry's fight with Harry Tomans did not pass beyond the several circles of boys living in the eighth ward and on the Terrace; and Lorry's dread that his father would learn of it and forbid his going to Dillon's Falls gradually wore away.

After that adventure at Dillon's Falls Lorry found the early days of his long vacation beset with contending tides of longing. He scarcely realized that he was in conflict with himself. Picnics and parties had suddenly acquired an unaccountable fascination. It was not the rides and the games and the merry picnic dinners spread in the green grass, under the shady elms and maples—of this he grew to be assured. There was something stronger than these, and at last he reduced it down to a strange mixture of color and movement and life—the blue and white frocks, the trim ankles and dancing feet, the sunlit charm of glossy brown and golden braids of hair, the sweetness of eyes—black, gray, violet—all that was wonderful and mystical about girls. To his shame and humiliation he confessed it. They dragged at his eager and longing heart—these roguish eyed maidens. Not any particular one at this time, but many!

Lorry went to a party one night which was attended by all his school mates. It was not exactly his first party but never before had he been persuaded to enter any save boys' games. This night marked a difference. Reluctant, yet tingling, he found himself one of a circle of flush-faced boys and girls, seated around the parlor. The girl for whom the party had been given stood in the center of the room, holding a pillow. She was shy yet provocative. Her dark eyes beamed with coquettish speculation as she glanced from boy to boy, to decide upon which her fancy would fall. Whispers and merry laughs and deliberate calls did not embarrass her. At last she selected the boy whom she meant to honor, and casting the pillow at his feet she knelt before him. He plumped down on his knees and gave her a hearty kiss. Blushing, she got up and fled to her seat. The boy then took the pillow and made his choice. So the game began.

Lorry had sustained a shock when this first kiss was exchanged. It might have been he to whom the fair little hostess knelt. It was not impossible that as the game progressed some girl would choose him. Then he realized that catastrophe was inevitable. Lorry wanted to run away from the party. Yet he felt chained there. The atmosphere was enchanting. Laughter and smiles, flashing of eyes, rosy cheeks—the strangeness of boy and girl kneeling on the floor, lips to lips—these things seemed incredibly beautiful and mystical to Lorry. He grew excited. An oppression began to weigh upon his breast. It seemed long in coming, this catastrophe.

A slip of a girl—Alice Fall—got the pillow, and turned as if her mind had been made up before—to smile sweetly and archly at Lorry. She was in his class at school and he had scarcely ever spoken to her. Alice took a few timid steps toward him. She halted, hugging the pillow. How slim and girlish in her white dress! Lorry had never before noticed that she had great grave hazel eyes and red lips.

"Lorry," she said shyly, and dropping the pillow at his feet she knelt before him with face upturned.

The moment was somehow terrible for Lorry. His heart came up in his throat. He felt a gush of blood rush over him. He heard the laughterof the girls and the snicker of the boys. Their faces were dim. But Alice's shone like a white flower. Swift as was the clash of Lorry's emotions it was no swifter than his realization that here, for the girl's sake, he must not mind himself. He fell off the chair on his knees and kissed Alice's red lips timidly, fearfully, but swiftly. She bounced up with scarlet face and ran for her seat.

Slowly Lorry arose, without the pillow. Then suddenly he dashed out of the circle of dim faces, out of the room and house into the dark cool night. A peal of merry laughter followed him, ringing in his ears. Lorry hated it; he hated that stupid, impossible game, yet Alice's kiss burned like sweet fire on his lips. He had to fight a strong desire to go back, an inconsistent longing he scouted and marveled at. He walked home in the moonlight, under the maples, thoughtful, brooding, now sad, and again exalted. His mother heard him come up stairs and she called: "Aren't you home early, Lorry?"

"Yes—I ran away," he replied, haltingly. "They played that game Pillow—and I—."

He did not conclude his reply, and going to the back room where he and Homer slept he undressed in the dark and went to bed. Homer was fast asleep. Lorry crept close to him, feeling a vague sense of comfort and protection. How dark the room! And it seemed to have moving shadows and noiseless voices. Lorry had once been in the habit of covering his head at night for fear of these things in the dark. He no longer yielded to that cowardice, yet the fears were as strong and inexplicable as ever. Sleep did not soon come. The piquant face of Alice Fall seemed limned on the shadows. Why had she chosen him? In all his life she had been the first girl to kiss him. The fact of it was tremendous, the significance beyond his understanding.

Another day during this tumultuous time Lorry went to a picnic at Grant's Park—a beautiful woods full of chestnut and oak trees, with a shady slope that ran down to the mouth of Timber Run. It was a different crowd of boys and girls from those who had attended the party. Most of them were older. The boys were wilder, the girls freer. They danced instead of playing games. Then they paired off to stroll away in the woods. Lorry liked this better. A strong glamour surrounded these girls, and he seemed to revel in it without fear of ridicule or shame at himself.

There was an unusually attractive girl at this picnic, Maud Inchcape by name, fifteen years old, shapely and graceful in her tight-fitting dress of blue, with a pretty brown face and audacious eyes to match. Lorry had seen her many times at school. She was in a lower grade. On this occasion she appeared to single him out with her glances. He met her and danced with her, after which they walked away from the pavilion, out into the shade of the woods. Lorry had never known any one like this girl. She stormed his heart. When they returned to the others, now seated about the picnic dinner on the grass, Lorry felt a strange happiness in her presence.

But soon he was to lose it, as well as her company. Some other boy claimed her, and, roguish and coy, she went with him. After that Lorry watched her, with this rival, then with others. He was to

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Preserving the Kaibab Deer

By W. B. GREELEY

Chief U. S. Forest Service

Photographs U. S. Forest Service.

Deer at edge of timber.

"WE found the deer tame and plentiful, and as we rode or walked through the forest we continually came across them—now a doe with her fawn, now a party of does and fawns, or a single buck, or a party of bucks. . . Does would stand and watch us go by within fifty or a hundred yards, their big ears thrown forward; while the fawns stayed hid near by. . . We came on a party of seven bucks. Four were yearlings or two-year-olds; but three were mighty master bucks, and their velvet-clad antlers made them look as if they had rocking-chairs on their heads."

In these words President Roosevelt described the mule deer of the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve, as he saw them in 1913.* The preservation of this magnificent herd is today one of the most important problems of game conservation with which the federal government must wrestle. Let every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA understand at the outset that the question is wholly one of their preservation.

The problem cannot be gauged intelligently without knowing something of its background. The Grand Canyon Game Preserve was created by President Roosevelt in 1906, under a special act of Congress, as a refuge and breeding ground for game animals. The law provided that hunting should be permitted only under the regulations of the Department of Agriculture. The original preserve embraced something over one million acres and was supposed at the time to contain between 5000 and 6000 mule deer. The hunting of deer in this area forthwith was stopped and a vigorous campaign was launched to exterminate the mountain lions and other natural enemies of the deer. In 1919 a portion of the Preserve was included in the Grand Canyon National Park, somewhat more than 800,000 acres, covering the "Buckskin Mountain" of the Mormon pioneers, remaining in the Kaibab National Forest of northern Arizona.

Under the double protection afforded from gun and beast, the deer population increased rapidly. When President Roosevelt rode over the Kaibab plateau in 1913, he told the Forest Supervisor that the deer were becoming sufficiently thick to allow hunting under strict federal regulations adapted to the Preserve. Had President Roosevelt's conception of hunting, carefully adjusted to the natural increase of the herd, been carried out at that time, or soon after, the mule deer of the Kaibab would not face the danger of starvation that threatens them today. The Forest Service was, however, as the clearer vision of "hindsight" now seems to indicate, overzealous to create a deer herd of magnificent proportions and did not sufficiently weigh the fundamental biological factors. At any rate, absolute protection of the herd continued. By 1922 the judgment of the best informed men placed the herd at not less than 20,000 animals and the annual increase at from 4000 to 6000 fawns.

The Kaibab plateau is an island of brush and timber country cut off by the gorge of the Colorado River on the south and practically surrounded by a sea of desert on all other points of the compass. Hence the increasing herd of deer, particularly in the security of a protected refuge, migrated but little and became more and more congested. As its numbers increased the competition, or possible competition, between deer and domestic livestock became a question of recognized importance.

From the days of the first settlers, the Kaibab plateau has been grazed intensively by sheep or cattle. When the National Forest was created, approximately 15,000 head of cattle and 9000 sheep were ranged upon this area. The grazing administration of the Forest has been a record of almost continuous reductions in the numbers of domestic livestock admitted into these highly prized upland ranges. The degree of competition between deer and livestock for the same forage plants has never been accurately determined. The mule deer, like most of its kind, is primarily a browser, feeding chiefly upon aspen, wild rose bushes, and the leaves and twigs of other shrubs. Cattle and sheep are primarily grazing animals, feeding on grasses and weeds as long as they can be obtained, but easily turning to many varieties of brush and shrubs when the herbaceous vegetation is insufficient. Without delaying to determine the degree of competition, the Service believed that the increasing number of deer required a steady reduction in the numbers of livestock and acted accordingly. Furthermore, the condition of the range itself indicated the danger of overgrazing.

So far has the reduction of livestock been carried that during the past season the number of cattle admitted to the Kaibab ranges was about 2330 and the number of sheep about 3500. Using a common denominator of sheep and cattle in the customary ratio of 4 to 1, the present use of the Kaibab by domestic livestock is less than 20 per cent of that when the National Forest was created.

In the judgment of the Forest Service, the reduction in the

*Quoted from an article published in The Outlook, of October 4, 1913.

grazing of sheep and cattle has been carried practically as far as it can, in justice to the needs of local settlers and ranchers, which cannot be ignored. All of the livestock of the large, non-resident owners has been removed from the National Forest. Only those remain, and only those will be permitted to remain, which sustain the homes and small ranches of local people. Cutting down the herds of the sheep or cattle baron is one thing; destroying the livelihood of established homes and families is something entirely different. The essential requirements for mountain range of the established local people must, in the judgment of the Forest Service, be recognized and provided for in the administration of the Game Preserve.

Furthermore, the elimination of every hoof of ranch stock would have, at the best, only slightly delayed the inevitable crisis in food supply resulting from the increase in the deer herd itself. Mouths and stomachs require food; and when the number of mouths and stomachs increases by 3000 or 4000 every year, while the food supply remains the same, the point of threatened or actual starvation is inevitably reached. It is merely a question of time. The problem of the Kaibab deer is not primarily one of conflict between game and domestic animals; it is the problem created by the undiminished increase of a protected herd until it can no longer be sustained by the supply of forage within its reach.

This problem was appreciated by the Forest Service and the Biological Survey several years ago. A careful study of the situation by experts from these organizations led to the development of a plan for regulated hunting in portions of the National Forest distant from the highways and routes of tourist travel, to an extent sufficient only to remove a portion of the natural increase in the herd. It was also thought that such hunting might increase the drift of the deer and relieve the congestion on the Kaibab plateau. The mere discussion of this program provoked strenuous opposition from game lovers who disliked to see any of the Kaibab herd shot and who questioned the necessity for this course. My own viewpoint, as the responsible head of the Forest Service, was that the policy of absolute protection which had created such a magnificent herd of wild creatures should not be changed until we were convinced that no other course would conserve them.

At my suggestion, the Secretary of Agriculture, in January, 1924, requested a committee of the foremost game experts in the country to visit the Kaibab National Forest, study its conditions, check the conclusions of the Department's experts, and recommend the course that should be pursued *for the preservation of the herd.* This committee consisted of John B. Burnham, of the American Game Protective Association; Heyward Cutting, representing the Boone and Crockett Club; T. Gilbert Pearson, representing the National Association of Audubon Societies and the National Park Association, and T. W. Tomlinson, of the American National Livestock Association. The Izaak Walton League was requested to send a representative as member of the committee, but to our regret Mr. Dilg was unable at the last moment to participate in the investigation. We also regretted that Mr. Hal G. Evarts, noted student and writer on wild life, was unable to serve on the committee.

The report of this committee, made after an extended investigation on the ground, gives the game lovers of the United States an expert and entirely impartial judgment of the situation, wholly free from any possible bureaucratic bias. Every one interested in practical game management and conservation should read this report in full. Space will here permit presenting but a few quotations from it which bear upon the critical conditions threatening the Kaibab deer and the recommendations for the preservation of the herd.

"A serious condition of overconcentration of deer in certain localities of this Preserve was very evident in the regions in the neighborhood of V. T. Park, along the lower slopes of the western side, and in the concentration areas of the east side. The forage of these localities has been destroyed to a most alarming extent, and should present conditions be allowed to continue much longer, serious permanent damage, if not destruction, will result to the range. This danger fully ranks in importance with the danger threatening the deer herd itself."

"Much of the Committee's time and attention was devoted to the study of possibilities for creating an overflow of the surplus deer from the Kaibab Forest to surrounding country, thus accelerating the very small permanent drift of the deer from the Preserve. If such a drift could be developed in a large way it would be a most effective natural remedy for the existing unfortunate conditions, and at the same time provide for the restocking with deer of any available adjacent areas.

Close utilization of forage. Note absence of aspen reproduction.

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"Unfortunately, no such permanent drift in any appreciable numbers exists, nor can it be expected. In several directions it is prevented by natural barriers."

"In the regions covered during the first five days in the Game Preserve almost all of the deer observed were in very poor condition. At that time of year, when the deer should be in the pink of condition, all, including even most of the large bucks, were extremely thin. In nearly every case the outline of the ribs could be easily seen through the skin. Many does with fawns were in a deplorable condition. In many cases hollows along the flanks and about the hip-joints were very noticeable. Some dead deer were found, but whether they had died of starvation or were killed by predatory animals we were unable to determine. In considering the condition of the deer it must not be overlooked that this season has been one of severe drought, which would naturally affect the food supply. However, this drought was in no large way responsible for the vast scarcity of food over most of the Preserve."

"The Committee believes that the former official estimates of 20,000, with the above mentioned ratio of increase, which would bring the number up to 26,000 this year, are conservative and they may far exceed this number. All the local witnesses examined placed the number of deer in the Kaibab Forest at not less than 50,000."

"Under normal conditions of food supply the competition of cattle and horses with deer should be negligible for, if there was sufficient grazing, the horses and cattle would scarcely touch the browse and, if there was sufficient browse, the deer would not eat the grass extensively. As between sheep and deer competition is probably at all times much more direct. The existing condition of forage is abnormal. Whatever the cause, there can be no question that the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve is now both overgrazed and overbrowsed. Sheep are now grazed only in a small part of the northern edge of the Forest, and the numbers of the cattle having been greatly reduced it is clear that the deer are the chief factors in this decrease of the food supply. The immediate withdrawal of all livestock from the Forest would not help the ultimate situation as regards the deer, because it would only postpone temporarily their inevitable starvation, which was freely predicted to us if excessive increase is not checked."

"The conditions of forage throughout the Preserve can only be characterized as deplorable, in fact they were the worst that any member of the Committee had ever seen. When not only the leaves but the annual growth of trees, bushes, shrubs, and grass are so closely cropped that seeding is impossible, the condition of the range moves swiftly towards utter destruction.

"As the food supply of the deer is reduced, large numbers of them will be removed by Nature, either through starvation or the ravages of some pestilence which attacks them in their weakened condition. Nature in this way will reduce the numbers to an infinitesimal breeding stock and provide for a period of recuperation. The injury to the range by allowing Nature to adopt such severe measures would virtually be permanent. The continued prevention of normal annual reproduction through seeding will in time eliminate from the range one type of forage after another. The least hardy grasses or shrubs will disappear first. A progressive denudation of the range increases the rapidity with which water runs off and the amount of top soil that is carried away This is the type of permanent range destruction which the existing conditions in the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve acutely threaten. Actual starvation of the deer herd is not necessary to prove that overutilization is rapidly destroying the range."

"The administration of these lands by the Agricultural Department through the Forest Service must be and is based upon sound economic principles or there would be no justification for such Preserves. The Service should, therefore, maintain a just balance in the use and development of all of the resources of this Game Preserve, including, besides the game, timber and grazing, and should not develop one resource to the exclusion of all others. In view of the existing emergency, however, we recommend that all stock should at once be removed from the Forest, excepting the stock belonging to local settlers. The limited population of southern Utah is dependent largely upon the stock for a livelihood and we have not the heart to recommend that the small cattle owner be entirely eliminated."

"No one has attempted to deny that the present deer herd in the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve is much greater than the range can support in a thrifty condition. The observations of the Committee during their investigation, as well as the testimony of the witnesses who appeared at the conference held at V. T. Park, put this question beyond all possible doubt. How large a deer herd the Preserve could support, if the range were restored to a healthy condition, must remain a matter of conjecture. It is not a material consideration for this investigation. When the range conditions have been restored it will be a comparatively easy matter for the authorities charged with the administration of the Preserve to determine what the proper size of the herd should then be.

"Any reduction at this time must be made not only for the purpose of reducing it to such size as the range can support in its present depleted condition, but with a view to a reduction beyond what the range can now support, so that some measure of recuperation in the conditions of forage may take place. The Committee believes that as an immediate remedy for the present situation no reduction of less than 50 per cent of the existing deer herd would be effective. We, therefore, recommend that one-half of the existing herd be removed and that this removal be accomplished as quickly as possible."

The Committee recommended that three things be done, with a view to reducing the deer herd to approximately one-half of its present numbers:

1. That as many live deer as practicable be captured, crated, and shipped to people who would receive and care for them.
2. That regulated hunting be permitted on selected areas.
3. That, as a last resort if the other measures are insufficient, the herd be reduced through the killing of animals by Forest officers.

The report of the Committee not only confirmed the previous conclusions of the Forest officers and game experts who have lived with this situation for years, but revealed conditions still more critical and threatening to the welfare of the herd than any members of the Department of Agriculture had pictured them. The report removed the whole question, if such a thing is possible, from the realm of discussion and controversy. It made perfectly clear that imme- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]

Deer, showing area of over-concentration.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Gene Stratton-Porter—Passes On—

1868—1924

GENE STRATTON-PORTER, friend of the outdoors, has passed on.

The famous writer, whose pen was so often and generously used in defense of the wild places and the wild life of America, died December 6th in Los Angeles as a result of injuries received when a street car struck an automobile in which she was riding.

One of the founders of the Izaak Walton League of America, always foremost in every fight waged on the side of conservation of the outdoors she loved, it is particularly fitting that Mrs. Porter's last written words were a plea to save the elk of Jackson Hole, just as the last written words of Emerson Hough, another great writer and great American, constituted a plea for us to carry on the work of the League which he, too, had helped to start.

Mrs. Porter was a native of Indiana, and for many years lived at Rome City in that state. She had named her home "Limberlost Cabin," after the Limberlost swamp which was the scene of those great novels, "The Girl of the Limberlost" and "Freckles," which so endeared her to the American public.

Her first appearance, however, was in the outdoor magazines, first as editor of the camera department of old "Recreation," then as a staff writer for "Outing." Since then she has always been known as a leading naturalist, a writer whose every word has been influenced by her overwhelming love for the outdoors and the things that live in it.

Mrs. Porter, early in her connection with the Izaak Walton League, appeared a pioneer in the pages of this magazine. She wrote an editorial for the cover page of the fourth issue. It was then called, as those of our readers who were with us from the first remember, "The Izaak Walton League Monthly," and the outside cover page was each month devoted to an editorial Emerson Hough wrote the first one, his famous "Time To Call a Halt"; he was followed by Zane Grey, then Dr. van Dyke, and in the issue of December, 1922, Gene Stratton-Porter wrote, "All Together, Heave!"

Mrs. Porter's heart was in this League. She believed in it. She believed in the magazine, then struggling along from one month to another without any real, rock bottom certainty that the next issue would appear. It would be a great thing to quote every word of Mrs. Porter's editorial here today, on this page of the now powerful magazine she helped to nurse, to be read by every member of the League to which she extended a willing hand. But we can quote part of it, and here it is:

Gene Stratton-Porter

"Today we are squarely facing the problem of reparation, for we must make reparation or we must meet disaster. . . . If we do not want our land to dry up and blow away, we must replace at least in part our lost trees. We must save every brook and stream and lake. . . . The case is imperative; the work necessary to protect, to preserve, to propagate natural resources for the future is up to every one of us. If we desire comfort, food and beauty for ourselves and any sort of a heritage at all to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a hand to enlarge the circulation of the magazine and to bear out the principles and the purposes that this magazine has been launched to accomplish. Each of us must help with every enterprise on foot to save to the state and to the nation every remaining natural resource. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do. We are now facing a fair and square presentment of what we must do, and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength. All together, Heave!"

When Mrs. Porter died the Izaak Walton League lost one of its great friends. Perhaps the most fitting tribute to Gene Stratton-Porter that we can make is to carry on in the cause for which she worked and in which she believed with every atom of her heart and soul. If we can dedicate to her memory something of the unspoiled forests of her dreams, we shall have erected the monument she would have chosen; if we can write her epitaph in terms of clean rivers, clean outdoor playgrounds, and clean young hearts, we shall have done what she would have asked.

Her Last Written Words for Starving Elk

I am glad to add my bit to a plea for the starving elk of Jackson Hole; but even as I write I realize how weak it is when compared to the unwritten plea that must be in the hearts of all of us as we contemplate the tragedy of this great wild animal that is facing extinction.

Heed it, and do not listen any longer to my futile pen.

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Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson

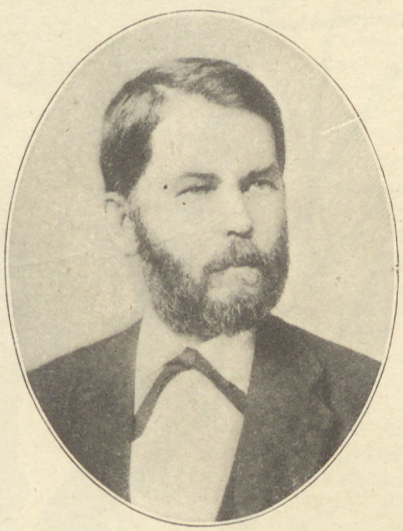
J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Inspired Oratory

FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS graduated at West Point in the Class of 1855, and early thereafter retired from the army, studied law, and practiced in the State of Louisiana, where he attained high professional standing.

When Louisiana seceded, although he had opposed Secession, he immediately entered the Confederate Army, became Captain and then Lieutenant Colonel of the 8th Louisiana Infantry. At the Battle of Winchester he lost his left arm, was taken prisoner, and exchanged in 1862. He became Colonel of the 16th Louisiana, and shortly thereafter Brigadier General of the 2nd Louisiana Brigade. At the Battle of Chancellorsville he lost his left leg. When being taken from the field, with grim humor he said to Sam Hepburn, his aide de camp: "Sam, do you know what I am thinking about?" Sam replied in the negative. "Well, you know it has always been the ambition of our family to be on the Bench, but this unfortunate shot has ruined all my chances, for no matter how impartial and just my decisions might be, it would always be said of me that I was a 'one-sided Judge.'" On recovery he re-entered the service and continued to the end of the war.



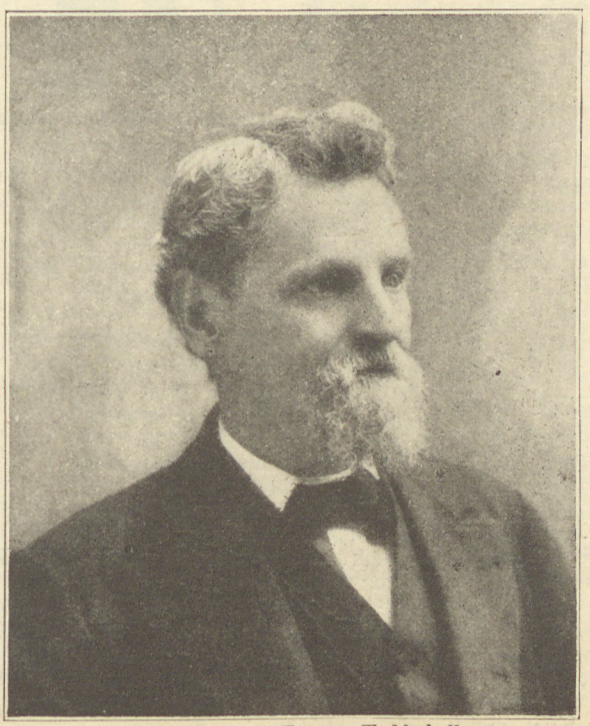
Fay Goode—famous orator.

Shortly thereafter he resumed the practice of his profession at Napoleonville, subsequently removed to New Orleans, and rapidly rose to eminence.

He became Governor of the State of Louisiana. After serving two terms as Governor, he served as Chief Justice and Associate Justice on the Supreme Bench of Louisiana with great distinction for many years.

The politics of the State of Louisiana was dominated by the Louisiana Lottery Company, and the fair name of the State was reproached throughout the Union. He antagonized the Lottery Company, and there was a bitter campaign. Notwithstanding its entrenched power and illimitable resources, under the leadership of Governor Nicholls, it was extirpated from politics and driven from the State.

During his term of office the legislature passed a bill extending its charter. He vetoed it and wrote: "At no time and under no circumstances will I permit one of my hands to aid in degrading what the other was lost in seeking to uphold, the honor of my native state. Were I to affix my signature to this Bill, I would be indeed ashamed to let my left hand know what my right hand had done."



Ex. Governor Francis T. Nicholls.

He was first elected Governor over Packard in that memorable year of strife and reconstruction, 1876, when the Returning Board counted Louisiana for President Hayes. The Republicans backed by United States bayonets claimed the State election. The Nicholls forces seized the court houses and locked the Negro Legislature in the old St. Louis Hotel.

Then President Grant gave his celebrated order that the "Status Quo" must be preserved. President Hayes was so impressed by his character and purposes that he recognized the Nicholls government, thus establishing the anomaly of the State having been counted as Republican for the Presidency and Democratic for the Governorship. This action restored the State's autonomy and brought about its right relations with the Government.

Chief Justice White related to me the following:

"When the convention of 1876 approached, the friends of General Nicholls selected Fay Goode, an orator of great reputation, to put him in nomination. He accepted, and knowing that it was an occasion that would rarely come to a speaker, and that the people of the entire United States were aroused to the highest pitch of interest over the proceedings of the Convention at that momentous time in the affairs of the nation, he felt that it was the opportunity of his life, and prepared for his greatest effort.

"On the morning of the Convention, the friends of General Nicholls felt that the delegates were nervous and eager for prompt action, and did not want to expose the enthusiasm to the test of elaborate speeches. They delegated White to communicate this conviction to the chosen speaker, and to prevail upon him to forego the temptation to personal exploitation, in the interest of the great cause that he and the others had so much at heart, and to make the shortest effective speech that he could. It was a delicate office,

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

no matter how diplomatically discharged, and he assumed it with great misgiving. The proposal was received coldly at first. Goode had made a great preparation, and it was manifest that he felt that he was asked to stifle the most cherished offspring of his brain. He was a man of fine instincts and good understanding, and although he died hard, he consented. When he arose, the friends of Nicholls were full of anxiety, doubting whether the speaker's and their ideas of a short speech would coincide. His eyes blazed with excitement, his frame shook from nervous tension. Then a clarion voice that had so often thrilled the multitudes rang out:

"I nominate for Governor of the State of Louisiana all that is left of Francis T. Nicholls."

Mimas Polyglottos

THIS portentous name is a grievous slander on the mocking bird. While he imitates, he is also a great creative artist and composer of infinite variety. He is the troubadour of the air, the great lover who pours out his heart in amorous songs to enchant the object of his affections.

He is not a sheik, or caveman, or ravishing chanticleer, but woos and wins his lady love like a gallant gentleman.

Audubon, the first great, and the incomparable, student of bird life in America, thus describes him:

"See how he flies around his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly. His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love and again bouncing, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made."

To the eagle are attributed lordliness and bravery, but he knows how to keep at a safe distance as well as the pilfering crow. Nothing excels in nature the valor of the Mocking Bird. A wee bit of a thing, only about ten inches long, it scorns the subterfuge of enticing enemies, man, animal or bird, from his nest by feigning to be crippled, but feeling that his home is his castle, like a true and brave American, uncorrupted by false pacifism, he makes a square fight against any odds. A tender parent, yet a true lover of liberty, he will not permit his offspring to languish in prison. I have been told by credible observers that if its young be exposed in a cage, it feeds it some burr or poison that kills it. Of all feathered songsters it has the greatest variety of notes, a ceaseless flow of ecstatic melody.

An English lady, travelling in America in the eighteenth century, commented on this fact, and the wrong done in stigmatizing such an original songster as a mere imitator and said that it had the notes of the Nightingale, which it could have never heard.

In company with others one moonlight night, I undertook to keep account of the variety of its songs. Of course, accuracy was impossible, even to those present who had trained ears and rapidly recording memories, capable of nice comparisons. The count ran up until we were bewildered. For hours on a moonlight night he will swing balanced on a twig, and from time to time fly up, cut wild gymnastics and settle down again. He seems entranced by his own music and ventriloquial powers.

Wilkin said: "When moved by love during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody."

Mimas Polyglottos—the Mocking Bird.

His moods and accompanying songs vary marvellously. In this way he appeals to the fancy and imagination of different poets who have sought to interpret this wonderful bird-poet of the air.

Many have commemorated him with fine thoughts and beautiful measures. None has attained the exquisite beauty, and variety of imagination of Shelley's Skylark, which has always stood without a rival, unless perhaps Keats in his wonderful "Ode to the Nightingale," which seems to pour out the reveries of his own sad soul, which longed for some nepenthe that he "might drink and leave the world unseen and with thee fade into the forest dim."

He has been styled "the sylvan Petrarch wooing a woodland Laura" and "the winged Anacreon of the South."

Meek makes this tribute:

"From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entranced, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!
Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

See him swinging in his glory
On yon topmost bending limb
Carolling his amorous story,
Like some wild Crusader's hymn!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

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THE SCARS ON THE TREES

by El Comancho

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so—Drop me a line also and tell me why you don't, if you have a kick coming—I like to please you if I know what you want—El Comancho

IT WAS the day after the accident that David called to see little June Williams just to satisfy himself that she was safe after the river trip of the day before and he brought with him a handful of fresh wildflowers that were part of his own wilderness just as David himself was.

Jule saw him coming two or three blocks down the street as she hovered around her injured twin sister who was propped among pillows in a big rocking chair on the front porch with her bandaged foot at rest where it could slowly mend itself.

"Oh, there's Davy coming, June!" said Jule as she dashed down the steps and out the gate to go racing down the sidewalk toward David with all the spiderlegged enthusiasm of twelve feminine years spent in this carefree world.

June, white as chalk from loss of blood, languid and weak, still gave evidence of pleasure in the faintest tinge of color on her wan cheeks and a sparkle of welcome waiting in her big eyes.

"Well, Junie," said David with a smile as he came up the porch and handed his flowers to the little girl, "How do we feel this morning, eh? Pretty tight little race we had yesterday, wasn't it, kiddie? But we beat—didn't we? How's the old foot—hurt much?"

David had known the twins ever since they had taken their first buggy ride down the sidewalk after their arrival in this world and he regarded them just as he did all the other children in town and as he regarded all younglings of the wild as well; to him they were helpless young things to be looked after and cared for by all adults just as a matter of everyday life.

Having brought June safely home from an adventure that would, without outside help to interfere, have snuffed life out for the child, David was interested in how she was reacting to care and attention and came to satisfy himself that she was safe; he would have followed the same course if the object of his solicitation had been an injured bird or animal from the wilds or a hurt puppy or kitten in his own home for he was entirely sympathetic by nature and his was the protective instinct of the strong for the weak and helpless, hence all young things, not excepting twelve year old "kid girls," were to be cared for and protected until they could carry on safely alone.

"Oh, Davie, I'm so glad you came! I want to tell you I'm thankful that you were there when I cut my foot, for Doctor Fulton says I would have bled to death in fifteen minutes if we girls had been alone. Jule and I both thank you very much for what you did, Davie, and we will never forget."

"Pooh, kiddie, it isn't worth talking about," David replied as he gave her hand a little pat; "you just be a good kid and keep still so that cut can heal up and you'll be as good as ever in a week.

"If you want anything I can get for you or do for you just have Jule let me know and I'll take care of it for you. I'm glad it was no worse for we might not have made it so easily if you had been too far away to get the doctor for you.

"Well, I'm going; I'll stop again as I go by maybe; you'll be all right now, just keep still and let Jule do the running around for a few days while your foot patches itself up—then you'll be as good as ever; 'Bye!" and David walked down the steps.

"G'bye, Davie—and thank you! And come back again, Davie—often!" she replied while Jule, the other twin, took hold of David's hand with both her own and danced along with him to the gate. "David Summers, you're just the nicest boy I know and I could just kiss you for—for Junie!" she said with the frank honesty of short skirts and pigtail braids.

David smiled and lifted her up to sit on top of the big square gate post.

"Young lady," he said, shaking a serious finger at her, "you must not be ready to kiss menfolks for every little thing they happen to do—it makes them think a lot of themselves and it is dangerous for you because, maybe, somebody might think you meant it and just steal you before you know it and carry you 'way off to a big castle somewhere."

"Well, I don't care, I could; you were nice to June, Davie, and that is the same as being nice to me, isn't it? You are the nicest boy I know—anyway, so there!"

"G'bye, Jule, take good care of June."

"G'bye; I will!"

David walked off down the street leaving a spiderylegged little girl sitting atop a gate post watching him while her childish heart throbbed with baby love for this big boy whom she adored.

On the porch her sister buried her face in the bouquet of wild flowers and whispered, "Davie Summers, I'll love you as long as I live because you are so good to me and because—because—"

She did not finish for she had no words to express what she felt, but deep down in that intimate, inner feminine self of hers, she, unknowingly, enshrined David as she watched him walk away down the street; without her knowledge or his, she, the female of the species, was running true to the way of her sex for there, that morning, she annexed David; he was her man from that hour forth and she would fight every other member of her own kind to keep him, and mother him, and love him as a mother loves her first-born, down to the going of her last breath.

And on top of the gate post her sister Jule, the other half of herself, was undergoing exactly the same reactions in the same way.

David, the unconscious cause of all this tumult, was walking down the street interested mainly in the beauty of the summer morning and already forgetful of the two girl children he had left behind.

Later on fate was to bring back to his memory every incident of that day-clean cut, cameo clear, in his mind's eye.

Jule wriggled around on the gate post, turned on her stomach and flowed down, snake like, to the ground, her slim length doing all this acrobatic stunt without effort or damage, after the mysterious fashion of childhood which takes no heed of scratch, or bruise, or danger of broken bones.

"Junie, I think Davie Summers is the nicest boy in the world—don't you?" she asked as she slipped her arms about her sister's neck and kissed her with customary affection, for never was there a ripple of contention, or friction, between these two.

"Uh huh," was June's disinterested answer as she watched David, now far down the street, swinging along easily on his way to the river.

"Let me put the flowers in water, June," said Jule.

June clung to the blossoms; "No, no, Jule, please! Let me have them—in my hands; they seem—it seems—it's like Davie was still here when I hold them in my hands."

Jule looked at her sister—then she bent down and kissed the flowers and asked if there was anything June wanted.

June clung to her flowers, inhaling the fragrance while she stared, unseeing, at a patch of sunshine dancing on the lawn as the maple limbs swayed overhead; already the Weaver of Dreams had reached up from the fairy land of Fancy to picture pleasant things for the future of this little girl propped among the pillows to let nature mend her throbbing foot.

And across all the pictures against her mental screen she, a grown lady, dressed in silks and wearing precious stones, made action with a second figure which moved, with her, nor was ever far away—a man; and the man was David.

Jule, happening across a pen knife with open blade lying on the table at June's elbow where it was dropped after doing duty as a pencil sharpener, picked it up and walked down the porch steps aimlessly.

With slow step she walked, still without purpose, zigzagging across the lawn, to stop beside a young maple tree.

Its foot-thick, smooth barked trunk invited the knifepoint, and Jule, without knowing why, felt the urge to cut it with her fragile knife.

In a minute she was busy, toiling awkwardly with tongue twisting out of the corner of her mouth, to cut a pattern in the maple bark.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

In less than a minute she broke the knife blade squarely off, leaving it stiff and with a sharp corner on the piece still left in the handle. She now had a tool that responded to her will and swiftly she cut, putting all her young muscle behind the work.

For five or six minutes she toiled with the knife point, chin-high on the maple bark, and then stepped back to look at her work.

Cut into the bark in white pattern against the blue-gray color of the tree was a heart outlined and inside of it were the two letters, "D" and "J."

It was crude—childish, and awkwardly carved, but there was no mistaking the symbols. To the little girl it stood for "love" and for "David" and for "Jule." And it was on the side of the tree away from the house where June did not see it when she turned her head and called, "Jule, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Jule replied.

"Come here a minute."

Jule turned her back on the scarred tree and walked up to the porch where she put the broken knife on the table and hovered over her sister's chair.

Far down the street I met David and accompanied him to the river for I was minded to fish a bit and loaf away the hours in David's company.

No—not loaf either, for one could never loaf while with this boy who lived and breathed with nature and knew her ways as no city man could ever hope to, and he who traveled with him must learn as he ran, for the reason why for anything in nature was always on the tip of the boy's tongue.

Down the river path we went, in and out among the shadows, walking silently among the thickets on damp ground that gave back no sound of our passing.

Here and there we surprised some bird, all alone and busy with the task of living.

A rabbit hopped timidly out of a rose thicket, wriggled its nose and moved its ears forward in inquiry, then turned end for end and disappeared back into its thorny refuge, unhurriedly, on a general basis of safety first.

Out in the river a fish leaped now and then, leaving a ring to widen out over the water and vanish.

Swallows and martins twittered and cruised the air above the river surface, bug hunting, or dipping now and again to take a sip of water from the surface.

From far and near came the meaning sounds of the wilderness wherefrom all the wild creatures keep in touch with a background of communal activity that informs each one what is going on among his neighbors so the individual can go ahead about his own affairs.

"Do you hear all the birds?" asked David as we walked along.

"Yes; there is a lot of them, counting all kinds, isn't there?"

"Yes; but that wasn't what I was thinking of. It was the sounds they all make, the calls, and twitterings, and little noises they make—all different, and all meaning something that the others understand.

"When you hear all these sounds this way then you know everything is all right and everybody is happy.

"When all this noise stops it means something. If it all stopped suddenly right now it would mean 'Look out!' Something dangerous to everybody is close by; look out for yourselves!'

"It's that way when a cat comes around where a flock of birds are feeding—then they all quit and keep still and go away somewhere else.

"If the birds and animals are all active and singing and noisy in the morning it means the day will be fine; if they don't sing, or chirp, or make any noise at all, it means a storm is coming, and it will likely be a bad one with lots of thunder, and lightning, and a pouring rain, and there will be a big wind with it.

"If all the wild things seem to be nervous and very active, but not so very noisy, then it means a storm is getting ready some place and it will come on here later.

"You'll notice this most when you go bass fishing for the bass are crazy to bite then and are jumping everywhere, even chasing minnows right up on shore and slashing thru the shallow water with their backs out, after frogs—gee! How they bite then! And fight! That's the time to go bass fishing if you want to have a lot of sport!

"Next day, after the storm, you won't see a single bass in shallow water and you won't get a bite all day long, or see a fish jump anywhere; but if you row, slow and easy, out into the middle of a bass lake then, and watch real close, you'll see, every once in a while, what looks like a little catspaw of wind on the lake surface—and there isn't any wind blowing, perhaps.

"If you watch you'll see the same thing again; if you row after these catspaw-looking places on the lake surface you'll see after a while that fish are making them by coming up and just sticking their noses out of the water as they roll on over like a porpoise.

"They are all bunched up in a thick school and they are traveling mostly in a circle, coming up all together every little ways and going down and on again; they don't jump, just come up, stick their noses out and roll on down again and keep right on going.

"If you can toss your bait in among them then you'll get a bite as quick as it hits the water—and you won't find a single fish anywhere in the lake outside of these schools.

"It will be four or five days after the storm before they begin to bite good again."

David imparted all this knowledge as we walked along and it was all news to me, yet I knew it was true for it fit exactly with my own experience in bass fishing and it answered a lot of riddles about the ways of bass that I had guessed at and tried to solve for years without success.

To David, living every day in the wild places, with open eyes and a logical mind, backed by the patience of an Indian, these things were no longer mysteries for each riddle had solved itself as he lived and he had found, or seen, or heard, the answer to all of them.

We crossed a little washout where the flood waters had cut a small channel during high water periods, digging down and washing the dirt away with each successive flood until, in time, the water would dig the channel deeply enough for the ordinary water level to make an island.

Here, on the upper end of the island-to-be were grouped a number of soft maple trees, not yet so large that their bark had changed from smooth to rough—yet each tree was scarred here and there with wounds where the tender young bark had been torn off in patches.

The highest of these was as high as one could reach above the ground.

For the sake of curiosity I asked David what had scarred the trees after this fashion.

"Ice," said he, "ice in flood time, in the spring.

"When the water is high there is a current thru here where this channel goes and it pulls some of the floating ice cakes this way. They don't all feel the pull quick enough so some of them miss the current and slide on down stream with the flood water that washes over the land where these trees grow.

"This ice strikes the maple trees and knocks the young bark off in patches at the water level. You can see the different levels where this has happened in different floods and you can tell they were different for some of the scars have grown up part way again.

"When you knock the bark off or cut it on a growing tree the tree goes to work to patch up the hurt by growing the bark out over the cut till it is covered.

"As the tree grows bigger it finally covers the wound over but it never gets any higher above the ground because a tree grows higher only at the tips of the branches—it doesn't push the trunk up at all.

"Just the tip ends to each twig, including the main one at the top, keep going up, or out, getting longer, or higher, each year, but what is once made into wood stays right where it is, getting bigger around but never any higher above ground so if you watch an ice marked tree like these you can tell just how high the water has been and by counting back from the freshest cut you can tell the year that any scar was made and that gives you the high water level for that spring because ice goes out when the water is highest."

Again I had been shown and taught how to use my eyes and mind to get positive knowledge—and by a boy!

Was I never to see these plain, logical truths for myself, I wondered?

"A scar, once made in a tree trunk never grows any higher above ground because a tree gains height by new growth at the twig tips"—it was as plain as A-B-C once it was known but how many men ever reasoned out the truth in that way?

To David it was all part of the day's work and he absorbed his facts as he did the air and sunshine.

Turn to page 40

A Hunting Trip in New Brunswick

New York's Metropolitan roar jarred on the nerves of three Manhattanites so they packed up and left for their hunting lodge (upper left) on the shores of Island lake in the Restigauche country of northern New Brunswick.

Kerwin H. Fulton (center) bagged a deer which he is bringing to camp in a canoe with his guide Bill Craig.

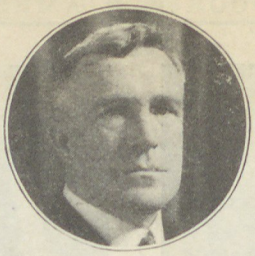
Arthur Mower, (upper right) brought down a choice moose—Irwin Bromiley (lower right) picked off a bobcat and Dr. Henry P. Fleming, (lower left) is seen holding a record-breaking owl with Bob Craig on his right and Fred McIntyre on his left.

They have all returned to New York but details of business have become drab and uninteresting.

The urge of the woods has them—they want to go back.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Irvin S. Cobb.



George Horace Lorimer

James Oliver Curwood.

The Nation's Elk—They Shall Not Starve!

"Doggone your ornery hide!" says Stewart Edward White. "If you fail to come through don't call what you see in that mirror of yours a finished sportsman. It isn't. It's merely a possibly well-meaning individual who does not know enough to welcome a chance to prove himself what he thinks he is."

America's greatest writers laud League Campaign to raise $100,000 to save Jackson Hole Elk.

Elk photographs in this article show present conditions in Jackson Hole. They were taken especially for the Izaak Walton League by S. N. Leek—two weeks ago and show we must hurry and send in our bit TODAY.

Stewart Edward White

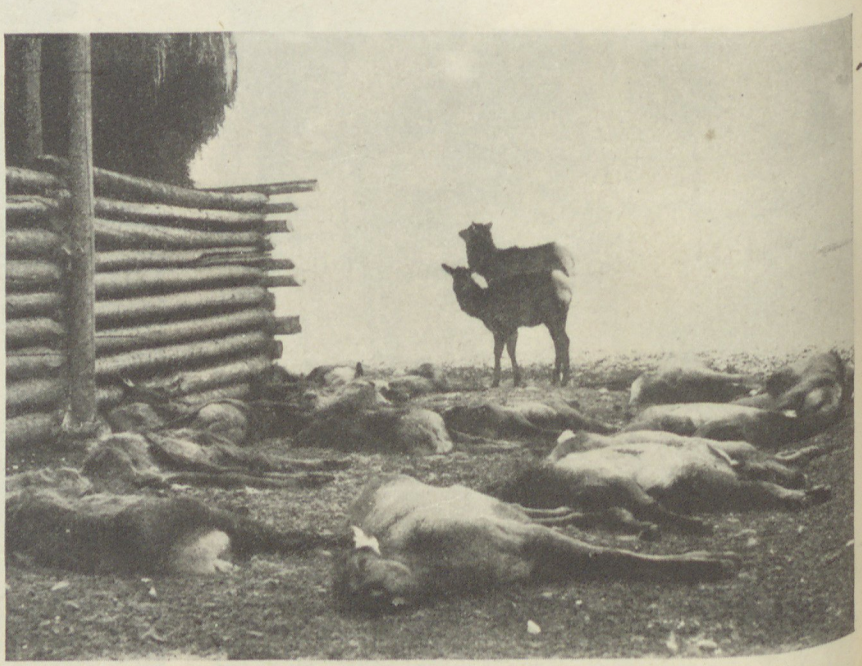
Stewart Edward White.

THERE has never been, in my opinion, a better opportunity for the sportsmen of America to show that they can give as well as take; and that without, in most individual cases, any hope of benefiting directly and personally thereby. Few of us who contribute not only our dollars but our enthusiastic moral support will ever see Jackson's Hole, and fewer still of us will ever shoot a single head of the game preserved there. That is why I say this is an opportunity rather than merely a duty. Latterly we sportsmen, as a class, have come to full realization that when we disturb the balance of nature we must do something in compensation—if we desire matters that concern us to remain even approximately in statu quo. So we build trout hatcheries, and join preserved duck clubs, and even go so far as to write our congressmen as to the establishment of game refuges where there is to be no shooting at all. A little while ago we shot 'em where we found them, and got as many as we could. We are improving, slowly. It is a matter of education. Whenever it has been clearly dinged into our moronic minds that if we want game to pursue we've got either to keep within the limits of natural increase or establish conditions permitting of accelerated increase, then we have really gone about doing something. The only question is whether our education is in all cases going to keep at least one jump ahead of total extinction.

Yes, we are improving. The most heartening indication is in movements like this one of saving these elk. We are actually going to present something to Nature as she has so long and so lavishly bestowed upon us, without thought of selfish return. We are going to pay a little interest on our debt to her. It isn't a very high rate of interest to be sure, but it is at least an earnest of good faith. Furthermore, it is a definite turn of the current, an indication that we are not going to wait for the unwelcome activities of the great Reparations Commission, which would leave us just nothing at all. That is why I say that this, and similar movements in the future, are not matters of duty at all, but are opportunities for us to save our souls as sportsmen.

Now, the above two paragraphs are addressed quite specifically not to the other fellow, the vague and misty other fellow with the large bank account, but to myself and yourself. We have not the abovementioned large bank account; we are beset by demands on what we do possess for causes that are nearer to hand. In other words, we approve heartily, but we can't afford it. Can we not? Let us see.

Be honest. How much do you afford each year in the way of taking *from* Nature? In other words, again, how much do you spend on your shooting and fishing? How much does your destructive equipment stand you? I know a man who has just bought a fifteen hundred dollar gun. Friends who belong to these "invariable limit bags" duck clubs up the valley tell me they estimate that each duck costs them approximately five dollars. How seriously does the "can't afford it" argument really affect you when the hunting and fishing season opens? Very few of us are in the fifteen hundred dollar gun class, but a whole lot of us belong to duck clubs, and many thousands more of us simply do not consider at all a half-dozen short trips a season, or one or two long ones; we don't worry a mite about

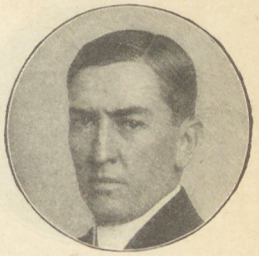


Martyrs to a nation's thoughtlessness—Starved elk on ranch near Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Harold Bell Wright.

Robert H. Davis.



George Ade.

AMERICA has heard and America is responding. Hundreds of contributions to the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge Fund are coming in daily. Men, women and little children are assisting in building a living monument to the nation's common sense.

Thousands of elk are starving in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. There is one thing that will save them—food. The League is raising $100,000 to buy hay lands next to the government feeding ranch, so that they may have food—it is the very least America can do for a noble animal.

blowing ourselves occasionally for a new rod, or new gun or a new dog; sometimes we even fall for a lot of junk straight out of the sporting goods catalogues, less for their utility than for the mysterious appeal that "outfit" possesses. All these expenditures are for the sole purpose of taking from Nature what she so generously offers.

So I say, if you have made any of the above expenditures, don't you dare say you "can't afford it"! That is out. Say, if you want to, the truth—that your education has not progressed far enough to realize either your opportunities or your obligations. That is quite understandable. We are only beginning to learn. But, for the love of Mike, if that is the case, get busy and study the subject. And study it, not from the point of view merely of local detail and necessity, but from the broad general standpoint of your own relations to the out-of-doors. You will, if you keep at it and are a bright lad, come progressively to see a number of things. The first is that when you upset the natural balance, you must substitute an artificial compensation. The second is that where one man, for example, can without harm shoot fifty birds, two men can shoot only twenty-five birds apiece, and four men a dozen. The third is that if the four men want to shoot as many birds as the one man did, then in some manner they must arrange for a fourfold supply. That is the simple mathematics of the primary grade. Its comprehension does not take you out of the sports and into the sportsmen class. The first step in the latter direction is to understand that as far as you are concerned it is you, and not the other fellow, who is playing this game. Because he overshoots the limit is no reason why you should. The argument that "somebody is going to get them anyway" is also out. The only sportsman you have to consider in such matters you will find in the mirror.

This is only the first step. There are many others before one reaches what one might call the higher ethics. One of these higher ethics is what we are hammering at now. Broadly, it is the recognition, not of a duty, but of an opportunity to return a little of what has been so bounteously bestowed upon us. Specifically, in this one instance, it is the privilege of proving to ourselves that we have reached that grade in the school of sportsmanship where we are able to spend, on saving these elk, the price of one fishing trip, as gladly and as freely and as thoughtlessly as we would spend it on the fishing trip itself. A hundred thousand dollars? I should hate to think there were not enough graduates from that school to raise several times that sum.

Think it over in that light, and come through. If you do not—you who read these lines—doggone your ornery hide, don't call what you see in that mirror of yours a finished sportsman. It isn't. It's merely a possibly well-meaning individual who does not know enough to welcome a chance to prove himself what he thinks he is.

One dead, one dying from hunger. Notice over-browsed condition of shrubs.

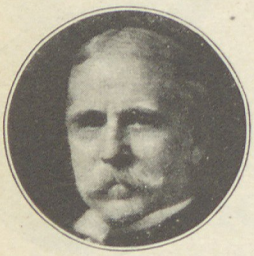
The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Geo. H. Lorimer

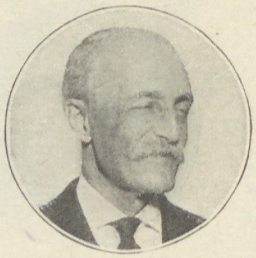
IF the elk herd is to be saved, the surest means of doing it, in my opinion, is to purchase the Jackson Hole grazing lands. The campaign to purchase these lands is a great public service and one that should have the hearty co-operation of every man who is interested in saving part of the old America and its wild life for the coming generation.

Henry Van Dyke

JACKSON HOLE is one of the beauty spots of the world. The American elk is one of the noblest animals that God ever created. A hundred thousand dollars is a small sum to pay for the rescue of this handsome native from death by starvation in this glorious country. I heartily favor the campaign for this purpose though I never expect to shoot an elk, but I want to have the joy of seeing many of them again in their native haunts.



Henry Van Dyke



Gov. Gifford Pinchot

Ben Ames Williams

Irvin S. Cobb

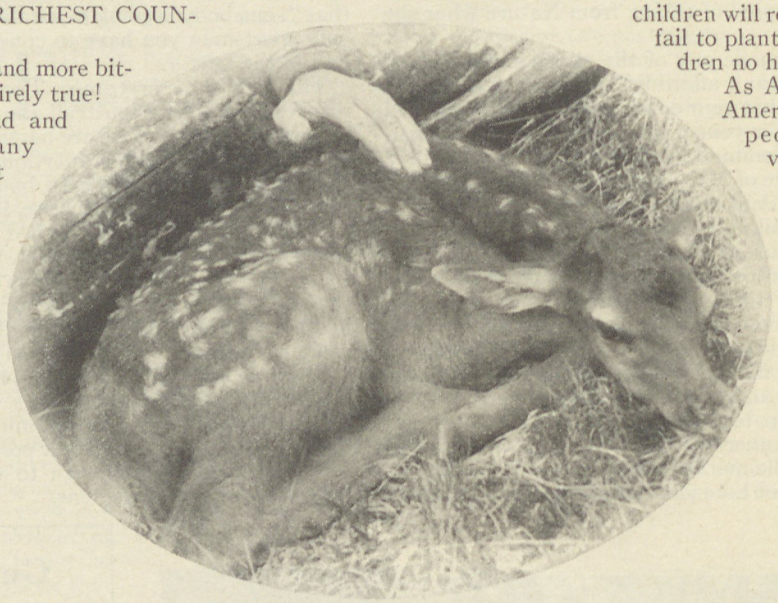
AMERICA'S wild life is rapidly passing to extinction, and unless we act now another great national asset, the American wapiti, will go the way of the carrier pigeon.

Stop and think of it—the American elk, symbolic of all that is American, is vanishing before our very eyes—not vanishing because of the hunters' guns, not vanishing because of the onward march of civilization, not vanishing because of predatory wild animals, but VANISHING BECAUSE OF STARVATION IN THE RICHEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD!

Think of it—it's terrible, and more bitterly terrible because it is entirely true!

Empty must be the head and stony cold the heart of any American who can sleep at night, knowing the elk are slowly starving in Wyoming NOW, without having done his or her part to buy them feed.

It is not necessary to be a person of great vision; it is not necessary to be a student of the conditions of our wild game; it is not necessary to be a millionaire — all one must be is an American citizen to take part in the Izaak Walton League's most laudable enterprise.



Will the hand of man be generous?

Harold Bell Wright

FAR too many of us rest our titles of good citizenship upon the mere fact that we do not happen to be serving a term in a penitentiary. Good citizenship is more than obedience to the laws of our country. It is more than consideration of the rights of our neighbors. Good citizenship is acknowledgment of our debt to the generations of our fathers, and recognition of our obligation to the generations which we, in our turn, father. It is obedience to the law of life: that the fields we sow our children will reap—which is to say, if we fail to plant there will be for our children no harvest.

As American citizens — as American parents — as a sane people knowing the real value of forests, and rivers, and mountain lakes, and woodland creeks, and all that in them lives, we dare not commit the crime of robbing our children of this wealth which is their rightful heritage.

If we do not participate in the protection of America's out-of-doors we become accessory to its destruction and will, by the children of our generation, be held guilty.

Before our American babies are old enough to know a bluejay from a chickadee there will be no American wild life left for them if we do not now back every movement for the protection and conservation of these national necessities.

This movement to save the elk of the Jackson Hole country and to make of that region a great national memorial to our pioneers must appeal to every straight thinking, clean hearted citizen in the land. Look at it how we will—as sentiment or science—as pleasure or business—as a privilege or a duty—we can not escape the conviction that it is the thing to do—AND TO DO *NOW*.

Ben Ames Williams

THE splendid call sounded in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA will not go unheeded, and I know the American public will "make the final rally count."

It is inconceivable that we, as a great nation, should let the elk, one of our last survivors of the big game country, perish for lack of food when we can save them with such little effort.

If every member of the Izaak Walton League of America would just give one dollar, the price of a few cigars or a box of shells, towards the League's Elk Refuge, the pitiful condition which now exists would be eliminated and the sportsmen could rest content that they had done their part.

This campaign must not fail if we as American citizens are to continue believing this to be one of the greatest nations of the earth. It will not fail if you, as an American and a sportsman, do your part. Do not wait until the other fellow does it—"George" will never do it. The refuge must come from YOU and no one else. If you do your part the perpetuation of the elk is assured—they shall not pass for lack of food.

Gov. Gifford Pinchot

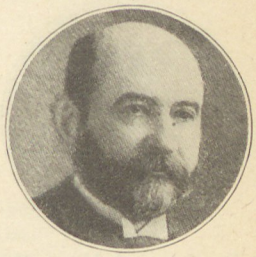
I TAKE great pleasure in enclosing my check for $25.00 for the work of the Elk Refuge Committee, and with it all best wishes for success in the saving of the Jackson's Hole elk.

This as I see it is simply endorsing America's common sense. If we are to continue as a leading nation we must show our appreciation of the natural resources bestowed upon us by a generous Mother Nature.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Albert Bigelow Paine

Archibald Rutledge



Wm. T. Hornaday

Robert H. Davis

WE bought a bale of cotton to save the South. Why not buy a bale of hay and save the elk in Jackson Hole?

Our government, in a crisis, has succored foreign refugees. Why cannot it issue fodder, in a similar crisis, for the native elk, whose grazing ground the government has taken over for its own uses. The settlers were lured in, while the elk were driven out.

The terrible winter's toll cannot be oft repeated without utterly destroying the noblest of the antlered kingdom. Nature intended that they should survive; mankind decreed otherwise. It is now a matter of justice, prefaced by action.

I would suggest that the *Izaak Walton League* send out a nationwide call for contributions and begin, under the direction of Hal Evarts, to ship hay into Jackson Hole immediately; that all sportsmen and outdoor publications be invited to participate in the business of collecting the necessary funds to finally establish a permanent grazing ground in Jackson Hole country, where an elk can hold up his head.

James Oliver Curwood

SHALL the last of our elk go the way of the bison to extinction? Are we still possessed of the blindness and stupidity and the utter selfishness of those famous slaughterers of history, men like Buffalo Jones and Buffalo Bill, about whose heads our ignorance has placed halos because they were at the head of that merciless horde who made our buffalo extinct? Are we, in this day of thinking progression, as sublimely unconscious of what is right and just and intelligent as these killers of earlier days? If so, by all means let us not interfere with the extinction of the elk! But if we have learned a little of what conservation of life as well as forests means, if we want to leave something worth while in nature for the generations to come, if we have a vestige of sportsmanship and manhood and womanhood left in us as a nation—then let us make this small effort among others, and save our remaining elk from the dismal and unforgivable fate of death by starvation.

George Ade

IF you can think of your nature land as something more than a market-place in which to get hold of money, you will believe, and very earnestly believe, that if we exterminate the interesting residents of America, who were here long before us, we will commit a crime somewhere between brutal negligence and murder. If the trees and the flowers and the natural formations are to be perpetuated in parks and preserves, how much more important it is that we should guard and keep the birds, the fish, and every kind of four-legged creature!

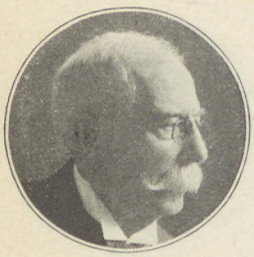
We must not permit the elk of the Jackson Hole country, or any of the native animals which have helped to give character and interest to this continent, to die because of indifference or a lack of humane and manly sentiment. The coming generations will be ashamed of us if we sit by while noble animals are starving to death or being pot-hunted out of existence. We started out as careless killers. Now we must be humane protectors.

Albert Bigelow Paine

I AM in favor of the plans to save the Jackson Hole elk from starvation, or of any other plans that will save any animal from suffering, whether by starvation or other form of slow and fiendish murder.

Where a humane pistol shot takes the place of food.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.



Dr. James A. Henshall.

Charles B. Reed.

Donald Hough.

The final rally.

W. T. Hornaday

I AM in entire sympathy with your campaign to raise and expend $100,000 in the purchase of hay ranches in Jackson Hole for the benefit of the Yellowstone Park elk herd. I think that it will be entirely possible for you and the Izaak Walton League to raise that amount because it is a reasonable sum and within the possibilities, and also because it will be very likely to turn the scale in putting the southern Yellowstone Park elk herd on a permanent basis.

I enclose a contribution of $100 from the Permanent Fund. It would be more but for the fact that we have a commitment of about $2,000 per year out of our slender income for the protection of the mountain sheep and antelope of Sonora, Mexico, and three herds of antelope, sheep and deer in California.

Charles B. Reed

I HAVE read with horror the story of the elk. It is bad enough to be present at the time of such a dramatic extinction of a species—without offering to aid the reprieve.

Dr. James A. Henshall

I HAVE great faith in the American sportsmen. They will save the elk. Surely no one could resist your plea.

Donald Hough

IT seems to me that we have conquered enough wilderness, exterminated enough animal species. Perhaps this has been done without giving enough thought to the fact that our outdoors always has been, always will be, the basis of American character. In urging that the Jackson Hole elk be given a chance I am consulting my common sense rather than my emotions, my head rather than my heart.

Archibald Rutledge

WHEN I read Hal Evarts' poignant story of the impending doom of what is really our most splendid game animal, I felt that if OUTDOOR AMERICA could save this superb and suffering race, the magazine, if it did nothing else, would justify its existence for all time. The elk is an animal really fit to stand as an emblem of the incomparable American outdoors. If ever there was an appealing cause, here it is. To me it seems that the whole movement of Conservation has in this project of saving the elk as noble and as wise and as unselfish an object as it ever undertook to accomplish. I don't believe there's an American sportsman who can resist an appeal such as you are making.

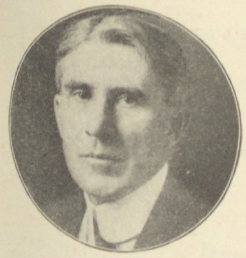
Too weak to make it

Wishin', waitin', wond'rin' when—

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

The Final Plea

By ZANE GREY

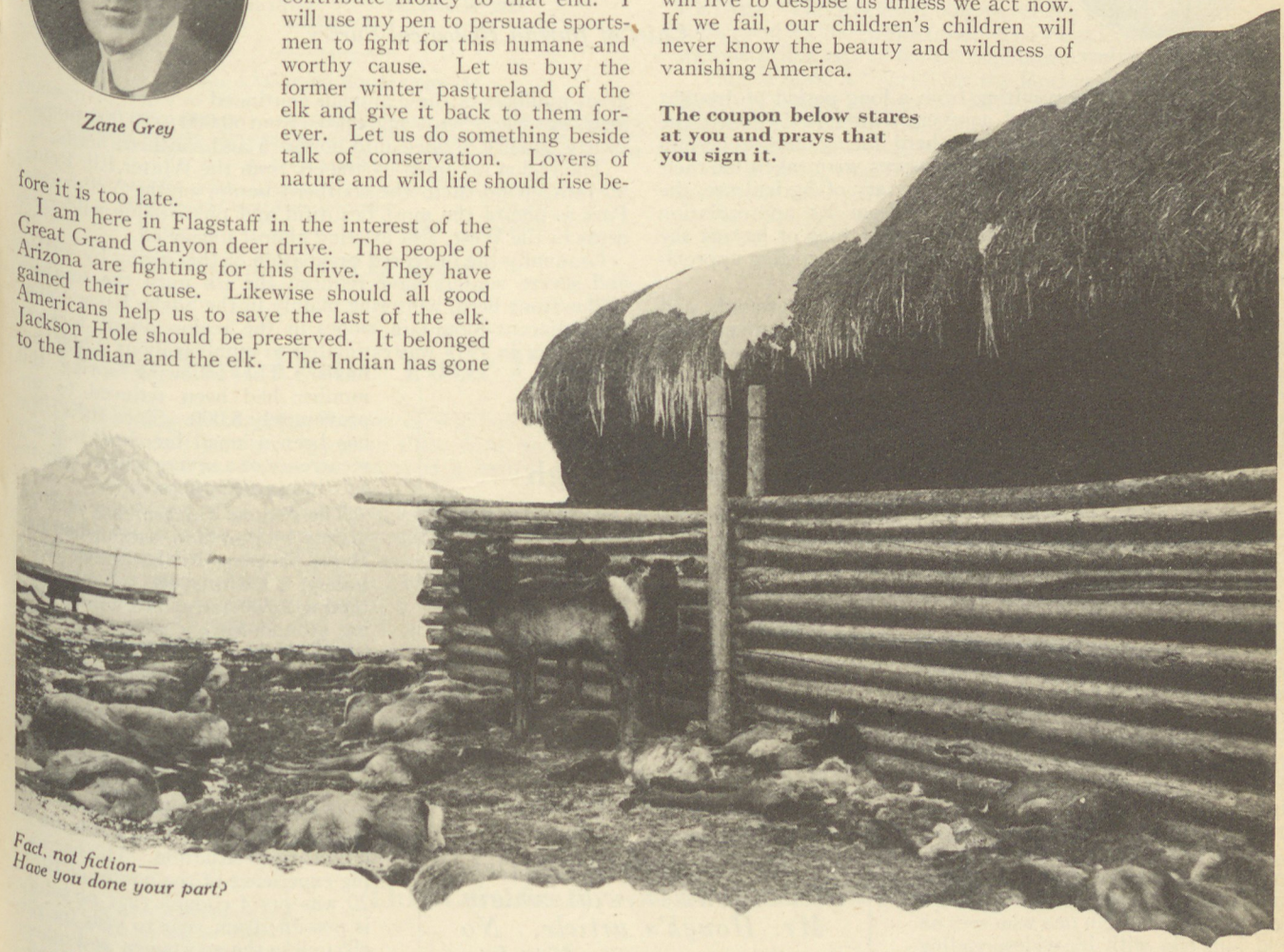


Zane Grey

I INDORSE the campaign to save the starving elk. I will contribute money to that end. I will use my pen to persuade sportsmen to fight for this humane and worthy cause. Let us buy the former winter pastureland of the elk and give it back to them forever. Let us do something beside talk of conservation. Lovers of nature and wild life should rise before it is too late.

I am here in Flagstaff in the interest of the Great Grand Canyon deer drive. The people of Arizona are fighting for this drive. They have gained their cause. Likewise should all good Americans help us to save the last of the elk. Jackson Hole should be preserved. It belonged to the Indian and the elk. The Indian has gone and the elk are passing. Our forest and game and fish are passing. Our children will live to despise us unless we act now. If we fail, our children's children will never know the beauty and wildness of vanishing America.

The coupon below stares at you and prays that you sign it.



Fact, not fiction—
Have you done your part?

LOOK AT THE PICTURE ABOVE—*Then Sign the Coupon Below*

Make all Checks Payable to

Harris Trust and Savings Bank
Chicago, Ill.

(Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago)
Depository

CHARLES W. FOLDS,
National Treasurer, I. W. L. A.,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could realize conditions in Jackson Hole and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of the noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

Those great brown eyes pleading—pleading for food, bore into my very soul. GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

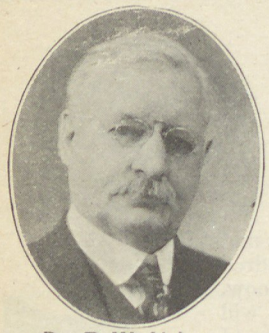
Here's my contribution for $.....

Name.....

City..... *State*.....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.



Dr E W. Nelson

Saving the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

By E. W. NELSON

Chief of Bureau Biological Survey

SCANTY forage resulting from a long period of drought and the approach of a severe winter in 1919 left the southern Yellowstone elk herd facing almost certain starvation unless radical measures were taken for their relief. With the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Biological Survey spent $36,271.50 from its appropriation made for other purposes to purchase 573 tons of hay at the Winter Elk Refuge, in Jackson Hole, this hay costing approximately $63 a ton.

Forty-five hundred elk came to the feeding grounds and solely because of this additional forage most of them were brought safely through the winter. Without this assistance only a pitiful remnant of the approximately 12,000 elk in the southern herds would have survived until the following spring. As it was the losses were severe.

Such conditions are likely to recur any season, and the approach of each winter has caused me great anxiety on account of the danger hanging over these splendid game animals. What may happen at the end of another period of drought lies on the knees of the gods. Under these circumstances it is easy to appreciate my delight at the splendid drive being organized by the Izaak Walton League to secure the needed additional lands adjacent to the Winter Elk Refuge to supply the forage to insure the future of from ten to twelve thousand elk in that district.

The American elk is the most superb representative of the deer family in the world—the moose being in a group by itself. No one who sees an old bull elk, with its widespreading antlers, appear on the skyline of a mountain crest in the wilderness can fail to experience a thrill of joy and admiration produced by the sight of one of nature's most magnificent masterpieces.

Elk were once abundant not only in the mountains but far out on the Great Plains west of the Mississippi. Up to the late 70's of the last century they gathered each winter in herds of thousands in the foothills and valleys of Colorado and elsewhere.

Gradually the increasing occupation of the West by settlers with their multiplying herds of domestic stock almost everywhere displaced the elk, until the Yellowstone National Park and the surrounding region formed the only rallying place where great numbers of these animals continued to exist. Not many years ago these herds aggregated from 60,000 to 70,000 animals, nearly equally divided into northern and southern herds.

The region occupied by the elk from the Winter Elk Refuge at Jackson north to the southern border of the Yellowstone Park is one of the most beautiful and picturesque wilderness areas in the West, still existing almost unspoiled.

Gradually the increased occupation of this region by settlers and severe winters have reduced the elk until the southern Yellowstone herd, wintering mainly in the Snake River Valley and adjacent mountain slopes in the region about Jackson, Wyoming, in 1919 was estimated to number about 12,000 animals. The following spring this number had been reduced to approximately 8,000. Since then there has been a small increase, but any recurrence of a severe season may result in appalling loss.

The Federal Government in 1915, mainly by purchase, established just above Jackson, in the Snake River Valley, a "winter elk refuge," containing 2,760 acres, as a winter feeding ground for elk when they were forced down from the mountains by weather conditions or lack of forage. This has been in charge of the Biological Survey and each year we have harvested and fed to the elk from 300 to more than 700 tons of hay, while the State of Wyoming has assisted.

The supply of forage thus available is so scanty that the elk herds are in a precarious situation. The harrowing experience of the winter of 1919-20 was proof enough that no safety is possible from year to year for the elk unless the sportsmen and others in the country appreciate the desirability of perpetuating one of the finest herds in existence of these splendid animals and join in the movement begun by the Izaak Walton League. The remedy is simple and the expenditure of about $100,000 to add lands to the Federal Winter Elk Refuge will be sufficient for the purpose.

Without the additional lands needed the southern elk herds are certainly doomed to perish miserably either by decrease through a period of years or by a great catastrophe that may befall them during a single calamitous winter season. The situation is urgent and the opportunity to accomplish a really great conservation measure is now open to the lovers of the wilderness and its inhabitants.

Donald Hough Leaves for Elk Refuge

Donald Hough, National Director of the League, noted outdoorsman and writer, left national headquarters December 10th for Jackson Hole and will not only photograph the elk in their present pitiful condition but will write a first hand story of conditions as they now exist.

The February issue of Outdoor America will contain Mr. Hough's article. No sportsman can afford to miss it.

What Is Your Chapter Doing for the Starving Elk of Jackson Hole?

This is the psychological moment for the Chapters of this League to display their sportsmanship and build a monument to the nation's common sense.

The chapters are responding with true Waltonian alacrity. Rockford (Illinois) Chapter has pledged $1,000, Dayton (Ohio) Chapter has pledged $1,000 and Chicago Chapter will give $1,000.

These are high marks to shoot at, but your chapter, no matter what the membership is, can do its part. Remember, now, a quarter per member will help mightily. Let's show the people of the United States what its greatest sportsmen's organization can do.

WILL H. DILG.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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TOTAL	112,821

WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

Have You Done Your Part?

THIS is probably a familiar sentence to you by this time, for it is a pertinent question these days, and whether or not we have done our parts is a matter of extraordinary importance.

The sportsmen of the nation have long been accustomed to using up the wild life without giving much real serious thought to keeping up the supply. Only of recent years have we fully realized the utter necessity of mixing brains with our powder, of anointing our bullets with common sense. And still more recently have we realized that our hearts, too, must get into this business.

It is not often that the sportsmen are called on to dig down in their jeans to save a great animal species from passing. This is partly because digging down in jeans is admittedly not a popular pastime, but mostly because animals are not threatened this way every year; in fact, I think this is the first time since the passing of the bison that we have had the opportunity to be present at the obsequies of a species.

The elk of Jackson Hole are not the only elk in the world. They could all die and we would still have some elk. But we must remember that animals do not all disappear like the little pea under the nutshell—"Now you see it, and now you don't." It's a gradual process, and the trouble is that it's so gradual that we have to extend our grasp of the perspective of the thing until it cracks, in order to see it.

If we want to retain our elk as a wild animal species, we must act at once to get ranges for them in Jackson Hole. If our only interest in them is academic, we can always have a few in our museums or our zoos. But I know we want them as a great, living phase of our American outdoors.

It is not an easy thing, these days, to ask for money; nor is it an easy thing, either, to give it. But if the sportsmen of America have hearts as well as guns, they cannot dodge this elk issue. The Rockford chapter of the League the other day subscribed $1,000 to the fund. The Rockford chapter has 900 members, in a city of 66,000 population.

That is quite a "part" for the Rockford Waltonians to do. They are setting the pace by doing it. I feel sure that the other chapters will accept the challenge. All cannot raise $1,000; but the significant fact about the action of the Rockford men is not so much that they have given $1,000 as it is that they have done their part. Your part may be larger, or it may be smaller, but I am again going to repeat the phrase of the day—

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR PART?

* * *

A Step Forward

Don't close up the magazine until you have read the splendid article by Herbert Hoover, and the equally good one by J. Walter Drake in which is explained a plan of the Federal government to aid in the increased propagation and wider distribution of the black bass.

You fishermen who are tired of listening to the Oldest Inhabitant tell of the bass fishing of which your river used to boast—this will mean something to you. And if you never have had any really decent bass fishing in your community, it will mean something to you too.

It is a simple, practical plan by which you can stock your lakes and streams with small bass by the hundreds of thousands each year. It is the dream of Herbert Hoover (who, by the way, in referring to a "properly spat-upon worm," is speaking from experience) to stock the waters of the whole nation with black bass. He has been thinking about it for a long time. The plan is the result of a lot of investigation and work by the Bureau of Fisheries.

It is worth trying.

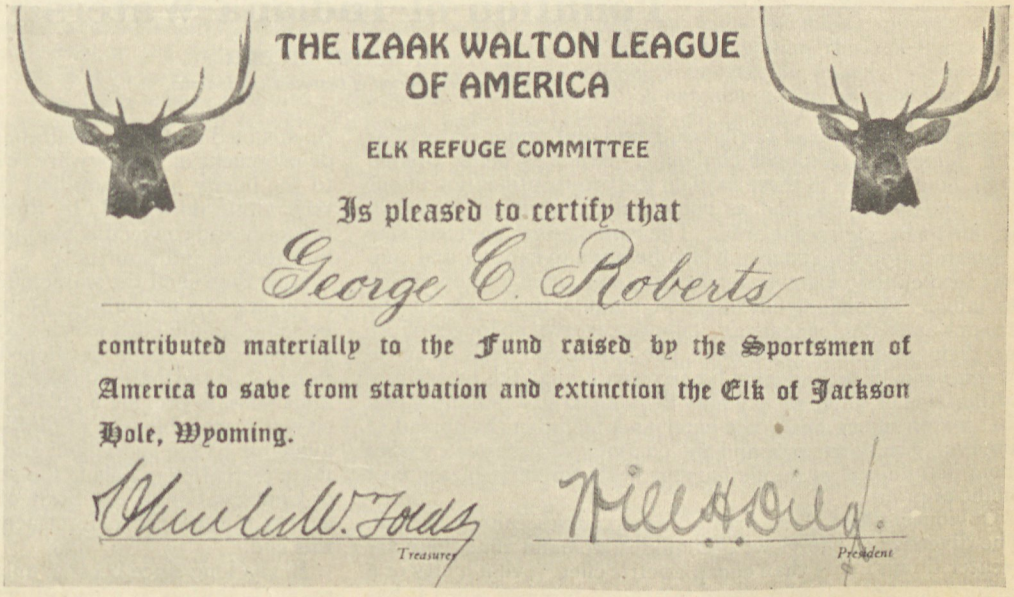
A League representative is now on the ground at Jackson Hole investigating and looking after our interests.

The best lands are hay lands in the Snake River valley, and it is here, contiguous to the government Biological Survey Feeding Ranch that the first options will be taken up.

While government ranch feeding saves many elk, much more hay must be made available and the League will make this possible by buying Hay Lands First, *as a small acreage of this type of land will save many more Elk than a larger acreage of grazing land, on which no hay can be grown.*

Buying hay has been found impractical, and by next summer these valley lands will be in the hands of the League and will be growing a rich crop of hay sufficient to save the herd.

This Certificate, will be mailed to everyone who contributes


THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
ELK REFUGE COMMITTEE
Is pleased to certify that
George C. Roberts
contributed materially to the Fund raised by the Sportsmen of America to save from starvation and extinction the Elk of Jackson Hole, Wyoming.
Treasurer
President

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Pollution—A National Menace

The most important problem the I. W. L. A. will have to solve

Concerning Public Health and Protection of Fish, Fishfood and Public Waters.

Edited by
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

The Tragedy of the Illinois River

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

O, then move your fam'ly westward, good health you will enjoy,
And cross Old Dixon's ferry in the state of Illinoy;
For your fam'ly's growing large, and you must give them employ,
Go to the rich per-a-ries in the state of Illinoy.

A little farther northward, just on the border line,
A large commercial city, Chicago, you will find.
Built like Aladdin's castle, erect in early day,
It takes the rag from off the bush in Michigan—.

SIXTY years or more ago these homely verses were sung vociferously as a glorious pæan by migrants from the older states as they trekked in covered wagons toward the promised land, the Beulah land of their hopes and joys. At that time the "Prairie State" was carpeted with lush grass and a wealth of wild flowers delightful to behold, while the fertility of its rich, black soil was unsurpassed; it was, indeed, a land of promise.

The first view of the beautiful Illinois River was, to these hardy pioneers, a more glorious and welcome sight than that of the Mississippi to De Soto, inasmuch as it laved the shores of their future homes, and would be a delightful heritage to their posterity. And as they floated and fished from their canoes, fashioned from the boles of mighty oaks that fringed the banks, little did they reck that the time would come when the lovely stream would be prostituted to greed and mammon and become a pestilential sewer, carrying the filth and foul emanations of "the great commercial city" of which they proudly sang in days gone by.

No more would the gamesome black bass, blue-gills and crappies respond to their lures; no more would their children wade and bathe in the refreshing coolness of the limpid flood; no more would their sleek cattle stand knee-deep while ruminating in the shade of overhanging trees, for the sparkling stream had become a foul and turbid river reeking with the broth of hell.

The Illinois River, a navigable stream for five hundred miles, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, was permitted to become a crime against nature and a menace to the health of the people of the state, and a nuisance to many states below. The offense is rank and smells to Heaven. This deplorable state of affairs has been brought about by the construction of the Chicago drainage canal, either by the consent or indifference of the Government, and it will be many years, if ever, ere the Illinois River will be restored to anything like its former grandeur and usefulness.

But it is never too late to mend, and now is the time, if ever, to correct the great evil and injustice imposed on the people of a great commonwealth. The time was never more auspicious, and public opinion more ripe and propitious than the present, inasmuch as the vital question of the improvement and utilization of our waterways is now being seriously discussed, in order to furnish lower freight rates for the people, and especially for the farmers. The Illinois River, from source to mouth, lies wholly within the confines of the state, and if the Federal authorities will not move in this matter, an outraged people will undoubtedly assert their right and compel the city of Chicago to dispose of its sewage in such a manner as to render it innocuous before allowing it to flow through the drainage cana[1].

Pollution of Indiana Waters

By RICHARD LIEBER
Director Department of Conservation, Indiana

THE pollution of our lakes, rivers and minor waters has become a national challenge. Much is being written and spoken in these days on the proper utilization of our watercourses, and as usual, each enthusiast considers his particular viewpoint only. The water power engineer sees a stream's stored up energy, which he seeks to capture and convert into electrical power for lighting our cities and operating its mills. Municipal officials and manufacturers see in the streams an outlet for sewers discharging wastes no longer of use for their particular purpose. The sanitarian feels that all streams should be undefiled by any waste, that the problem of purification of water supply may be reduced to a minimum and

constructed a sewer outfall, that density of population and the development of industry are two factors diametrically opposed to the purity of streams and that streams can be restored to their virgin purity only by throwing the human race back into savagery and converting our ploughed fields and our city streets into forests and prairies.

How then shall the watercourses, one of the greatest natural resources of the country, be utilized? Certainly there must be some middle path which may be traveled which will permit a watercourse to be developed for power, to be utilized for drainage, if the material to be discharged is rendered reasonably innocuous, to p[illegible] factory or a

Photographs by Mr. Lieber

Pollution Boulevard, a shameful example of the misuse of a stream. Its water is polluted by sewers and factories, its banks are defiled by refuse and its bed is torn up by an uncontrolled gravel plant.

insanitary, crude and wasteful. Modern civilization does not permit it. Yet we still continue to use the streams and waterways as a run-off of sewage and manufacturing offal to the detriment of public health and with a consequent loss of much valuable material.

The fight against stream pollution is not a matter of sentiment, nor, as said, an attempt to return the waters of the State to their virgin purity, but an effort to prevent manufacturers and municipalities from interfering with the rights of others.

No one element affects the industrial, commercial, and agricultural development of a country more than the water supply.

In original settlement, the streams and lakes served as means of transportation. Commercial fishing, and fishing as a means of providing a food supply for individuals, undoubtedly was a measurable factor affecting the early development of even an inland state. One of the first requisites of the settler, as he plodded his way across the wilderness of swamps, forests or deserts, was that of a proper water supply for his stock. If the investigations made by the Division of Engineering of the Indiana Department of Conservation are an index, an ox cart traveling through Indiana today would have as much to fear from poisoned waters or dried up streams as he would have in a journey across the great American desert in the days of '49. Truly the loss to farmers and stock men is enormous, not only by the loss of animals through drinking from sewage poisoned streams, but by the financial investment necessary for providing wholesome water for farm animals.

A steel mill, a paper mill, or a starch factory cannot be operated without an immense supply of water being available. Many similar industries require an abundance of water for their economic operation and a number of instances may be pointed to which show examples of plants compelled to seek a new location because of an inadequate water supply, or a water supply rendered unfit for use in the industry, because of waste discharged into it at some point above. Who can estimate the number of industrial plants which have turned away from the State because the supply of water has been rendered unsuitable by the wastes of an upstream city or plant?

What is the cost of stream pollution and who pays the bill? A popular conception is that the principal effect of gross stream pollution is the loss of a few fish, which may have served as food for a few individuals. It is vastly more than this, even if we should consider only the fish in the stream. How many thousands of dollars are spent by Indiana citizens in fishing trips into other states each year, which might have been spent in Indiana had not the fish been killed off by trade wastes and city sewages? Who will convert the value of a day's recreation on the bank of a clear stream into dollars and cents and approximate the loss to the state?

It is fair to assume that the streams may be used for reasonably clean drainage of all characters. They are the natural drains of the country, but it is unreasonable to admit that they shall be appropriated as the sewer of a few individuals or some cities to the exclusion of the rights of others.

Unless an unusual effort is put forward by some regulating state body, we are in danger of passively permitting our rivers to be usurped for one purpose, which if continued uncontrolled will exclude their use for practically all other purposes except water power and navigation. If pollution of streams continues unchecked and unregulated, our watercourses will be open sewers, insanitary, foul smelling and dangerous to public health and uninviting to lovers of outdoor life. A practice of this nature is unsound socially as well as economically. Not only are the raw materials of our land wasted, but in our effort to strive to maintain some of the natural charm of our rivers, the fish life, we are frequently spending ten dollars in propagation and distribution of fish from hatcheries, when one dollar spent in the protection of the fish naturally in the stream, through the prevention of pollution, would have brought far greater returns to the sportsmen of the state. A hatchery can at the best restock a stream which has been fished out, or make planting in public and private ponds. To attempt to keep a stream stocked with game fish, where fish are killed off periodically by trade waste or where natural spawning is prevented by some toxic material discharged from a sewer, would be a gross misuse of the funds collected under the law for the benefit of sportsmen.

All of the waters of our state are not seriously polluted. Many still afford most excellent fishing and the man who is an enthusiast can usually find a reward for his efforts. Serious damage from pollution has, however, occurred in too many Indiana streams. Our cities and towns are sewered and with but a few exceptions are discharging their raw wastes, unpurified, into the watercourses. Our factories are chiefly those which utilize some agricultural material for the production of a refined food product for the market, discarding such material which has so far developed no process for utilization. Our canning factories, our large milk condensaries, our paper mills and steel mills, each summer season, when the stream flow is low, destroy much, and in many cases, all of the fish life in the watercourse for miles below the sewer outfall. Nature strives during

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

the remainder of the year, when conditions for natural propagation, distribution and growth are more favorable, to correct the damage done, only to see it repeated when an unfavorable situation again occurs.

In some of our streams of the state the situation has become unusually disheartening. The Mississinewa River, f. i., was formerly one of the most beautiful watercourses of the state, as well as one most enjoyable to the sportsman piscatorially inclined. Unfortunately, cities located on its banks were selected as the proper location for paper mills and strawboard plants. As a result, each season when weather conditions and stream flow are conducive, fish are killed through 15 to 25 miles of the course of the river, the destruction totaling hundreds of tons, not only destroyed, but the river rendered unsightly and foul smelling as well.

The condition of the Mississinewa River is only one example characteristic of the pollution of many important watercourses of the state.

The situation is all the more deplorable because it can be prevented. Sediment can be removed from waters by settling or by mechanical device. Acids can be neutralized and rendered innocuous. Organic matter in solutions, so destructive to fish life in warm weather, when it ferments and deprives the water of its oxygen supply, can be stabilized by oxidation in properly designed biologic filters. In other words wastes can be treated artificially where natural purification in the streams is insufficient to render them harmless.

A wire mill at Muncie now recovers over one million pounds of iron sulphate each year, which was formerly discharged into the stream. An Indiana Beet Sugar Plant installed, at a cost of $150,000, a waste recovery plant, which not only eliminates objectionable waste from the river, but brought an addition of 5 to 10 tons of sugar per day into the company's warehouse, provided 25 to 30 tons of marketable beet pulp and eliminated the pumping of 250,000 gallons of additional water necessary under the method formerly in use at this plant.

A starch mill in this state loses in its sewage 4 tons of starch and gluten each day. When these values are added to other costs of stream pollution, what does the grand total amount to?

One of the chief causes of the tremendous waste of raw materials and factory by-products in our industries has been the great abundance of the natural resources of this country and the consequent low price. As a result, the manufacturer has been inclined to use the most profitable and discard the remainder. We must alter this practice if we wish to compete with more thrifty nations.

Probably the treatment of certain industrial wastes as well as such city wastes as sewage, street cleanings and ashes can never be operated at a profit, but such a case does not justify dumping them into the watercourses where they may injure other individuals.

The demand of civilization, the growth of industry and the conservation of economic utilization of natural resources and other conditions which found no use for a river one hundred years ago, other than that of floating a boat, now demand that the streams shall be available for the proper use of the manufacturer, farmer and sportsman, and not restricted to the abuse of a few.

The efforts of the Department of Conservation in Indiana have not been without reward. Distressing situations have been eliminated, or at least greatly relieved, either through co-operation of manufacturers with state officials charged with the enforcement of the law, or as a result of legal action brought by the Department.

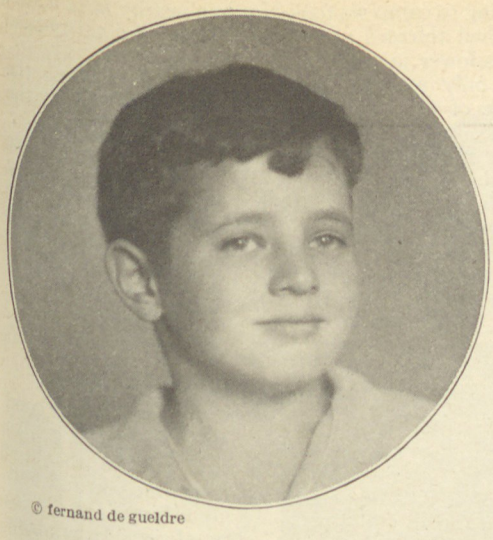
Milk wastes, canning factory wastes, paper mill drainage, strawboard refuse and many other industrial sewages are now being satisfactorily cared for in this state at some plants and the situation has practically been reached where the results accomplished are in direct proportion to the expenditure which the Department is permitted to make in inspections and investigations as to the character of plant wastes, the effect of their discharge into the streams and methods which may be utilized for their treatment.

To correct stream pollution conditions which have been brought about in the past years through passively permitting the manufacturer and the municipality to discharge refuse into any conveniently located watercourse and to meet the situations which are constantly arising [CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

DON'T WAIT ON GEORGE!

ALL THE SKUNKS PULLED UP AND MOVED BACK INTO THE HILLS
THERE ISN'T A FISH THAT CAN LIVE IN IT
MY OLD COW GOT POISONED IN IT!
WHY I REMEMBER WHEN THAT RIVER WAS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL AND TEAMING WITH FISH, AND NOW LOOK AT IT— A DISGRACE TO CIVILIZATION AND A MENACE TO HEALTH!
MY LITTLE BOY CAUGHT TYPHOID FROM SWIMMING IN IT
JUST IN TIME, GENTLEMEN! NOW WHY DON'T YOU HARD HEADED BIRDS HOP INTO THIS FIGHT THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE IS PUTTING UP TO SAVE YOUR RIVER? JOIN THE LEAGUE - IF THERE ISN'T A CHAPTER HERE — FORM ONE, AND DON'T WAIT FOR GEORGE TO DO IT!
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
LOWRY

Turn to page 40



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Mostly About Boys

Edited By
Ben East

HELLO, fellows. What say, are we ready to put the roof on this shack of ours, and build a good big stone fireplace across one end? Good! This is fine crisp weather for working, the best time of the whole year to be in the woods, it seems to me, and we ought to get the shack finished this month and next. Then for the trimmings.

But before we start to work this morning, let's sit down here on the end of this log, and talk a few minutes.

You're going to get this about vacation time. Christmas programs at school will probably be over with, and there'll be two good weeks ahead, with plenty of time to get out in the woods and fields, and have good times.

If this reaches you before Christmas I hope you have the merriest one ever! If it comes too late for that, then I hope you had the merriest one ever!

Snow on the ground, and a bright cold morning for you boys up here in the northern states with me. Coasting down that old big hill behind the barn, and skating if the wind blew the snow off the pond, as it fell last night. A little more snow in the afternoon, just a light fall to blur last night's tracks, and make good rabbit hunting in the swamp. Isn't it fun, tramping around through the snowy brush, with red berries and little green spruce trees sticking up here and there?

I don't know what Christmas weather is like in the South, but I wish some of you boys down below the Mason-Dixon would write and tell us.

I imagine you're having cold wet days, open for the trap line, these two vacation weeks. Up here it's too cold for fur to move around much, save for mink and weasel and fox. But anyway the long winter evenings are fun, aren't they, fellows? Time to replace broken trap springs, and oil your guns. And once a month or oftener, turn out to a rousing meeting of the Izaak Walton League, and hear some real outdoor man tell yarns, and maybe see a good film of wild birds or animals. Other evenings, sit in front of the fire, at home, with a pan of apples and a big dish of popcorn on the table beside you, and scrape down seasoned hardwood bows, and smooth true arrows!

Here's a hint, by the way, for your target arrows. Take a straight cat-tail stem, cut the length you want, and bury a nail in the large end to give it weight. It's easy to make a hundred of them, and they're as true an arrow for a boy's home-made bow as he could want.

Speaking of the long winter evenings, I wonder if you like puzzles. Here's a good one for you out-door boys. Make up a list of fifteen or twenty animals you know. Then copy the list with each name all mixed up, and show it to somebody and let them puzzle out the right names. This is really a test that doctors and professors are using to test brain power, but it will make you some good fun, some cold snowy evening. You've no idea how funny they'll look, all twisted up that way. For instance:

Raccoon.....Caornoc
Chipmunk.....Nimckpuh

Try it on dad, or on big brother, some night when he thinks he's a whole lot smarter than you are.

If you like this kind of work let me know, and I'll give you another one from time to time.

Some of you boys who have written me since the December issue, may be disappointed not to see your letters this month. Just wait four weeks more. They didn't arrive quite in time.

We were lucky though, in having on hand a few crackerjacks that have just been waiting a chance to be published. They may seem a bit out of season, but what's the difference! Fishing is fishing, and we like to hear about it, whether the snow is on the ground, or the cow-slips in blossom along the streams!

The first one is addressed to Doctor Henshall, but with his permission we're going to steal it for this department.

The Kentucky Boy Has a Fever

Dr. James A. Henshall,
My Dear Friend:

Doctor, I'm sick! I have contracted a serious case of fishing fever. In diagnosing the case I see that the only cure is to go fishing.

The attack came suddenly this evening. It rained this afternoon and when I took my dogs out for their exercise after supper everything was so fresh and green and pleasant. We went through a swamp and the birds were never more generous with their song. The red wing and crow blackbirds were most numerous. Then the doves and flickers and the robins and thrush. But the one that thrilled me most and caused this aggravated attack of fishing fever was the unseen red bird.

It seems that no matter where I go fishing, early in the morning and in the evening I always hear the full clear whistle of the Kentucky cardinal. Even in midsummer when the other birds have ceased to sing.

This bird reminds me especially of old Kinnikanick and Duck River. Wading along in old Kinny amongst the big rocks and riffles with the banks lined with maple, sycamore, river birch and willows, it seems like I could ever hear this bird of the flashing red coat.

And this evening I heard him too. The rain must have been a stimulant for the bird and for me too, I suppose, for I don't believe I was ever affected so before.

How the next week will drag along! I would be fishing now but I see that the bass are not yet through spawning. Although we have no closed season on bass in Kentucky, I can't force myself to catch any before the season is opened.

The starving Jackson Hole elk need your help.

Do you know, I like being sick like this. Anticipation, you know, is a pleasure in itself. After working hard all winter and wishing for good weather all Spring, the fishing season is finally approaching and we are going to Kinny on the 15th of June just as sure as the old creek flows into the Ohio.

Well, I believe I feel better now with this mess of jumbled-up thoughts out of my mind. I remain,

Your Kentucky Boy,

BILL.

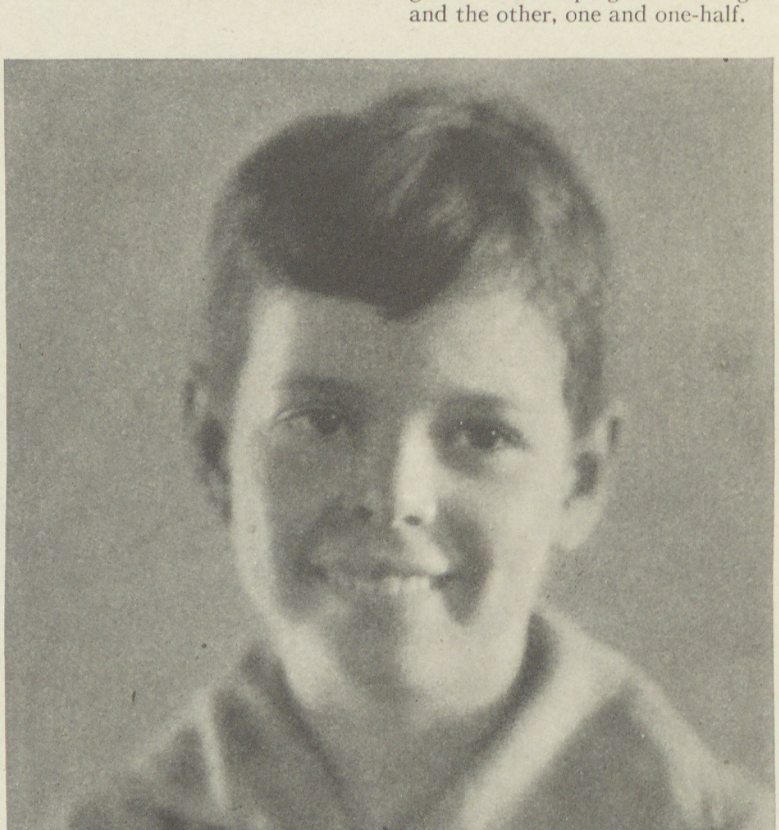
Those lines about the birds! Isn't that the sort of thing that gets under all of our skins and makes us want to go fishing?

I never heard a redbird—never saw but one and that was in a winter swamp, but I can almost hear them in the river birches along the Kinnikanick, when I read Bill's letter. I never want to go fishing so badly myself, as those warm May mornings when the mourning doves are calling. And then it isn't after pike nor bass. It's after butterbellies, in the little quiet creek where I used to fish.

Come again, Bill, with more about fishing, and the birds too.

Dear Bill:

I have been reading the stories of the junior "Ike" Waltons, so I thought I would write one about a big northern pike my pard, "Tuts" Winters, caught. The fishing in the streams around here is poor because of the pollution, so we went to Clear Lake to do some fishing and camping. There were four of us, "Tuts" Winters, Ed Lauts, my brother Vern, and myself.



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Orville E. Babcock, Jr.

It was one morning about the middle of June and the sky had just started to turn gray in the east. We had been getting up rather late, so this morning we were determined to be the early birds. My pard Tuts and I got up, leaving the other two sleeping. On the way to the place we were going to fish at, we caught two pike and a large-mouth bass. We were only going to get enough for breakfast and then go back.

We were letting the wind drift us along the rushes as we cast. Suddenly we saw a huge northern pike grab at Tuts Winters' bait as it was about fifteen feet from the boat, but he missed it. My pard quickly retrieved the plug and cast again in the same place. About the fifth cast the fish took it again and was sure hooked solid. At first he just lay still but suddenly he started for distant parts and almost got all the line before he was stopped.

Then followed a battle royal which lasted about twenty-five minutes. During this time he towed the boat quite a ways. He never came to the surface but fought down in deep water. Most of the time it looked like he was shaking his head trying to get the hooks out. All of a sudden he headed under the boat and almost broke the line before we could turn the boat. But soon after this last rush, he came to the surface, making several short weak rushes as my pard worked him to the boat, but he was so tired that he could hardly move. I took the rod as he reached slowly down and lifted the fish into the boat by the gills. We had to sit on him to hold him as we made a stringer out of the light anchor rope.

After returning to camp we took him to a nearby farm house, where he weighed thirteen pounds, and measured thirty-nine inches from his lower jaw to tail.

There were only a couple larger ones caught during the season, because of the numerous fishermen there during the last few years.

This was the most successful trip we were ever on because of the good fishing and fine weather. We had some good fishing for small-mouth in the early fall at another place, where we were using mostly spoons. At the same place Tuts Winters caught a three pounder and I caught two at the same time on a little golden colored plug. One weighed two and one-half pounds and the other, one and one-half.

ED TIMS,
Box 698, Mason City, Iowa.

There's another good one. All I've got to say, Ed, is that the next time you and Tuts go fishing, I'd like to be along. How about rabbit hunting? Have you had any good trips so far this fall? Let's hear about them.

A Boy Fly Caster

By Shegetaro Morikubo

Bruce Morikubo, a fifteen year old fly caster, is no prodigy. He is not in the class with David the Giant Killer, but the lad has the genuine red blood of an angler. When nine years old, Bruce spurned a bamboo pole and took up the rod and reel with which he has been whipping the waters ever since. During the open season he hunts brooks and lakes literally day and night. It takes more than a Wild West moving picture show or a dish of ice cream to lure him away from the water where the fish swim.

For the last five years, spurred by enthusiasm that knows no bounds, the lad has acquired a proficiency both in bait and fly casting, under the instruction of William C. Vogt, a champion fly caster. He can cast 175 feet without straining. At the distance of 100-125 feet his aim is remarkably accurate. At that distance he frequently hits a lily pad or a deadhead. In casting a fly he has not reached a high degree of skill, but right now he can whip a stream with any fly caster and he does not need to blush. Of this lad, William C. Vogt has this to say: "During the last ten years I have taught literally hundreds of fishermen in fly casting, but I have not taught another fellow like Bruce who has so quickly mastered the basic principles of fly casting. If he continues practicing this art until he is twenty-five years old, he may make a champion fly caster blush with shame at his own awkward performance." This summer Bruce has been whipping the waters of Balsam Lake in Wisconsin, and the streams nearby, and seems to have been attracting considerable attention from some expert fishermen who are spending their vacation there.

Bruce is learning the art of luring the fish to strike. To be more accurate, I should say that he has already learned the wily trick. As far back as 1920, during the fishing season, Bruce and I caught three hundred bass—the larger number of which we put back into the water—he catching 148 against my 152. That was four years ago when the lad was only eleven years old. Ever since that time I have been gradually losing ground against him.

Turn to page 40

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The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

Here's the Spirit!

Confined to bed—he works for the League

Dear brother Ike: Shake, old boy:—Even though we have never met, don't mind social formalities. Our minds and our hearts are working for the same great cause, the I. W. L. of A. and future generations. We are brothers in the great work.

I have been wanting to get personally acquainted with you for a long time but somehow have not been able to make the grade. I am too wabbly on my pins.

I get your regular notices to attend the I. W. chapter meetings and I assure you that I would dearly love to attend if it was physically possible. Although my condition forbids me taking active part in the meetings, I am with the boys in spirit just the same.

I regret from the bottom of my heart being unable to participate in the big new membership drive. However, I have callers right along and there is no reason why an old has-been should be prevented blowing his horn loud enough to make the echoes ring. *I 'm going to blow my horn for the Ikes!*

Now listen, Brother McCready! No doubt we have got a lot of hustlers in our chapter. I am betting *a million* that *my ol' pal A. R. Keating* is going to be *the big sneeze* and bring home the "bakin" in the coming contest! I wish we had twenty-five more members as enthusiastic for getting members as Brother A. R. K. is. He usually comes up here once a week and tells me about his fishing and hunting trips, same as some of my other friends do. In that way I have a lot of exciting fishing and hunting trips with my old friends. Of course I do not get so *dog tired* on these expeditions as I used to, but I enjoy them immensely just the same.

Our Heavenly Father has everything so beautifully arranged no matter what our condition may be, there is a way for us all to enjoy life, if we only know how to take advantage of conditions as they come. I have no complaints to make. I am enjoying life.

Here is a secret I am letting a few of my friends into! This room of mine is the best hunting and fishing grounds you ever tramped over, so when you have nothing else to do and want to take a trip on a private reserve, you can come and hunt or fish to your heart's content. You may catch some of the big ones that got away.

More game has been bagged and more fish caught up here than a team of horses could haul out.

Mr. H. G. Mitchell, 156 Hamilton Place, formerly from Sheridan, Wyoming, recently moved to Fond du Lac. He started the first I. W. L. of A. chapter in the state of Wyoming in Sheridan several months ago. He also started a chapter in Beartooth, Montana, but now expects to make his home in Fond du Lac. I wish you would send him a notice of our meeting. He is a live wire and an enthusiastic Izaak Waltonian. I will vouch for him as being a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Please pardon my using a pencil. It is hard for me to manipulate pen and ink.

With regards and best wishes, I am

Yours very truly and fraternally,

J. J. Gromme.

Give the boys a chance to help.

L. C. Murdock.

Our New Executive Secretary

Brother Waltonians:

Meet the new executive secretary, L. C. Murdock, who has relieved M. S. Heiss, who resigned last month.

Mr. Murdock is not only the executive secretary of the Izaak Walton League but a sportsman of the first water, and, above all, a "reg'lar feller."

He knows the ins and outs of organization work from start to finish, for during the World War he was executive secretary of the American Red Cross, and prior to that time a newspaper correspondent of wide experience.

"I want the chapter members to consider me one of themselves and to feel free to call upon this office for anything that may be troubling them," Mr. Murdock said. "Having been secretary of several local organizations, I know the problems the average secretary has to contend with. I will do my very best to help out in every occasion."

That's the spirit that has made the Izaak Walton League the greatest organization of sportsmen the world has ever seen—and L. C. Murdock means every word of it.

His ideas gained in business, organization work and the newspaper field make him an especially valuable man for this position.

Bert Repass Dies

Bert Repass, president of the Repass Auto Company, Waterloo, Iowa, died suddenly October 4th at his fishing cottage, about eighteen miles northwest of Waterloo. He was born in 1870, came to Waterloo in 1911 and engaged in sale of Ford cars, later added auto accessories, until today the Repass Auto Company covers two city blocks with one hundred employees.

Bert was a member of the Waterloo Gun Club and Izaak Walton League. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, a good shooter and, best of all, a "square shooter"; a real red-blooded man. He lived the Golden Rule to the letter; the world is better for his having been here.

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The Thundering Herd of the Yellowstone—

(Continued from page 8)

which the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will release early next year. This spectacular picture was made, in part, at our Buffalo Ranch in October, 1924.

This brings us to the future of the Yellowstone herd. It is to be hoped that many bison will be sought each year for private estates and public parks. If the surplus cannot be disposed of in this ideal manner, they will have to be sold to meat dealers, or made into pemmican for the trappers, traders and Indians of the far north. Canada is now making buffalo pemmican because she can find no other way to dispose of her surplus animals from her great herd at Wainwright.

The Yellowstone herd will each year be a source of pleasure and excitement for thousands of visitors. A small herd of 12 to 20 fine bulls is always kept at the "home ranch" of Buffalo Jones, at Mammoth Hot Springs, the park headquarters, and each summer over 50,000 people view and photograph these magnificent animals. At the big ranch, hereafter, we expect to conduct an exhibit of the main herd in a celebration that probably will be called "The Buffalo-Plains Week." Visitors will be taken across the wide Lamar River in old time stagecoaches to see the herd. There will be Indians, a buffalo roundup, stampede, etc. Visitors will also see antelope and are likely to see other species of big game animals. The celebration will be in late August or early September.

That this herd of close to 800 head will give every patron of the exhibition a thrill that will be long remembered, there can be no doubt. Each year a few such exhibitions have been held for men who have had a conspicuous part in game conservation in America, and we know what a wonderful spectacle is the herd in stampede.

Recently, on an Indian summer afternoon, that stalwart old fighter for the preservation of the bison and antelope, Edmund Seymour, President of the American Bison Society, while a visitor in Yellowstone, was honored by such an exhibition, and within the past few years other distinguished conservationists—George Bird Grinnell, William P. Wharton, George Horace Lorimer, Colonel E. Lester Jones, Dan Beard, William C. Gregg, etc.—beheld the great herd sweeping over the sagebrush plains of the Lamar. They will not soon forget this scene, once so common on the western prairies, but now enacted only occasionally in an American or Canadian National Park.

There is a long list of such men who should be similarly honored whenever and wherever possible.

The Nation owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to those who saved the American Bison, which Theodore Roosevelt described in 1907 as "the most distinctive game animal on this continent and certainly the animal which played the greatest part in the lives of the Indians, and which most deeply impressed the imagination of all the old hunters and early settlers."

I got him in
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Let's Go!

By

HAROLD TITUS

Forestry Editor

Volunteer Norway pine in Michigan.

Is your state doing anything about this?

AT last the thousands of sportsmen-conservationists who have come to realize that inland fish and game species, with rare exceptions, are dependent for their very existence on forest cover and who have grown disturbed by the laggard steps which the various states have taken to protect what forest they retain or to bring back forests to idle cut-overs, have something on which they can commence to found their hopes.

The passage of the Clarke-McNary bill by the last congress marked one of the big advances in the saving of America's out-of-doors and the life native to it. It is no longer essential for the various states to go it alone. The wisdom and the stability of the United States Forest Service is now at the command of the commonwealths of the union and there now remains no vestige of an excuse for any state to delay longer at least a start on the job of keeping forest fire down, of retaining some part of its virgin timber and of making forests grow again on land that is now a liability instead of an asset.

A few brave states have made the beginnings. New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan are now spending more than a half million dollars annually in the battle against forest fires; Wisconsin, Tennessee and Virginia are doing something about the fire problem, while Florida, Kentucky and Mississippi are beginning to talk about it seriously. In other sections of the country private timber interests have their own effective fire-fighting organizations, but, for the most part, in those other regions where millions of acres of denuded forest land lie idle no adequate program is in effect.

This is the first of a series of short articles on forest conservation by Harold Titus, Forestry Editor of Outdoor America. Mr. Titus knows forests and forest problems and his plans for saving the timber are prac'ical in every way.

The reason is simple enough. The task has been so tremendous, the necessity for action has come to public consciousness so suddenly that, unprovided as they were with machinery or experience, the various state officials who understood have been bewildered to helplessness. As for those who could not understand in the face of the clamor that has been raised, the least said the better.

Now, however, it is no longer necessary for a state administration that honestly wants to keep fire down and make trees grow to depend entirely on its own resources of experience or public money. The Forest Service, until the present almost exclusively engaged with the problems of national lands, has become by the passage of this bill the big brother of all the state conservation departments and is only waiting to be called on to help.

To be sure, that call must be a genuine appeal. It must be backed by the state's money and energy; the petitioner must be willing to come up to requirements laid down by the Secretary of Agriculture, but if the desire is honest these conditions will be met not only willingly, but with enthusiasm.

Two and one-half millions of dollars annually is appropriated by the act to aid the states in fighting forest fire. After the state has established what the Secretary of Agriculture, through his Forest Service, deems a satisfactory fire-fighting system, the federal government will match every dollar spent by the state in this work with a dollar from national funds. The advice of the Forest Service in the creation of this fire-fighting organization is to be had for the asking. So, if your state out-of-doors is ravaged by fire and nothing much is being done about it and if you ask *why* loud enough and long enough it is going to be rather embarrassing for the gentlemen responsible for the inactivity to offer a satisfactory explanation.

In a few simple words, then, the formula for stopping fire—the first big job for conservationists—is given.

Secondly, if we are to preserve any of the virgin timber left between the two oceans, we must take away from the logger his one reason or excuse (depending on just what type of man he may be) for continued devastation. Today there is only one reason or excuse and it's a good one: taxes. In most states your holder of timber lands is forced to cut or see his property devoured by tax bills. This act authorizes a study of local tax problems and co-operation with the states in devising new tax laws which will enable the owner of a forest to leave some of it standing on end and still face his banker with composure.

Thirdly, an appropriation of $100,000.00 annually is made to aid the states in growing seedling forest trees with which to reforest denuded areas and, in consequence, every state forest department can start its own forest nursery if the citizens of that state really want such an asset.

Furthermore, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to accept gifts of suitable timberlands in the various states to be administered as national forests.

To be sure, this is only a beginning. Important phases of the general situation are not dealt with. But the best aid in the world in establishing a definite, workable forest program is now to be had for the asking. It is now up to the citizenry of the states that boast forests or that once were forest clad to take advantage of their opportunities, and if the citizenry as a whole is indifferent it is up to the Izaak Walton League chapters to see that the populace is awakened to a point where no state official will dare let time pass without at least making a beginning.

Turn to page 40

Three Bears—

(*Continued from page 15*)

That was all I could do—hear. What might be open range for Z. G. was barred territory for me.

"Rome! . . . Great guns!"

Something in my brother's tone diverted my attention to him.

"He's taken a trail behind these upper boulders that will come out short of fifty feet above me."

I watched the clearing beyond the rocks, calculating that the wounded bear would make it slowly. But he came into the clearing so much sooner than I anticipated that my finger trembled on the trigger. Then my muscles seemed to lose all power, as if fear, in an instant, had paralyzed me.

The bear had turned for the narrow rocky jut on which Z. G. stood, and was coming head-on toward him! The clear ring of a shot jerked me from my panic. I saw lead whistle past the bear's nose, and he turned in lumbering flight as another bullet raised fur from his back. I could hear his heavy panting as he slid behind a circling shelf above Z. G. There was no other sound but that.

"Lord! What a narrow escape!" I blurted out irreverently.

"Don't be so sure that he's through with us!" came Z. G.'s quick retort.

He was right. Any minute the bear, in a fury engendered by his condition, might roll himself upon his adversary. No more stones cracked; only heavy panting broke the stillness, panting that reached my remote stand.

Then something wholly unexpected happened. The piercing sound of a woman's shriek cut the air startlingly close, and there followed a loud blood-curdling lament.

"The bear! He's looking right at me! Help! Help! I have no gun!"

"That girl!" I gasped to myself. "That school teacher Ed Haught's sister invited to the hunt!"

I had given her no further thought than that she was taken care of by a group that planned to skirt the Rim a mile or more away. Before I could recover from my shock and wonder I heard a cowboy whoop ring down from the Rim.

Z. G. said something unprintable.

I grabbed my gun and started to climb out from my location, deciding on the girl's predicament as the one perhaps most critical. On the tortuous upward climb I had to skirt boulders that shut me completely from Z. G. and from the heavy breathing of the bear. My main purpose was to pull my way up that wall as fast as possible. I heard voices above me, and spurs clinking, and then a loud guffaw. My ear was tuned to receive the sound of a shot, and the laugh irritated me. That upward grill was agonizing. I arrived panting, my breath burning in my throat, my hands scratched and sore, a button missing from my torn shirt.

Two of the Haught boys and one of our northern Arizona men were taking in a

(*Continued on page 58*)

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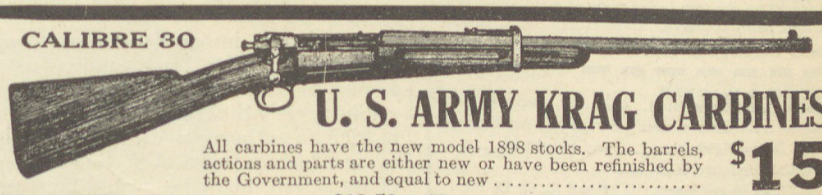

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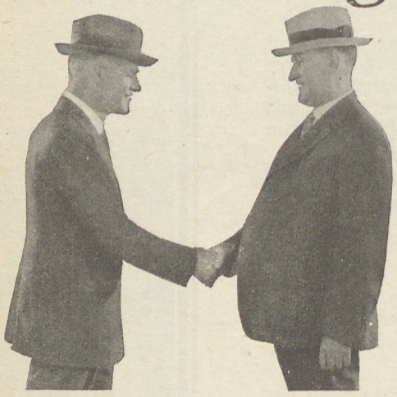

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Three Bears—

(Continued from page 57)

narration given by the damsel who had fetched them with her shrieks.

"I got tired waiting for the others to come up from the canyon, and so I walked a little, and then followed the sound of shots. I'm sorry you thought the bear was right on top of me. You see, I tried to find out what was going on, and I leaned way over the Rim, and my eyes lit right down there behind those rocks, and I could see that big body wag and those awful big eyes staring right up at me! Honestly, I didn't mean to scare you so!"

The up-state cowboy came toward me, limping slightly and sucking a deep cut in his hand.

"I most broke my neck gettin' to her," he confided in an undertone. "Look what she done to my pants!"

I had noticed those glaring yellow-orange corduroys, unmistakably new, and I felt that the great triangular rip in them hurt worse than the gash in his hand.

A yell from below broke up the parley. We became hunters again at a word of command from our chief.

"Hey! What's that fool bear doing? I don't want to stay down here all day!"

"Take a chance on climbin' out!" called George Haught. "But be careful how you pick your way, and keep him covered. There's some kick in him yet."

It was twenty minutes after that when we heard the death shot ring and greeted Z. G. as he came out smiling from the foliage below us.

"Well, boys, I'm glad it turned out that way, or he'd made mince pie of me!"

Not long after Z. G. appeared, Verdi Haught, who had gone his way alone, came swinging along on his horse.

"Hey, you fellers," he drawled. "I killed a bear in Dick William's canyon this mornin'. One you chased over I guess. And you got one too, didn't you, Ed?" he added addressing his brother.

"I just finished him," Ed replied with a slow smile. "Mr. Romer and Mr. Zane are the fellers that stopped him."

Babe Haught, the father of these youths, spat tobacco juice vigorously. "Three barrs! Looks like this wuz the biggest day we've had lately in the Tonto."

Preserving the Kaibab

(Continued from page 33)

iate action is imperative; and it made equally clear the responsibility of the Forest Service for taking action. Any public agency that failed to act in the face of such an authoritative and impartial set of conclusions, whatever the criticisms of its action might be, would be derelict in discharging its plain duty.

Hence the Forest Service has undertaken, to the best of its ability, to carry out the Committee's recommendations. Live deer have been offered to any one who would meet the cost of their transportation. There is a serious question as to whether the mule deer of the Kaibab will thrive in regions east of the Great Plains or under close confinement unless very favorable conditions are provided. The government cannot, in good faith, ship live deer except to people who understand this risk and are willing to assume it. Thus far it appears unlikely that more than 300 animals can be disposed of this year by that method.

The Forest Service has instituted the regulated killing of deer by licensed hunters, under careful restrictions. No hunting will be permitted in the central portion of the National Forest which adjoins the routes of tourist travel, with a view to making the deer in this section as secure and undisturbed as possible for the great interest and pleasure which they give to the traveler. The Kaibab plateau is a large country and there is no conflict between controlled hunting in limited parts of it and the preservation of an undisturbed herd of deer on the portions which the tourist visits.

The Forest Service has concurred in a plan proposed by the Governor of Arizona for rounding up possibly 4,000 or 5,000 of the deer and driving them across the Colorado River to a new range where it is hoped they may find better conditions for survival. Notwithstanding serious doubt as to the practicability of this attempt, the Service has encouraged it because of our desire to exhaust every possible means of preserving the greatest possible number of these wonderful animals.

The last recommendation of the Committee, that of designating Forest officers to further reduce the herd by killing, has not been undertaken and will be followed only as a last resort if the other measures fail to accomplish the reductions necessary to enable the herd to survive.

The "doom" of the Kaibab deer herd is not from the muzzle of the hunter's rifle. It is the doom, such as it may prove to be, of starvation overtaking wild animals just as it may overtake sheep or cattle on the open range, when their natural increase unchecked for many seasons has exhausted the available supply of food. It is a doom which, with no restraint upon reproduction, would sooner or later have been inevitable but which now is hastened by the serious drought which the southwest has experienced. The study of many game experts has made it clear that herds of wild animals may increase to a point where starvation is not a gradual process, taking off the weaker creatures, but may be sudden and overwhelming. Just as far as that doom can be averted by drastic action, it is the responsibility of the government to do so.

The lesson to be drawn from the Kaibab herd is the danger of a wrong kind of conservation. We have been too zealous in our desire to preserve the Kaibab deer. We have carried absolute preservation to a point where it does violence to basic laws of biology from which there is no escape. Situations of this sort are rare in the United States. In the splendid drive for the perpetuation of our wild life, we have faced such a general need for the preservation and restoration of valuable game animals that it is naturally difficult to adjust our conceptions of game

conservation to meet situations where the process of restoration has gone too far. That it may go too far for the welfare of wild life itself, is fully demonstrated by the present menace to the Kaibab deer herd, by certain of our western elk herds, and by game conditions in other limited portions of the country. We should not for a moment lessen our drive for the conservation of game; but we should think of conservation in terms of expert game management which adjusts the numbers of a valuable species to what their environment will support and which provides the proper and rightful place for the hunter, not as an element of game destruction but as an agent in scientific game management. This is the lesson of the Kaibab deer.

Mimas Polyglottos

(Continued from page 36)

Walter Malone, a poet of rare merit, became widely known throughout the country by a quatrain in which, more briefly and comprehensively than any writer ever did, he portrayed Lincoln:

"A blend of mirth and sadness, sighs and tears,
A quaint Knight Errant of the pioneers,
A homely hero, born of star and sod,
A peasant prince, a master piece of God."

In his description of the fairyland that greeted the eyes of Ponce de Leon, as eager and pathetic in their quest, as those that sought the Holy Grail, he said:

"The mock-bird sang with all his fervent soul
As though the ghost of some great bard of old,
Had come to live in bosom of a bird
With tongue of silver and a heart of gold."

Edna Proctor Hayes gives this appreciation:

"List to that bird! His song—what poet pens it
Brigand of birds he's stolen every note,
Prince though of thieves—hark how that rascal spends it!
Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat."

And thus Lerby Stanton:

"There came a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird."

Stockard thus repels the name unjustly put upon him:

"The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong
No mimic thou, that voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds but notes of thine imperial own!"

Wilde who speaks of him as a "motley fool" thus describes him:

"Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe."

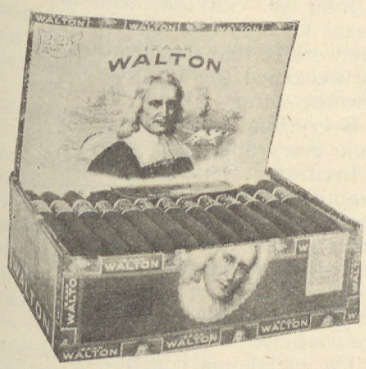
and then compares him to Yorick, and then

"Like to the melancholy Jaques, complains
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,"

And thus Hayne:

"It rose in dazzling spirals overhead
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while for me
Heart trilled to ecstasy, I followed."

It rarely inhabits the dense woods. It is of great value as a destroyer of insects. It prefers the homes of people with their gardens, orchards, shrubbery, bushes and thickets. Its friendliness is its chief undoing and exposes it to vicious boys who throw stones at it, shoot it, and rob the nests of eggs. In some sections it is rapidly disappearing. Many are shipped North where they bring high prices and soon pine in imprisonment and die. They are sacrificed to the robber spirit that coins their lives and sweet songs into filthy gain. The Izaak Walton League should extend over them its beneficent protection. No bird has a stronger claim upon its sympathetic activities.



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Send no money—pay postman on delivery.

Smoke one or a dozen—if not satisfied, return the box and we will immediately refund your money.

DAVIS CIGAR CO., Coffeyville, Kansas.

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☐ 1 box 100 "Minnows" (5c) Izaak Walton Cigars
(Mark (x) in ☐ opposite size wanted.)

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Address _____

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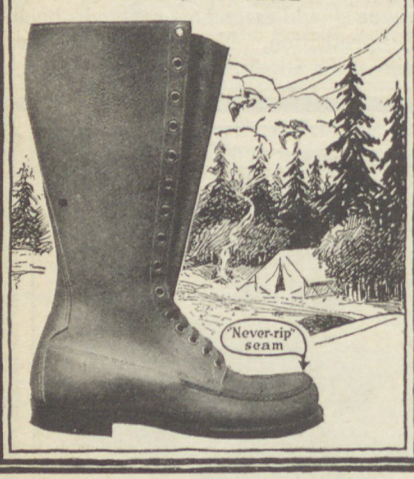

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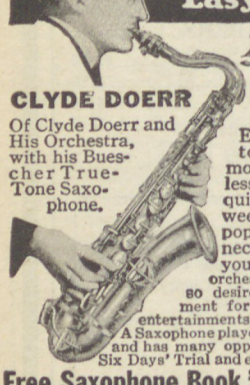

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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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Turner E. Hubby.

The Texas Division Convenes

By M. S. HEISS

Texas Division Officers
President—Turner E. Hubby, Waco.
First V. P.—W. J. Tucker, Longview.
Second V. P.—Ray Shelton, Dallas.
Third V. P.—Frank Hall, San Saba.
Sec.-Treas.—J. Frank Elder, Waco.

An important addition to Izaak Walton League divisions was made in October when delegates from thirty chapters in the state of Texas assembled at Dallas, seriously deliberated the problems confronting sportsmen of the Lone Star State and decided that the League would within twelve months point to Texas as the nation's greatest division. A glance at the map and a thought as to the history of Texas makes the promise seem entirely probable.

The delegates were formally welcomed to Dallas by Marvin Cullum, president of the Chamber of Commerce, who stressed the importance of the League in general and the Dallas Chapter in particular. Bert Chaney, acting president of Dallas Chapter, acted as chairman of the meeting.

Dallas Chapter, by the way, identified itself permanently with Texas conservation history by a decision to name the chapter after Col. William Greene Sterett, for forty years an indefatigable worker in the cause of conservation.

Col. Sterett, until his recent death, occupied a unique and important place in Texas conservation activities. Very shortly before his death he expressed in writing and verbally his great belief in the Izaak Walton League and its power to accomplish the objects for which he always has worked.

The object of the Dallas meeting was to complete a Texas division and this work was promptly and efficiently attended to. A nominating committee reported the names listed above and they were declared unanimously elected. The president was empowered to select his directors and to appoint a legislative committee.

President Hubby briefly summarized the work before the Texas division when he declared that a system of bird refuges was needed, three additional fish hatcheries, universal hunting licenses and fish licenses to provide necessary funds and power to close back-bays to commercial fishermen and to establish and maintain scientific and fair limits for commercial fishing in the gulf.

J. Frank Elder, the secretary and treasurer and in addition the League's field representative in Texas, outlined plans for the future and told of past activities. Mr. Elder was paid a high compliment by a high state official who said, "You are creating juries that will convict game and fish violators."

H. W. Wells, chief deputy of the fish, game, and oyster commission, and a member of the legislature pledged wholehearted and active support of the department to the division and his personal support in the legislature.

John W. Stayton, secretary of the Texas Conservation Association, told of the work of that organization and heartily welcomed the Izaak Walton League into the state.

Everything pointed to co-operation from every angle and source.

Invitation from the Mena, Arkansas, chapter to attend the Arkansas convention to be held at Mena, was read and it was apparent that Texas would be represented. A resolution was adopted pledging Texas support to the national park project for which the Arkansas chapters are working.

The Oklahoma constitution was used as a foundation for the Texas instrument.

Pollution of Indiana Waters

(Continued from page 50)

in a state which is rapidly developing in manufacturing, requires a technical staff acquainted with stream conditions, with the waste treatment and having the ability to suggest plans of treatment economically sound. Such work should be as much a part of the program for the protection of the fish life of the streams of the state as is that of the Game Warden Service, which regulates the number, size and methods used in taking fish from the streams and lakes.

The Department of Conservation has for its object the protection of all the natural resources for the benefit of all citizens. It cannot and it must not work in behalf of any division thereof. When conditions got extra bad and when a stubborn and mulish opposition on the part of offenders was made, I admit that the temptation was great to start on a crusade coupled with usual emotional gyrations of a hysteric campaign and the occasions were many, but we feel that lasting good can only be achieved on the basis of scientific approach, coupled with impartial and determinate handling of willful offenders.

Polluted waters have practically filled thousands of graves in our state, filled with the victims of disease carried by this filth.

The Pioneer of old frequently had to destroy in self-defense. Those that came after them appropriated and exploited. Let it be said by a grateful posterity that we, the modern pioneers, have come to build, to reconstruct and to save.

A Letter to
Harold T. Pulsifer
Editor of OUTLOOK

H. T. Pulsifer,
Care of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: I am an enthusiastic user of barbless hooks and just want to let you know that your articles in Outdoor America are the first ones I look for. I enjoy them very much and am disappointed when I receive my copy without them.

I have never fished trout with a barbless hook, nor have I bait cast for bass with them but have used nothing but barbless hooks for the past two years in fly fishing for bass. In this time I have made several enthusiastic converts though most of them laughed at me when I took the radical step to file all the barbs off two years ago. My brother for one laughed at me at first, but one day last summer when the bass were not striking well he wanted a particular pattern of size 8 feather spinner I had for blue gills. The impossible happened. While fishing for blue gills he hooked and landed the largest bass that he landed in the last year. You can imagine what happened next. He wore out a couple of files last winter taking off the barbs and this year so far has the barbless hook medal won in our local chapter's fishing contest and to my knowledge at this date stands second competing against barbed hooks in the fly rod class.

My flies for bass are tied on numbers 4, 6, and 8 hooks and have some 10 and 12s which I use for blue gills and hope some day to try out on trout. All of my hooks are regular Limerick, Sproat and O'Shonessy hooks with the barbs filed off smooth.

I, as well as some of my friends using barbless hooks, think that its advantages over the old barbed hook far outweigh the disadvantages. The hook sets so much easier that I believe many a fish is hooked and landed with the barbless hook. When the barbless hook is once set there is little chance of a bass getting off using a fly rod. The only place I noticed any disadvantage was when I first started using them. When a good lively bass would break water he would throw the fly easier and I soon learned that they had been getting a little slack line at times that I never realized when using barbed hooks. I soon developed a little finer sense in playing my fish and overcame this. From a conservation standpoint, if any one ever released a six inch bass from a straight needle point I do not see how he would ever have the heart to tear barbs out of undersized bass again.

I expect to build a six foot eight casting rod and next year try out the barbless hooks bait casting. I expect to find it a little harder with the casting rod than with my 8½ foot fly rod because they can get that little bit of slack easier with the shorter rod, but it will be just that much more sport and that is what I am after when I go fishing.

More success to you and barbless hooks,

Yours very truly,
L. B. SAMPLE.

1815 Iowa Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

You Can See These High Jumpers Perform
In Bill Jamison's Barbless Hook Movies

SEE them strike the Dry Fly. See them jumping three feet in the air. See their desperate but vain attempts to get free from the Jamison Barbless Hooks. See them landed with the bare hand and then shook off without touching, and unharmed. See the fighting Muskellunge and the Bass. See the beautiful scenery.

See this wonderful demonstration and you will be convinced that the murderous barbed hook is a back number. That there is no longer any place or any need for it in a sportsman's kit.

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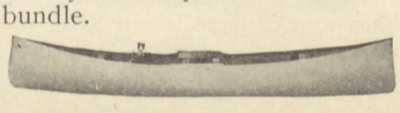

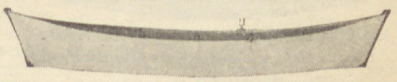

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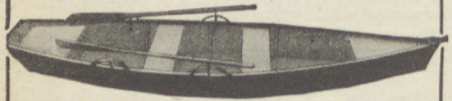

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The Nebraska Division Convention

By KENNETH D. PHILLIPS

Photographs of all new division officers will be reproduced in the February issue of Outdoor America.

GATHER 'round, Sportsmen, Gather 'round. Line up with Nebraska and save the game birds and game fish while there are some to save.

Under the direction of Will H. Dilg, President of the League, and Howard Miller, President of the Division, the Nebraska Chapters in convention Nov. 10, 1924 stepped out in front and started the fight against slaughter and waste of our great game birds and game fish. The vote was in every case a unanimous voicing of no uncertain tone, and marks the beginning of the campaign. The League is now certain to become the voice of the people—we are to be heard among law makers everywhere, and our principles are now so well advertised that men and women everywhere will be behind us in our fights.

A volunteer committee of legislation was appointed at the convention in Norfolk, Nebr. last spring. This committee was to draw up a set of laws, modern and scientific, to be read at the convention in November and passed to a committee, as amended, for submission to the next session of the Nebraska State Legislature. The men who worked out these laws and drew them up had other state laws before them and were well advised by game and fish experts and culturists. The committee consisted of Edwin A. Dygert, vice president Omaha Chapter, Hugh A. McCaffrey, secretary Omaha Chapter, Fred Goodrich, director Omaha Chapter, Eddie Morris and I. J. Dunn, attorney. These men are all sportsmen of many years' experience over the fields and waters in several states. They were advised by W. J. O'Brien, fish culturist and former state fish commissioner, and M. E. O'Brien, his brother, now superintendent of the Nebraska fish hatchery at Valentine, the largest pond hatchery in the middle west.

The laws were read on the floor, and the important changes emphasized, by Hugh A. McCaffrey. After a very brief discussion it was moved by K. D. Phillips that, regardless of the vote on other changes, the Nebraska Division go on record as favoring the establishment of a maximum daily bag limit of ten ducks, total in possession not to exceed thirty. This was seconded by Frank Brady, first vice president of the division, and was carried unanimously. This amendment to the present law will be proposed to the legislature in January for action to take effect immediately and is almost certain to carry.

It is safe to say that this is the first step taken west of the Missouri River to rebuild our flocks of wild ducks and reestablish the swarms of wildfowl seen in the middle west in past generations. It is undoubtedly the greatest forward move as yet attempted. Iowa very recently established a fifteen bird daily limit, a fine law but only a forty per cent cut, and the most remarkable point in the Nebraska vote is the fact that all delegates were in accord in advocating a reduction of more than fifty per cent. A wire to this effect was sent Dr. Hornaday, in New York, by the writer and should give him renewed courage in his splendid fight to save us from ourselves. It is indeed pleasant to feel that all of us are now ready to heed the warnings of the wonderful men who have written and addressed us in the past thirty three months.

The second great step forward was the vote to urge the legislature to pass a law forbidding, without exception, the sale of black bass in Nebraska. There has been a woeful condition obtaining in many states whereby fish lawfully taken could be shipped in and sold. This law practically authorized the sale of our greatest fish when unlawfully taken, as the fish themselves did not constitute evidence, and the wardens were almost always unable to prove the origin of the fish. Netted fish were merely shipped a few hundred miles from the waters from which they were taken and were sold as legal catch.

Also mindful of the rapidity with which our geese were disappearing, the convention urged the passage of a law establishing the limit of geese in possession as two. The last twenty years has seen our wild geese dwindle from countless thousands to easily reckoned dozens. Our fathers had wagons full of geese and never heard of automatic shot-guns. We are fortunate to get a goose in a season of arduous hunting, and the remarkable point is that we are so long realizing our folly.

Further, the delegates voted as one to urge the establishment of a bureau of forestry within the state. This is to be a practical nursery for trees, under a capable forester, who will have charge of the growing and distributing of these trees. The bureau is to be under the State University or the Department of Agriculture. Nebraska has two fine forest reserves, and many trees are planted throughout the state every year, but the need is greater than the supply, and it is time for the State to assist in the saving of our woods and waters.

In the same thought, recommendations are to be made for laws stopping promiscuous drainage of non-tillable lands. We have drained and sullied our waters until the wild life has been hard pressed for natural food and drink, land and crops have suffered, and still we stood by and heeded not the lesson.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

A resolution was passed appointing a committee to ask the Department of Commerce in Washington to establish and maintain a federal fish hatchery in Nebraska. This will bring the number of hatcheries in the state to four, although the state is being urged to appropriate sufficient funds to put in several more state hatcheries at this time. Nebraska has many lakes well stocked with game fish, but the laxity of the past has not kept the supply adequate to care for the vast numbers of fishermen. The last legislature appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the buying of public fishing and shooting grounds, same to be improved by sinking wells and placing retainers for the water, but no action has been taken by the state except one small purchase, and no improvement has been accomplished. The new administration is to be urged to correct this at once, and dozens of flowing wells will soon be brought up in the lake region of the state. Two of the lakes in western Nebraska were so low that thousands of ducks were poisoned by the water, the alkali being insufficiently diluted.

The purpose of the wild duck limit was not only to perpetuate our own sport but to share the birds with states in the middle east where the wild fowl are practically gone. This spirit was further shown in a recommendation for an extension of the closed season on migratory wild fowl. There seems no hope of federal regulation at this time and the states must therefore look after their own. It is proposed that the Nebraska Legislature establish the opening of the season on migratory game birds as Oct. 1st; primarily to give the teal a chance to escape extinction; secondly to give the younger birds hatched in Nebraska waters a better chance to develop and get a fair start on their migration.

The recommendation of a five a day bag limit on grouse and prairie chicken was another step ahead. The upland birds are still plentiful in large areas in Nebraska but will as surely be destroyed as was the buffalo if some change is not adopted in the near future.

We have always been proud of our state; Nebraska has always had natural blessings and appreciative citizens. We have always been proud of the Izaak Walton League of America and of the part we should take in its progress.

We, of Nebraska, have found that we did indeed have much to be thankful for, and much to be ashamed of. We are in the fight to stay and will support, to our fullest effort, any movement started to conserve America. We want our sister states to get the same laws before their legislatures and speed up the success that is sure to attend the campaigns of the League. It is always cheaper to save than to rebuild, and while there is still some of our out-doors left, clean and natural, we must make all effort to save it.

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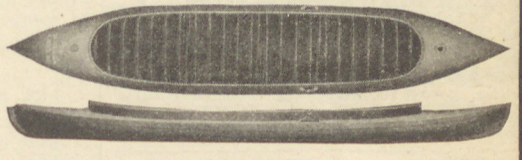

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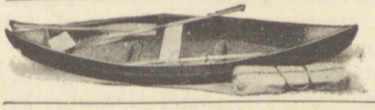

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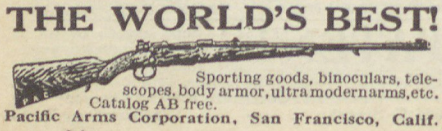

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The Arkansas Convention

By K. E. MERREN

Photographs of new division officers will be printed in the February issue of Outdoor America.

THURSDAY, November 20th, was a red-letter day for the League and for conservation in the state of Arkansas, for on that date was held at Mena the first state division meeting of the Izaak Walton League of America, there being in the state division forty-seven chapters.

Perhaps no more appropriate place could have been found for the holding of such a meeting, as the mountains have always been the last stand of the rapidly decreasing herds of wild animals. Here the noble elk, retreating, made a stand in that westward migration, which began in the latter part of the eighteenth century and which was to end only when they reached the Rockies, where the few survivors now remain, their backs against the wall, unable either to retreat farther or to go forward.

The morning session was called to order by Dr. E. H. Black, president of Mena Chapter No. 2, who presided over the deliberations of the meeting, as also that of the afternoon, until the election of the president of the state division.

With but a short address of welcome by the Honorable W. L. Parker, substituting for the mayor, who was unable to attend, the meeting was under way and the first big gun was fired calling the sportsmen of the state to rally around the banner of the League and do their part for conservation.

With the appointment of the Committee on Constitution, with instructions to report at the theater at 1:30 P. M., and a few remarks by way of suggestion by Mr. Will H. Dilg, national president of the League, the meeting adjourned for luncheon, which was served by members of the Mena Chapter in the assembly hall of the Elks' Home, and consisted in part of venison donated by the town, which they took from their own herd in the city park.

The afternoon session assembled on schedule time, a constitution was adopted similar to that of the Wisconsin division, and the chair proceeded to appoint a Committee on Nominations, naming one from each chapter represented at the meeting without regard to the size of the chapter. The following were nominated and when nominations were announced by the committee they were elected by acclamation: President, Horace F. Endsley, Texarkana; 1st vice-president, D. P. Hilton, Marianna; 2nd vice-president, Dr. Geo. Love, Rogers; 3rd vice-president, Fred Shoupp, Prescott; secretary, A. C. Williams, Mena; treasurer, J. F. Lenon, Little Rock. Directors: Three-year term—Elmer Ballard, Piggott; L. C. Newton, Gurdon. Two-year term—W. R. Kennedy, Van Buren; Lee Martin, Warren. One-year term—Dr. R. E. John, Stuttgart; R. S. Stevens, Forest City.

The president then took the chair and delivered a short forceful address, in which he said: "We will double the chapters and membership in Arkansas within ninety days, or you shall have my resignation." With characteristic vigor the president has taken hold, and even as this is being written (November 26th), letters are going forward to every chapter in the state, designating the week beginning January 12th, 1925, as Izaak Walton League week and urging each chapter not only to build up its own membership, but to add, at least, one additional chapter to the League, and outlining the method by which it can be accomplished.

Then followed an address by Mr. Guy Amsler, secretary of the State Game and Fish Commission, himself a member of the League, in which he showed the necessity of collective effort if bad laws were to be changed, new and better laws enacted, and concluding with the statement that officials will do what the citizens want done, provided they will make their wants known, and, having a good cause, insist on recognition. Then followed Mr. W. M. Graham, of Clarendon, who described conditions existing on the White River, all of which was borne out by moving pictures exhibited by the Game and Fish Commission, which showed the dynamiter and the rifle shooter at their deadly work. The session then adjourned without selecting the next meeting place, Mr. Dilg having suggested an adjourned meeting to be held in the spring. The delegates named Mena as the place at which the adjourned meeting shall be held, and May 10th, 1925, the date.

At 6:30 in the evening a banquet was spread, there being two hundred and fifty seated, the main feature of which was an address by Mr. Dilg, during which he held his audience closely for upwards of an hour with a clear recital of the objects of the League, the passage of the Upper Mississippi River Bill and a promise of full co-operation and support for the passage of the bill now before Congress for the establishment of a park in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas. Festivities closed with a reception and dance for delegates and visitors. On the following day there was a tour of the area of the proposed national park.

The one thing needed to galvanize the sportsmen of the state of Arkansas into a compact, fighting unit for accomplishing the aims and endeavors of the League was a general meeting such as was held on this occasion. There may have come to this meeting delegates who were not fully convinced of the earnestness of the League. If so, they departed in a different frame of mind. On every hand could be heard favorable comments and declarations to the effect that the next meeting would be a monster affair.

A unique feature of the convention was that the local chapter played host to the entire delegation, making it impossible for delegates to pay for bed, board or entertainment.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Seeing Newfoundland—

By DORMA PEET

Fred Peet, National Secretary, lands one.

Miss Peet, daughter of Fred N. Peet, noted sportsman and National Secretary of the Izaak Walton League, recently returned with her father and a party of friends from Newfoundland. This is a story of the party's adventures in the land of peerless salmon fishing.

OUR first impression of Newfoundland was a pleasant one. As we entered the harbor at Port Aux-Basques, the rugged coastline was bathed in golden sunshine and we all breathed a prayer of thanks to be once more nearing solid ground. The passage from North Sidney had been a rough and stormy one, the crew agreeing the roughest they had made during the season.

The Straits of Cabot being a rough stretch of water, the trip across is made at night so that one may go to sleep and avoid if possible the usual effects of heavy weather. We tried it, but sleep was impossible due to the rolling and pitching of the boat. At times the port-holes of our cabin were submerged.

Included in our party were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kidder and their son Kent, of Kalamazoo, Michigan; Mr. Charles L. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Peet and myself.

The west coast of Newfoundland is beautiful with a wild natural sort of grandeur and rather lonely. One does not feel the urge to remain forever on the island. This fact is rather emphasized in the name of one little town we entered soon after leaving the boat—its municipal activities were carried on under the name of "Seldom Come Back."

From our coach in the little narrow-gauge railroad that runs from Port Aux-Basques we could see the rugged shore line of the Atlantic ocean on one side and a densely wooded chain of mountains on the other with here and there a trout stream and some little lakes sparkling like chip diamonds set in a huge bloodstone. Thousands of brightly colored wild flowers lined each side of the track.

We passed through several small settlements and made our headquarters at Robinson, a quaint little fishing village on the seashore. A charming spot, at the water's edge with a magnificent background of mountains mantled with a purple haze.

We had little difficulty with the traffic in Robinson as there are no automobiles—many of the villagers never having seen one. There are no main roads or highways and even the ever-present "movie" is conspicuous by its absence.

Three salmon streams flow into the ocean at a point several miles north of Robinson where we reached our cabin after a long and arduous trek. The cabin, built of logs, stood on a cliff overlooking the sea.

Next day we started to fish the Dribble Pool on Robinson's brook. This is considered one of the most famous salmon pools in Newfoundland. It is swift water and the banks rocky. One must be very careful in casting to avoid striking the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O.K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

Universal

15 H. P. FLEXIFOUR MARINE MOTOR

Same bore, same stroke, same 4-cylinder smoothness, with *25% more power* on *10% less fuel!* That's Universal's 1925 achievement—the new Universal Flexifour. New genuine RICARDO head design, lightened reciprocating parts, ground pistons, cylinders honed to glass-like smoothness, giving wonderful smoothness from trolling gait to real speed. Send for catalog, mentioning kind and size boat you're figuring on.

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YOUNGSTER'S SKI CLUBS

The SKI-SEASON comes in JANUARY and FEBRUARY. If you didn't get your pair of skis you are still in time—you'll find

Strand Skis STRAND'S OWN MODEL

at Sporting Goods and Hardware Stores. FREE Plans for Ski Jumping Tower—Tournament Rules—Sent to any Sports Club.

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TAXIDERMY AND FURS Raw skins tanned and made into two style neck pieces (animal shape and choker style). Fox or coon, $9.00 each; muffs and caps, made up, $9.00 each. Deer heads, mounted, $15.00. Hoofs and horns polished and made into gun or hat racks or other useful articles. The same skins or specimens you send me returned parcel post or express, C.O.D.

J. G. BURST Ridgewood, N. J.

The Rod
Real Fishermen Use

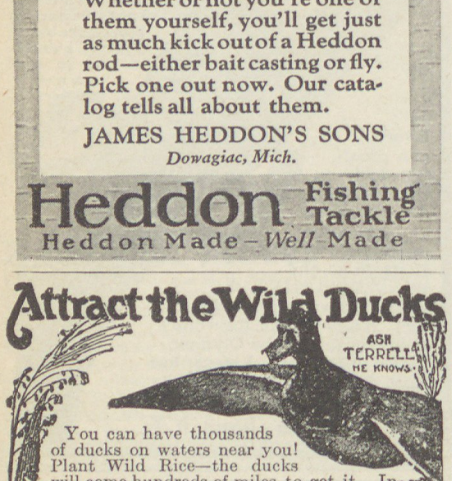
You've run across them—real outdoors men—real fishermen—one look tells you they know how. You'll find, too, that they usually use split bamboo rods—Heddon's.

Whether or not you're one of them yourself, you'll get just as much kick out of a Heddon rod—either bait casting or fly. Pick one out now. Our catalog tells all about them.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made—*Well* Made

Attract the Wild Ducks



You can have thousands of ducks on waters near you! Plant Wild Rice—the ducks will come hundreds of miles to get it. Instead of flying over next fall, they'll stay with you awhile. Plant as soon as waters open in the north; plant now in the south. Plants for attracting ducks, game and fish adapted to every purpose and condition. Our 28 years experience your best guarantee that we know how to develop natural feeding grounds. Order Wild Rice *now* to avoid disappointment. Germination guaranteed. Free booklet and planting information. *Write for it today!*
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The JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT CO. 515 HIGH STREET LOGANSPORT, IND. FREE

Angling Memories

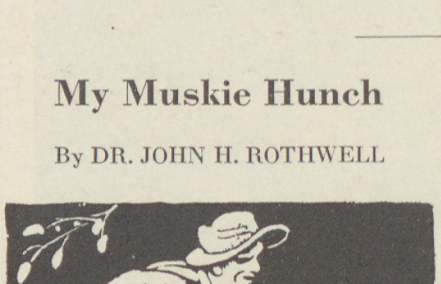
By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

[Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

My Muskie Hunch

By DR. JOHN H. ROTHWELL



SITTING in my office, snowbound — surrounded by snowdrifts outside—and thinking about the good time I had last summer, I wondered if some other snow-bound fisherman wouldn't like to hear about my "hunch" and how it turned out.

I have always wanted to catch a muskie but never went after them in earnest. I have been going to the Wamano Lake country in northern Minnesota on my vacations for twenty-five years but fished mostly for bass and pike. On my first trip I got into a small land-locked lake and in two hours caught forty-five bass, none weighing less than two and one-half pounds. I whooped and hallooed like a school-boy. I know you won't blame me for going back to a place like that. Muskie were not plentiful and I got no strikes on any of my trips there. I spent one vacation at Cable, Wisconsin, where two of my friends caught each a muskie, twelve and fourteen pounds, but I got none.

I have always wanted to go to northern Wisconsin—north of Minocqua on the Milwaukee Railway—but never did. Last August, when I decided to take a vacation, I debated whether to go there this time or back to Minnesota. I was very tired and alone and finally decided to go to the latter, where I knew the country and had friends.

I landed at Lake Marion—an old camp—on August twenty-first and spent several pleasant days with Judge Reed and Judge Waller and Dr. Basket—intending to go from there to Wamano Lake and catch bass again.

On the morning of August twenty-fifth I awoke sitting up in bed—wide awake—with the fixed idea that I was going to northern Wisconsin and catch muskie. The idea was so firmly fixed that I did not argue the question, but got up, shaved, packed, went to breakfast and then went out to hunt the camp man to get him to take me to the town—eight miles—and found him cranking his car to go.

Everything was working in line with my *hunch* so I threw in my grips—caught my train back to St. Paul and the next morning at ten thirty I landed at Boulder Junction, the last station on the Milwaukee Railway, as my *hunch* had directed. I had told the conductor on the logging road what I had come for—that I wanted *no* summer resort stuff—but a guide to show me where the muskie stayed. When we got off the train he called a man to him and introduced me to George Lavic. I got into his flivver and we drove to his camp on white sand lake. That afternoon we went out for an hour and I had two strikes but both missed the hook. I was fishing with a six foot Bristol rod—a Shakespeare reel that I had used for twenty-five years—a small silk casting line with a number six skinner spoon and a number seven or eight gang hook.

The next morning we drove over to Boulder Lake and had no luck till after lunch. At two P. M. as we were passing a small reed bed, I felt a tug at my hook like it had struck a weed, which was likely. I pulled on my line to make the spoon clear the water. It came up free and whirling and just then a muskie struck, only showing a portion of his body, and went for deep water. Lavic rowed fast to get away from the reeds and to a deep part of the lake and then round and round in a circle of about one-quarter mile for an hour, my fish fighting every second of the time. I got few chances to reel in and whenever I did I had to let go again to save my small line. A guide with some other fishers came close to watch the fight. At three o'clock I could see the wake of my fish about thirty feet behind and we thought he was giving up. But when he saw he was at the surface he dived again, showing back, fin and tail. Both guides guessed him at not less than thirty or forty pounds and of course I swelled up like a pouter pigeon and felt anxious.

At three fifteen he came up again and dived, showing tail. At three twenty-five he repeated the performance, going strong. But at three thirty, after one and a half hours, he came up exhausted and allowed me to reel him in near the boat. The guide dropped the oars and grabbed his rifle—took aim, pulled trigger and found a shell jammed in the gun. While he was getting it out the wind drifted the boat against the fish's nose and he dived under the boat—came out of the water behind—turned a somersault and dived but soon came to the surface about thirty feet away—on his side—perfectly exhausted—with my small line wrapped around his neck.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

He had the fight won if he had known it and had had one more lunge left; but he let me reel him in and shoot him. He weighed eighteen pounds and my swelling went down about half. But still I felt mighty good, though tired.

We went home to white sand lake camp—rested awhile and at five P. M. we went out over the weed bed and on the second round a beauty came straight up out of the water—took my hook with him in a magnificent leap—turned over in the air and went back into the water with a very pleased expression on his face. I set the hook as he went under and *instantly* he shot to the surface—mouth wide open—big teeth shining—the pleased expression gone and in its place the *meanest*, most vicious expression I ever saw on any living being. I have seen mad animals and men fight—but nothing like this. He fought on the surface of the water—no part of him under—throwing his head and body from side to side and thrashing the water into a foam with his tail. We tried to get his head under but could not succeed, and after two or three minutes he threw the hook out six or eight feet and then without moving a muscle he slowly sank out of sight—with a look on his face which plainly said—"Now, damn you, will you be good."

This fish was in plain view during the whole of the fight and was two or three times larger than the other one. We rowed back to camp—sick at heart. This was the most vicious sight I ever saw and I dreamed about it for two weeks or more.

The next day we passed by one that looked to be about four feet long, lying about four feet below the surface of the water, like a big golden brown log. He never moved a fin—paid no attention to my boat or bait. The next day I caught a twelve pounder and landed him in about ten minutes.

I went into camp—packed my fish in ice and moss—caught the evening train for home, taking the evidence with me. I heard of two others that were caught before I got there. The guide wrote me that none were caught after I left.

Two men from Chicago came in while I was there and took my guide when I left. They told me they had been fishing all over northern Wisconsin and Minnesota for four years—spring and fall—and had never had a strike, and they did not get one this time. To me, the wonderful and strange thing about my trip was the fact that, away over in Minnesota, I awoke suddenly from a dreamless sleep—found myself sitting up in bed—wide awake, with the *fixed idea* that I was that morning going to northern Wisconsin to the last station on the Milwaukee Railway *and catch muskies*. No doubt about it. And I went and in three days I had five strikes—caught three and landed two. I called it a "*hunch*," and the hunch worked. Can you explain it?

OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Ideal Christmas Present.

That Six-Pounder

By T. W. O'BANNON

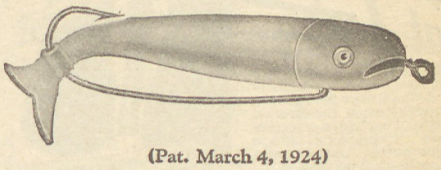
ALEX SMITH and Sally, his wife, my sister-in-law and two kids and my brother-in-law's two kids, my wife and myself decided to take a two weeks' camping trip to Fishville, on Big Creek, Grant Parish, Louisiana, and consequently left on August 5th, 1923, and drove down, arriving at our destination at six o'clock that afternoon. There was the usual bustle to get up tents and wood while the ladies prepared supper, in order to get to bed early so that we could get a good night's rest and an early start next morning.

I had fished these same waters some nine years ago and was more or less anxious to try them again to see if my favorite holes had gone back on me and then, too, I had been promising my wife this trip for some seven years, and you married men can sympathize with me when I tell you that I had promised all of them some of the fattest fish, best tasting fish, gamiest fish any of them had ever encountered, and was more or less nervous to see if I was going to fall down or make good on my promises. This Big Creek is one of these swift streams with deep holes located mostly at bends in the creek and sand bars in between where the current in places is so strong you can hardly stand up. This Alex Smith is a bird hunter who would not fish for the reason that there was no sport in fishing until I took him out three times to paddle the boat and then he bought him a casting rod and told me that I had ruined a perfectly good boat paddler. Sally, his wife, being a good sport, decided not to let him put anything over on her, for she was sure he would want her to paddle his boat, made him buy a fly rod and she learned to cast and poor Alex had to learn to fly fish or sink. He has not sunk yet.

The next morning I gave Alex. his choice, up or downstream, and he chose down. We started out bright and early, equipped each with a casting rod and several wooden plugs, our favorite being a Vampire, which we both decided to use. At nine-thirty I was back at camp with five bass, four of which weighed eight and three-quarters pounds (8¾), one being a three-quarter (¾) pounder which was hooked in the body, otherwise he would have been thrown back. Three small-mouth and two large-mouth, one large-mouth weighing three and one-half (3½). Old Alex came strolling in some time

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The artificial
BAIT WITH A LIVE MINNOW
(body and tail) ACTION



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

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MADE IN 3 STYLES:
"A"—Red head and white body
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Your dealer can supply you, or your order accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each will receive prompt attention.

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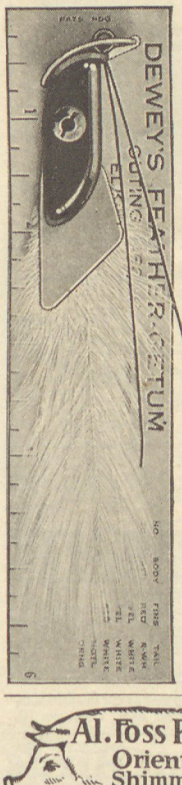
The Bait for the Big Catch



Wiggles right into the weeds and brings out the big fellows. The Wounded Minnow action fools the wisest.

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Comes to you mounted on a convenient six inch pocket rule of aluminum. Measure your fish fresh from the water. No doubt or dispute as to their size.

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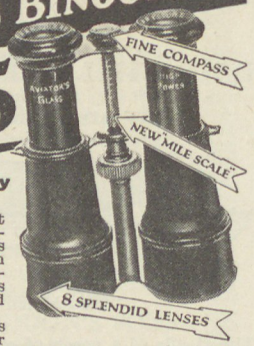

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Have a stylish fur made for mother, wife, sister or sweetheart from your raw furs. You get greater satisfaction and pride besides a lasting remembrance of your trapping or hunting experience. Over 60 years dealing in furs assures you of our reliability and of best workmanship.

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The Ideal Christmas Gift— OUTDOOR AMERICA

later with a look on his face that would have made a Quaker laugh, he having gotten one strike and no fish. The next morning I told Alex to go upstream and I would take down, and that old ungrateful cuss came in about ten o'clock with ten bass weighing exactly twenty pounds (20). Me? Why, I caught five small ones.

But the *six-pounder* was unearthed. Alex met old man Waggoner and he told Alex where the six-pounder stayed. The creek makes a hairpin curve, the neck being about ten feet across, and in the bend the water is some twenty feet deep, with a sand bar at the upper end, the water being about two and one-half feet deep. The fish feed on this sand bar and the old six-pounder was boss of the bar. Alex was good enough to let me take charge of this particular bend and told me that the six-pounder was mine and he would not try for him at all. Thus begins the tale. Morning and afternoon I tried out this bar from different angles, from upstream and downstream, across one side and then the other, early in the morning and late in the afternoon and even until dark. My efforts were rewarded with a fish every time I tried this bar but no six-pounder, the largest weighing three and seven-eighths (3⅞). Then I began to work in earnest. There was an old dead beech standing in the inside of the curve with a large pine just back of it, the beech being on the bank with large roots jutting out over the water and into the water. Directly across from this beech was a small tree that had fallen into the water with the top about eight feet from the roots of the beech. Along the banks next the beech were switch cane growing about shoulder high but not thick enough to make a good place to approach, so I cut some more further down the creek and placed them along the bank in line with the beech and with this to hide behind I got down on my hands and knees early one morning, and coming up the other side of the hairpin curve, until I was opposite the said beech, I crawled up to the beech and gently raised myself until I could look over the cane, and oh, boy! there he was not fifteen feet from me out on the sandbar very close to my side of the creek, in fact about two feet from the edge, gently fanning his tail. Did my heart jump? I'll say it did. But how to get in position to make a cast without him seeing me? That was the question. He solved it for me by moving upstream a few feet and a little closer to the bank where a few cane hung out over the water. I gently raised myself to a standing position, having the beech between him and me and made a cast upstream about eight feet in front of him. Would he go for the old Vamp or would he let it pass, or would some smaller fish get to it first, as happened before? Being able to see him made it all the more trying and my heart surely missed a beat or two when I saw him give a flip of his tail and the next instant my rod was almost jerked out of my hand as he connected and I instinctively struck. That old boy headed downstream for the fallen tree and I only had about eight feet between me and the tree top, but I had on a twenty-four pound test line and knew my No. 6 Heddon rod could stand a lot of strain even if it is thirteen years old. He missed the end of that tree top on his way to deep water by inches and I felt better, but then the fight had just begun. He pulled several stunts that only a fighting bass knows and I finally worked him, or rather he decided to try for the said tree top, in shallow water, and I managed to work him out on the sandbar and upstream again. As long as I had the current to help me tire him with him going upstream I simply held my thumb hard against the line and let him run up. But this was my undoing, as later proved. When he was some forty feet upstream and almost across on the other side he decided to come back to deep water, and in doing so connect with that tree top across from me. Reel? Brother, I made that old handle whirl as it had never whirled before and at the same time backed off a step or two, and this put me in a position where I lost sight of the fish and could not tell whether he was missing the tree top or not, and so I proceeded to keep on reeling until I suddenly felt something solid hit the fish, or the plug hit something, I could not tell which, but it stopped my reeling and then I heard that old war horse beating the water to a foam close to the bank, and when everything was quiet and I had the nerve to take a look over the side of the bank there was my plug hung fast to one of the roots of that beech and the six-pounder gone to parts unknown.

Brother, that fish belongs to me and I am going to try to get him again this summer. I have lain awake at night trying to figure out some way to get that boy and, I believe I have discovered a way to fool him.

A Novel Way of Fishing

By P. J. CLASEN

SOME years ago a number of young fellows went fishing in a creek or stream that runs through Arroyo Apolo, a town about two miles from Havana. The fellows had been fishing for a couple of hours, but had not caught much fish and were quite disgusted at their luck that day. I tried my hand at fishing, but was unsuccessful in landing anything. It was the first time I had ever been fishing, and I marveled at the way some of the fellows could hook a fish and pull it out with seemingly such ease.

The bunch was ready to go when one of the fellows noticed a large can towards the center of the stream, and jokingly said he was going out and get the can, that probably there were some fish in it. Everybody laughed at him, but when he brought the can to the shore we found that the can was full of fish of every size. Here was a school of fish lodging in this old rusty can.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 30)

learn the bitterness of jealousy. She was a flirt. She acted precisely the same with them as she had with him. Lorry wandered away under the trees. He felt a restlessness in his body, a fever in his blood. This company of girls, bewildering and sweet as it was, did not satisfy like a lonely walk in the woods or like fishing beside a running stream.

It was then Old Muddy Miser and Dillon's Falls loomed up beside these parties and picnics. There was a struggle in Lorry's mind. He wanted to give up the girls forever, but something warned him to compromise. Not one, many of them had stolen into his heart. But he would cast them out. He would go to the woods and the streams, to the old fisherman and that stretch of white and green water running so swiftly over the yellow rocks. By the time school opened again—seemingly a glorious vast number of days ahead—he would have forgotten what ailed him now.

The next day was the twenty-first of June, the longest day of the year, and the herald of summer. Bright and early, before Homer was awake, Lorry started out on the road to Dillon's Falls. He was not merely going fishing with the wonderful old fisherman. The unknown future called to Lorry. This walk was a march out into life, though his senses caught only the physical aspect of nature. His step was buoyant, the miles of dusty road were nothing. There were fields of waving green corn on one side of the road, meadows of red clover on the other. Before Lorry realized he was near the Falls, there loomed the old gray covered bridge. He ran down the short turn off the main road.

The loose boards rattled under his hurried feet. How eagerly he peered through the first knot-hole! Rich and thick the June light, clear and green the swirling water, flashing the golden flat rocks and the bars of gravel! The falls roared a low sweet welcome. It filled his ears with melody. He gazed long, from the green channel beneath the bridge to Big Rock, and up the many white benches of the falls to the narrow level where the river turned between wooded banks. The old fisherman was not in sight.

Lorry kept to the road and passed through a farm, and came at last to the high rocky bluff that formed the west bank of the falls. Sycamore and maples and oaks grew thickly, yet there were openings in the foliage through which he could see the water. Here it ran smooth and swift and green; there it was swirling in deep dark narrow channels; in another place it foamed white over low ledges. This was farther up than Lorry had ever been. He was entranced. He had noticed that the water was low, yet it roared in a way to thrill him and make him wonder how he could ever wade out there.

At last he came to the end of the road, and to an old dilapidated hut on the bank of the stream. It was made of logs, and was covered with rough-hewn shingles, mossy and green with age. The front of this cabin was open, like a porch, with heavy timbers supporting the roof. The floor was gray clay. A round box in the center with shaft like a wagon-tongue attached to it, and a great quantity of old broken clay pots, told Lorry at once that this was the pot-shop where the fisherman lived.

Lorry saw a stone fireplace with ashes still smouldering, and an old skillet and black coffee-pot, and some rude shelves upon which stood a few utensils and bags and cans of food supplies. A door led into the large dark room of the pot-shop. It smelled musty and dank, and was empty save for piles of broken clay pots. There was a door at the far end. Lorry did not go in. Presently he espied a wide board over his head that reached from the ground up to a door in the attic above. Lorry mounted it. He looked in upon a loft, well-lighted by holes in the roof, and bare except for some ragged bed-coverings spread upon straw in one corner. This was where the old fisherman slept. It seemed wonderful to Lorry.

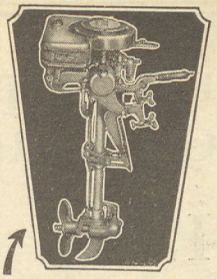
He went down and through the lower part of the shop, and came out upon a ledge of rock that projected over a dark green pool, swirling, and spotted with white flecks of foam. Sycamore trees shaded both ledge and pool. Then suddenly Lorry espied Old Muddy Miser standing ankle deep in the water. Lorry opened his lips to call eagerly of his arrival when something made him mute.

The old fisherman swept up a thin straight reed with which he was fishing. Out of the water splashed a shining wiggling chub. Round his head the fisherman swung it to the full length of the line, round and round, half a dozen times. Lorry's amazed gaze saw the chub stop its wiggling and grow limp. It was drunk or dizzy. Then Mr. Miser walked toward a bucket that rested upon a dry stone, all the time swinging the little fish round his head. Slowly he ceased the swinging motion, ending it so the chub hung directly over the open bucket. It made a wiggle and slipped off the hook. Whereupon the fisherman waded back to the spot where he had been fishing.

Lorry now perceived that the thin pole was a straight mustard weed, very light and stiff. The line was the thinnest of thread. Lorry could not tell what kind of bait was on the hook, but he certainly saw that it was very small. The old fisherman cast with a quick whipping motion, far from him, into a shallow swift rill, where the water ran over roughened rocks. He let the bait float down with the current. Lorry's keen sight caught the flash of silver, then a splash as a little fish hit the hook, to be jerked out summarily. It too was swung round and round the fisherman's head, and presently held over the open bucket, into which it flopped.

"He's catching bait," said Lorry to himself, highly elated. "His hook hasn't any barb, and he swings them dizzy, so they wont get off . . . . Never touches one with his hands! . . . . . Well, if that isn't the slickest thing I ever saw."

To be continued.



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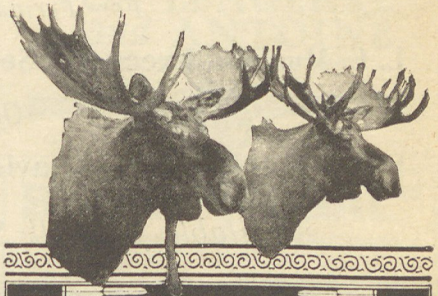

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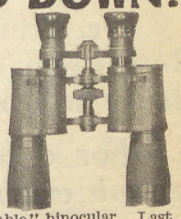

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Seeing Newfoundland

(Continued from page 65)

rocks with the fly as this is fatal to the hook.

We found the usual run of salmon flies good for salmon of small size and many brook trout. We caught quite a few of the latter but were a trifle too late for the good salmon fishing. However we landed several and many more of the big fellows could be seen jumping out in the stream.

Little difficulty was had in landing the salmon we caught, on light tackle, much to the amazement of our guides.

However late seasons have their compensations as the mosquitoes had vanished and the black flies, tiny inoffensive looking little fellows, were the only pest with which we had to contend. A heavy covering of insect "dope" proved most effective in keeping the flies at a distance.

In the evening the air was soft and balmy and scented with that incomparable fragrance of northern pine while the glow of the evening sun across the water was beyond description.

The nights were clear with the sky an inky blue studded with thousands of sparkling stars that seemed because of the air's clarity almost within reach of one's hand. The northern star appeared to be magnified many times and the northern lights were beautiful.

The people, most of them descendants of early English settlers, are hospitable, enterprising and friendly. The children at an early age adapt themselves to the tasks of their elders.

We were informed that the community was built on honesty—that we might trust anyone we met. However the storekeeper at the railway station was evidently a skeptic as we saw him coming along the road after having locked the store door, carrying the largest key I have ever seen. It must have weighed more than a pound and a half and was almost a foot long.

Their methods of industry are a bit archaic, most of it being done entirely by hand. Their boards are cut laboriously by hand, their clothing and rugs made by hand and most of their tools are fashioned after the manner used by early settlers.

Daily newspapers are unheard of. The news is received by wire from a government station and the clerk in charge transcribes in the community book which all may read.

The food is comprised principally of fish and mutton, bread and butter. We saw no fruit during our stay except some wild blueberries larger and sweeter than any to be found in the states.

The morning before we left for home we went three miles out to sea in a big dory and "jigged" for cod. We had heavy lines equipped with lead minnows which were lowered twenty fathoms into the water. These we would jerk sharply and hook the fish. Our catch of twelve cod was considered a very small one by the fishermen who took us out, as their regular daily hauls average from fifty to sixty fish weighing between eight and ten pounds.

The next day we started our homeward journey, refreshed from our outing but again anxious to see the lights of civilization.

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

Pull! and away sails the "rock."

With the big game season over and only one month left of the wildfowl season, trap clubs are beginning to get in readiness for the year's sport.

Among the writer's boyhood treasures was a set of "Travels in Southern Africa" by Paul De Chaillu, who aroused boyish interest as much in the preparation for the hunt as in the hunts themselves. One of his favorite phrases was: "The night before the hunt we sat about our campfire and furbished our arms," and how much joy we have all had in the cleaning of our favorite weapons, in mending a rip in a case or in fixing some implement of the chase. Maybe Bill or George or John has dropped in for the evening, and down in the den we have taken each loved gun from its case and discussed its shooting qualities, its range and pattern.

Now, thanks to our wonderful sport of trap shooting, we are getting out the trap guns, looking them over for a possible worn part, comparing the balance with that of our field guns, getting used to the straight stock and the lighter trigger pull; taking inventory of our loads and making a list of the things we simply *must have* and which (many of them) we do not need at all, only it is a lot of fun to look over the catalogue and talk over the merits of our equipment.

The field captain of the club should be sure that the traps have been overhauled and any worn parts replaced. If the traps are equipped with rubber faces, for rotating the targets, these should be gone over and carefully examined for rough or uneven spots. If such places are discovered, take a sharp, very fine file and dress them up until a smooth, even face is presented to the target. A large percentage of the trap troubles in throwing broken targets will be eliminated if the rubbers are smooth and true and the arms kept equidistant at all points from the plane upon which the target rests.

"Furbish" up the throwing plane—gasoline, emery dust and elbow grease are the main requisites in this operation. Don't hesitate to call on club members to help at this work—they'll have the time of their lives. Don't think because some big lawyer has just won a case that has attracted attention all over the world that he won't want to put on a pair of overalls and get down in the trap house and loosen up a lag screw—just what he needs to get him off that bug—concentration—and he'll probably lie with the most angelic expression on his face when he explains to a client why it will not be possible for him to be present at a conference of bankers on Saturday morning because of "pressing commitments," while down deep in his heart the imp of boyishness is dancing with glee because you and he are going to take a couple of wrenches and overhaul a trap.

Nothing will add more to your satisfaction than to see the targets sail out steadily each time that a shooter calls "pull," and this will be the result if your traps are properly oiled and adjusted.

The secretary should be sure that he has the proper address and telephone number of every shooter. Sometimes it is very desirable to call up the club members and get them out on short notice to meet some shooters from another village or for some other purpose, and a list hanging right by his desk will be a big help.

The reception committee must be on the job to greet new shooters, to see that they have all the attention possible, be-

(Continued on page 75)

V&A

Fishermen!

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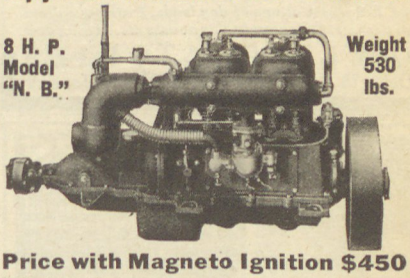

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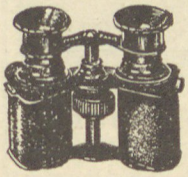

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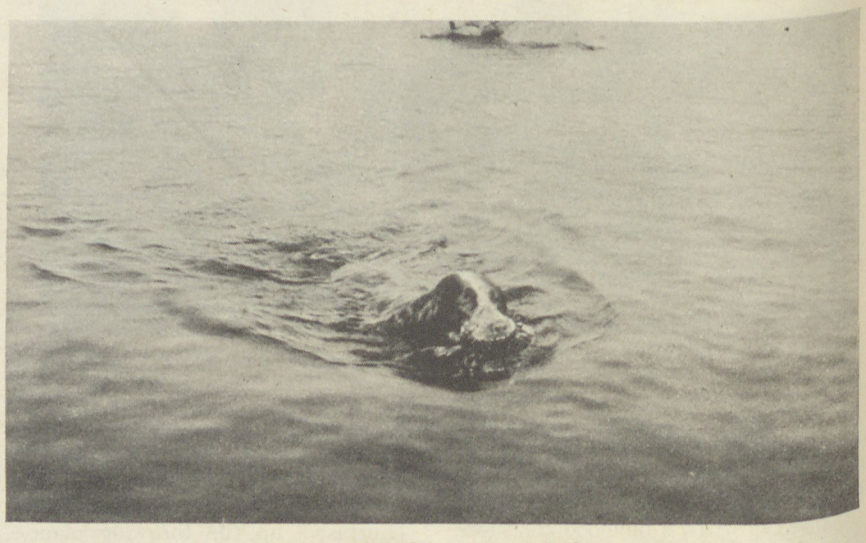
Photographs by Herbert S. Poutley, owner of dogs.

English Springer Spaniels

By

DR. A. C. GIFFORD



"Mossend Dick" retrieving ducks.

OUT of the clear sky comes the echo of many American sportsmen asking, "What is this Springer spaniel and what good is he as a hunting dog?"

I will attempt to tell you what he is and a little of his ancestry.

Back many years ago in England there was the much prized hunting dog, used to hunt and retrieve all game. The first that we have found where the dogs were named comes from the county of Norfolk, and it has not been ascertained if they were named after the Duke of Norfolk or the country. Anyway, the Duke kept a large kennel of these dogs and called them Norfolk Spaniels. Have you ever realized that all our spaniels, except the Irish Water, which also includes the setter of today, originated in this our great hunting dog, the Springer spaniel? The same today as he was back in the 16th and 17th centuries. We have seen pictures of very typical Springers taken back in those times.

In many of the privately owned kennels of England these dogs have been bred pure for many years, and have produced strains that have been named, as should be, after the kennel from which they originated. We find the Denne, Rivington, Avondale, Horsford, Shegness and many others.

It has been argued that the hunting strain is different from the bench show strain. We think not, for why should not a Springer be a typical one and be a field trial winner also?

"Limelight" gets a grouse.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Dick brings one home on the gallop.

This has been very nicely worked out in the English Kennel Club, as a dog must have won at least a certificate of merit in the field to attain the most coveted title of show champion. Also a Springer should ever be a shooting dog, and that is the one answer to over-running our country with show bench champions worthless, or nearly so, in the field. Springers are, and have been brought to the first rank as a shooting dog by the field trials being held in England, and recently getting hold in America. We feel that a field trial spaniel, should be no different than a shooting companion, as a fully trained hunting Springer should be able to compete with the field trial trained dog. The training of the Springer is not a hard task, for it is found that the hunting instinct is inherited, at least, that is our version of every Springer we have tried to train. He does not need training to hunt, but there is the necessity of getting the puppy in hand and under control. This is better done when the puppy is young, for obedience stamped on the mind of that pup will ever make him mindful of his master. They try hard to please the master in all their doings and one should treat them accordingly. To whip a Springer is to take the life out of him and make him cowed ever after. So sensitive is their ambition to please their one and only master, that they become forever suspicious of his loss of temper. For we think it is only that which causes a man to whip his dog.

If one wants to spend a pleasant day in the country where game abounds, be it feather or fur, take a good Springer or even a puppy, and watch him work out the hedge and every cover that might shelter some partridge or rabbit. He should be trained, however, to keep within bounds and within shooting range, so that when the game springs it will be in shooting distance. It is a rare treat to see one of these fellows hunt them out, and it is not a rare thing to see them point the game, but is not the plan for which they are intended. Springer in name, and Springer in nature, is the hunting dog of today. Yes, he is also a duck dog as well, and will retrieve the water fowl as well as he will work to field, and his fondness for water is as great as any dog living.

Have You Sent a Picture of Your Dog to Outdoor America

Limelight—She hates to part with it.

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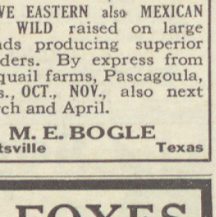

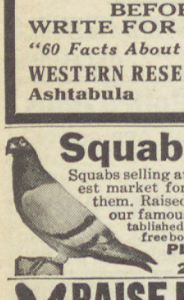

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Subject of Rabies—

One thing will sooner or later come up which is bound to interest owners of sporting dogs, whether pointers, setters, or hounds, because the public opinion, actuated by the mere thought of something that is not the truth, often causes the loss of a very high class animal when a little common sense would save many a good dog. The truth of the matter is that the very word rabies, or mad dog, starts people visualizing, and then fancying, that a thing exists which, ninety times out of a hundred, it does not.

Numbers of years training dogs call to the memory incidents of the past that show that hundreds of people kill dogs because of rabies, though they are valuable, when other troubles, none of them dangerous to human beings, actually afflict them.

During the hot months of the year people are prone to take fright at the slightest ailment a dog has. If it is a harmless, wandering cur, so much the worse. Every hand is raised against it. Should a dog, in anger, bite a child, immediately it must be killed, without thought of whether it was only momentarily in bad temper caused by the child's rough treatment, which it resented in the only way it knew.

If a dog has a fit in public, that unreasonable public decides at once that it is afflicted with rabies, and everybody runs for safety until a crowd gathers with clubs and guns and chases the poor creature until it is brought to bay and killed. The truth of the matter is that the fact that it has fits is absolute proof that it is not afflicted with rabies. When a dog falls in a fit, snaps, and foams at the mouth, there is no cause to feel concerned about anything but the poor animal's health. A crowd, however, declares "mad dog" immediately. As the dog begins slowly to come out of the attack, momentarily it is bewildered, just as an epileptic person, staggering around aimlessly until it recovers perfect conciousness. But it is not given a show. A rabid crowd chases it until finally it is forced to defend itself and perhaps bites one of the attackers. Even then there is no more danger from the bite of a dog than from any other wound, and blood poisoning, which is possible from any other wound, can be avoided by the use of an antiseptic.

Most fits are caused by intestinal parasites, or partial congestion of the brain, due to a number of other causes.

All this recalls my experience years ago when training assistant to Ozark Ripley. While en route Northwest to the prairie with a string of pointers and setters, he was asked to take another along, when he stopped over in St. Louis. He went to the man's house to get the setter and found a crowd in front of it. On asking what was the matter he was told that there was a mad dog in the house. He rang the bell and was cautiously admitted, only after lots of persuasion, and was told that the family pet, a fox terrier, was upstairs in the nursery, mad, and running around in a circle, snapping at everything. He went upstairs and discovered an Irish policeman with a club in his hand, alternately opening and closing the door as he attempted to strike what afterward proved to be the little ailing dog. Then on asking to see the dog, he was permitted to view it through the transom. Just as they had said, it was running around, snapping mostly at its sides, apparently in great pain. He laughed, and realizing there was no danger, went in the room and picked the dog up in his arms while the policeman beat a hasty retreat down the hall.

The little fox terrier, Schley, was on the bench shortly after, never evidencing the slightest indication of a return affliction. It was badly troubled with maw worms and so soon as proper remedies were given it, it recovered immediately.

When Ozark and I were together in the redeemed swamp section of southeast Missouri, there was quite a mad dog craze for a time, and the farmers were killing every hapless canine they saw. For fear some of our dogs would suffer from the senseless craze, Ozark publicly declared that he did not believe in rabies, that no man alive had ever seen a true case in a human or a dog. We agreed that this was good talk, and to add force to it, we announced that we would, without hesitation, go up to any supposedly mad dog and handle it without the slightest apprehension. We had to do something to insure protection to our charges, and, though it was a rather overbold statement, it had some good effect. But suddenly, without advance hint of it, came an opportunity to prove our faith in our judgment, and we both were for a time apprehensive because it appeared more like a true case of hydrophobia than anything we had ever seen before.

Unexpectedly, Lucky Strike, a pointer owned by Charles A. Pratt of Little Rock, Arkansas, developed decidedly dangerous symptoms. In his separate kennel he became morose, refused to eat, bit at the fence when he passed it in his ramblings with his head down, and swallowed stones and pieces of wood after attacking them viciously. We kept him kennelled for observation, but unfortunately, he dug out, bit every dog in the place and even entered the quarters of a Ripstone bitch that was nursing puppies and proceeded to disembowel them in rage, until he was driven off. After which Strike ran for the open and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Trap Shooting Department—

(Continued from page 71)

cause no matter how old hunters they may be, they are going to be as shy as schoolgirls at this new game.

Probably the biggest shoot ever held by and chapter or combination of chapters, since the Izaak Walton League was organized, was held in Coffeyville, Kansas, November 16, 17 and 18, under the joint direction of the Mallard Duck Club and the Izaak Walton League. There were 176 people present at the meeting, and it was certainly a wonderful "get together" meeting.

We hope next month to be able to make an important announcement as to the action taken at this meeting.

A set of solid silverware was given the winner in each event, and also two elegant trout rods for the Izaak Walton League members making the highest score on singles, and one for the Izaak Walton League doubles championship.

Below are the scores:

Coffeyville, Kansas—Results

COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS, NOV. 16, 17, 18

Name	Address	Sunday	Practice	Monday			Tuesday
				Mallard Duck Club Championship, 100 Singles	Izaak Walton League Championship		
		100 Singles, 16 Yds.	50 Pr. Dbls.		100 Singles	25 Pr. Dbls.	Olympic Style
Summers, R. W.	Coffeyville, Kans.	79	..	81	84	..	90
Etchen, Wm.	Coffeyville, Kans.	92	..	86	88	..	90
Raschen, Ed.	Parsons, Kans.	89	73	87	87	31	87
Branstetter, Ray.	Skiatook, Okla.	89	80	94	94	37	92
Bayless, Gus.	Coffeyville, Kans.	87	..	90	91	38	80
Groves, D. D.	Kansas City, Mo.	94	84	95	95	..	93
Groves, Jim.	Chicago, Ill.	94	..	90	..	..	93
Marcraire, S. A.	Chicago, Ill.	89	..	83	86	..	95
O'Brien, Ed.	Florence, Kans.	97	92	97	97	..	97
Watts, C. C.	Winfield, Kans.	86	78	85	89	..	..
Bradbeck, F.	Kinsley, Kans.	89	..	96	92	..	97
Little Bear Hays.	Pawnee, Okla.	70	..	90	92	..	85
Smalley, M. E.	Parsons, Kans.	83	80	92	84	37	92
Lloyd, J. W.	Wichita, Kans.	78	..	93	89	..	77
Hardwick.	Salina, Kans.	91	..	89	..	..	59
Miller, Phil.	Dallas, Tex.	99	91	97	97	..	96
Etchen, Fred.	Coffeyville, Kans.	94	89	97	99	49	97
Heer, Wm.	Guthrie, Okla.	100	77	99	100	..	98
Dodds, Sid.	Clarksdale, Miss.	..	91	93	43	..	93
Smith, Jack.	Chicago, Ill.	93	..	94	93	..	87
Etchen, Chas.	Crille, Kans.	91	82	95	93	44	94
Etchen, Frank.	Independence, Kans.	96	..	92	92	..	91
Nichols, Guy.	Kansas City, Mo.	93	80	99	87	..	90
Chain, Geo.	Leesburg, Fla.	95	59	99	97	..	88
Hinkle, J. R.	Denver, Colo.	89	84	93	95	..	89
Thrasher, C. W.	Crille, Kans.	88	..	..	..	..	..
Etchen, Al.	Crille, Kans.	89	..	82	83	..	..
Strausburger, H.	Crille, Kans.	82	..	81	78	..	..
Kirehr, John.	Crille, Kans.	88	..	89	90	..	..
Bayless, Al.	Crille, Kans.	85	..	86	83	..	..
Shepard, Wm.	Crille, Kans.	81	..	87	86	..	91
Barstow.	Kansas City, Mo.	94	84	89	94	..	..
Clarke, Fred.	Winfield, Kans.	89	81	85	90	..	..
McRea, A. M.	Lamar, Mo.	91	..	90	91	..	..
Spencer, A.	Parsons, Kans.	70	..	73	78	..	..
Waltersheid, Casey.	Barthsville, Okla.	78	..	..	..	..	..
Rubel, J. S.	Barthsville, Okla.	81	..	..	..	..	..
Colfelter, P.	Barthsville, Okla.	85	..	..	..	..	..
Allen, P.	Barthsville, Okla.	69	..	..	..	..	..
Harned, Chas.	Barthsville, Okla.	87	..	..	..	..	..
Sproul, Wm.	Sedan, Kans.	86	87	75	39	..	..
Stephens, F.	Sedan, Kans.	91	86	85	..	..	..
Hanlon, B.	Crille, Kans.	88	94	91	..	..	..
Jones, Ben.	Crille, Kans.	67	70	73	..	..	..
Moore, Fred.	Crille, Kans.	62	58	78	..	..	..
Carpland, W. S.	Crille, Kans.	88	90	92	..	..	..
Thompson, I. E.	Crille, Kans.	42	48	63	..	..	..
Torahm, V. E.	Crille, Kans.	60	61	68	..	..	..
Etchen, Fred (Mrs.)	Coffeyville, Kans.	89	87	88	85	..	..
Smith, Tom.	Crille, Kans.	68	..	59	69	..	73
Perry, Burt L.	Crille, Kans.	63	..	68	72	..	77
Sparks, S.	Crille, Kans.	61	..	..	..	..	..
Roy, I.	Crille, Kans.	39	..	..	..	..	..
Herman.	Crille, Kans.	52	..	..	..	..	..
Kloehs.	Crille, Kans.	88	..	..	..	..	..
Baker.	Crille, Kans.	39	..	..	..	..	..
Allin.	Crille, Kans.	47	..	..	..	..	..
Throchn, D.	Crille, Kans.	88	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson, E.	Crille, Kans.	59	..	..	..	..	..
Fritz.	Crille, Kans.	60	..	..	..	..	..
Haney, P.	Crille, Kans.	80	..	..	..	..	..
Barrett.	Crille, Kans.	83	..	..	..	..	..
Campbell, Dr.	Crille, Kans.	38	..	..	..	..	..
Snup, Cleo.	Crille, Kans.	82	..	..	..	..	..
Hankins.	Crille, Kans.	47	..	..	..	..	..
McCrabb.	Crille, Kans.	82	..	..	..	..	..
Ball, Wm.	Crille, Kans.	84	..	..	..	..	..
Isam.	Crille, Kans.	84	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson.	Crille, Kans.	48	..	..	..	..	..
Jlorio.	Crille, Kans.	82	..	..	..	..	..
Tacher.	Crille, Kans.	72	..	..	..	..	..

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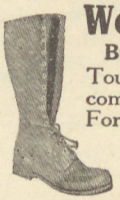

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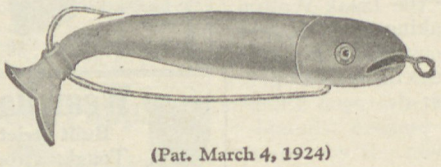

(Pat. March 4, 1924)

November 8, 1924.

Izaak Walton League,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

In making plans for our 1925 advertising, you may rest assured that OUTDOOR AMERICA will be the first magazine on our list.

In putting our product on the market during the early part of this year, we started to advertise in the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, and have been represented in every issue since.

With the exception of a few ads we placed in other magazines, the advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA was all the magazine advertising we did during the year and have a most kindly feeling towards OUTDOOR AMERICA for the results attained.

In our opinion, OUTDOOR AMERICA is the best medium available at this time, to reach the largest number of those who love the great outdoors and is an excellent advertising medium and one of the best we have ever known.

Yours very truly,
STREICH BAIT WORKS,
(Signed) B. J. Metzger

BJM:LM

The Kennel Department

(Continued from page 74)

was out of our sight for some time. We sure heard of him for several days, though unable to catch up with him, as he bit every dog, chicken, and head of livestock he encountered, and the news was promptly carried to us.

Three days later a mob ran him under a barn and Mr. Dawdy, the owner, sent for us to kill him and get him, and to prove our contention that no dog ever went mad and that we would handle any supposed case.

On arrival we found that Strike had retreated under the barn between the log supports. Immediately we were aware that we could crawl within range of him by keeping one sill between us, and do it in safety. We did so and that pointer sure wanted to eat us alive, if possible. But we dropped a loop of stout string over his muzzle, cinched it, and tied it firmly straight over the forehead and around the neck. Strike could not, in any manner, open his mouth, and we dragged him out unwillingly amidst a very frightened crowd of negro farm hands.

When we got into daylight surely Strike looked the victim of the dreaded rabies. His eyes glared like live coals, and a dark, chocolate colored saliva drooled from his mouth. I suggested killing him at once but Ozark, noticing a slight inflammation on his left jaw, seized a small stick and ran it hard inside along the gums. Then the trouble was discovered. That poor creature had, for days, been afflicted with an enormous abscess just above his last upper back tooth. The sharp stick broke the abscess and relief came to Strike immediately. We bore him home and later had many enjoyable days shooting quail over him.

Strike never went mad. No stock that he had bitten ever went mad. But it took a long time for the negroes to realize that daily we were not going to break out in a mad rampage, for they gave us a wide berth every time they saw us.

The above has been written to elucidate that fact that many and many a time a poor sporting dog is killed because he shows symptoms of what the public believes to be the rabies when a little forethought and common sense would save the animal and, at the same time, relieve the mind of some unlucky person who might, by chance, have been bitten by a dog. A good sporting dog has a great value in service and money, and few of them would be accused of going mad if their owners kept them in perfect condition and rid them of worms every six months.

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Angler's Fever

By
MILLER W. RICE

JULY is a poor month for bass fishing in the neighboring waters of Kansas City. But the Angling Fever, like that of typhoid, is not a respecter of seasons, and rages in July as well as in May and October. On the 21st day of July, I awakened with all the symptoms of Angler's Fever. That fever, the symptoms of which there is no mistaking. Just as the sight of water causes a dog with hydrophobia to throw a fit, just as sure will an angler throw a fit if he does not see water. So I started out in the quest of a shimmering lake. Of course, you understand, it is better for the fever, if the lake shimmers, but it is good if it just looks glassy under a baking July sun.

We reached the last described lake about four o'clock. My son took the oars, and carefully we selected the most favorable spots. Imagine my surprise when 11 p. m. rolled around and not a strike. The colored boy took the oars about six o'clock and my son took the fly rod and some minnows and caught six nice croppies. These with some bull frogs we prepared for breakfast, and decided we would wait until morning.

At 4:30 we again took to the water, and for two hours we had lovely casting. Each cast we expected to get that thrill that comes down the line over the rod and thrills you through and through. But no such thrill. At seven o'clock a one and a quarter pound bass took the lure, then a one-pound bass made it a pair. The last one I told the colored boy to put back, but I noticed him putting it on the stringer, muttering to himself, "I don't see no use turning a fish loose like that."

Thirty minutes more of casting, and I told the boy that I guessed it was not a good time, and that we would not get any, and I was aimlessly casting about, when all of a sudden there was a rush, as of many waters, and my line swept out to the deep water, the handle of my reel being knocked out of my fingers, giving me some hard knocks before I could get it under control; then the sport was on, back and forth, in and out, giving him line to keep it from snapping, and then gradually slowing him down until at last he came up and ate out of the colored boy's hand. I said, "When you get that fish by the lip, don't you let him go," for we had left our landing net ashore. With his eyes white and rolling, he said, "Man, dat fish is in a vise, yes, same's vise." And I guess it was, for he sure froze on to that fish. We could hardly get any more casts for looking at him as he swam beside the boat. We took courage, however, and decided we could stay a while longer. Ten minutes passed by and we decided the excitement was about over, when again the waters were rent asunder. The lure left the surface again, and I had one I could not stop. When this battle was over, we rolled up tackle and pulled to shore, for two in one morning, weighing 5½ and 6½ pounds, is quite sufficient to cure the worst case of Angler's Fever.

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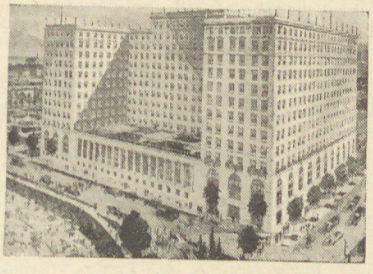

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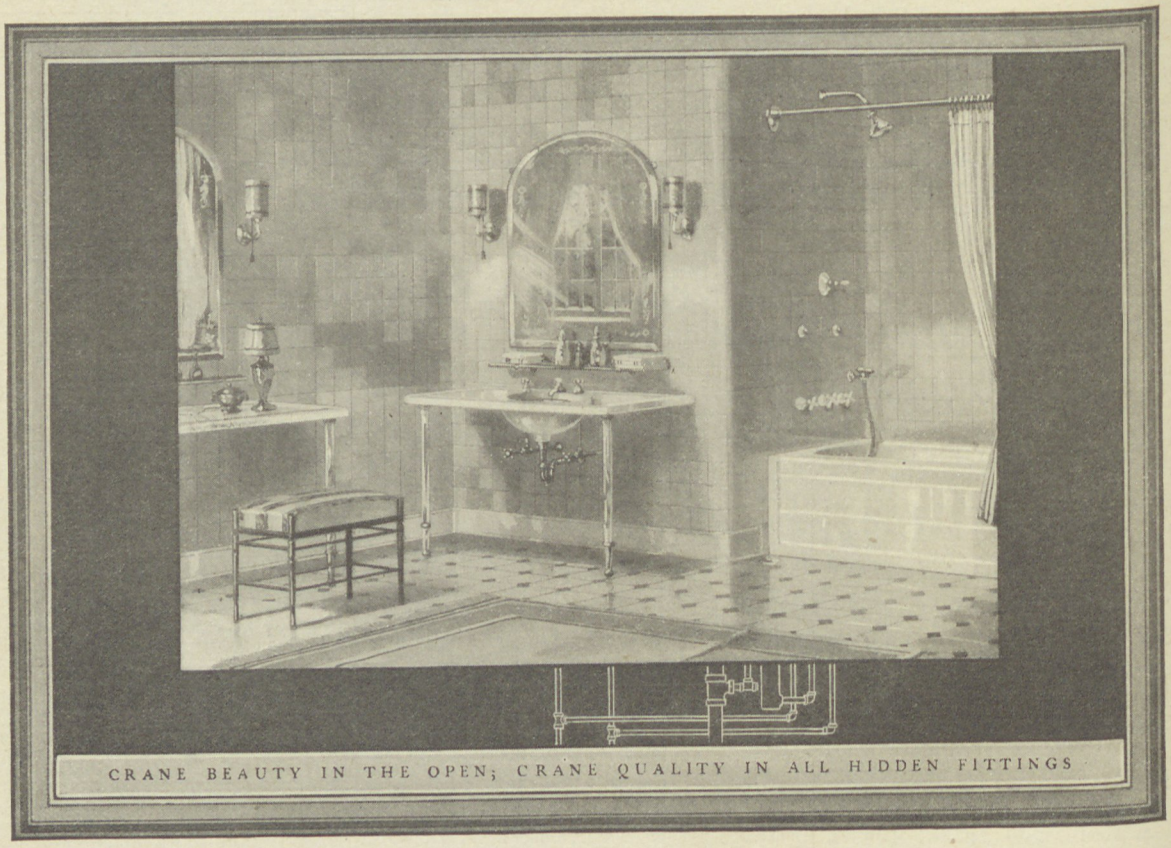

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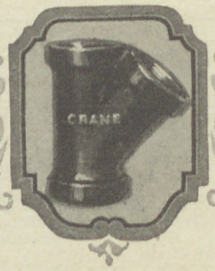


Crane Y branch drainage fitting

Speaking of Christmas Presents—

Christmas is almost upon us and the Christmas dollar is spreading its eagle wings in the old time fashion.

NOW is the time to stop at least one of them in its flight and give your friends the greatest value ever offered in a gift that will last through the entire twelve months.

Don't be selfish. You know how much you enjoy reading Cutdoor America and you know how much your friends will enjoy reading your magazine.

Remember the guide who served you so well in the past, remember the natives who face long snow-bound winters, remember that man who gave you his card on the train and asked you to see that he received a subscription to this magazine, remember the old timers at home who first showed you how to bait a hook or fire a gun and countless others whose very life would be brightened throughout the coming year by the pens of the greatest living American authors and illustrators.

Don't hesitate! Just take your knife and cut out the attached coupon and mail it in to National Headquarters with your check, knowing that your friends' hearts will be gladdened by the greatest Outdoor Magazine ever published and that you are helping in this way to save some of the old time outdoor recreation in this country for the little chaps to come.

It is not too late to remember the pal you forgot to include on your list.

Send us the coupon pronto and we will send him an engraved card and the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, even more pronto!

There is still time!

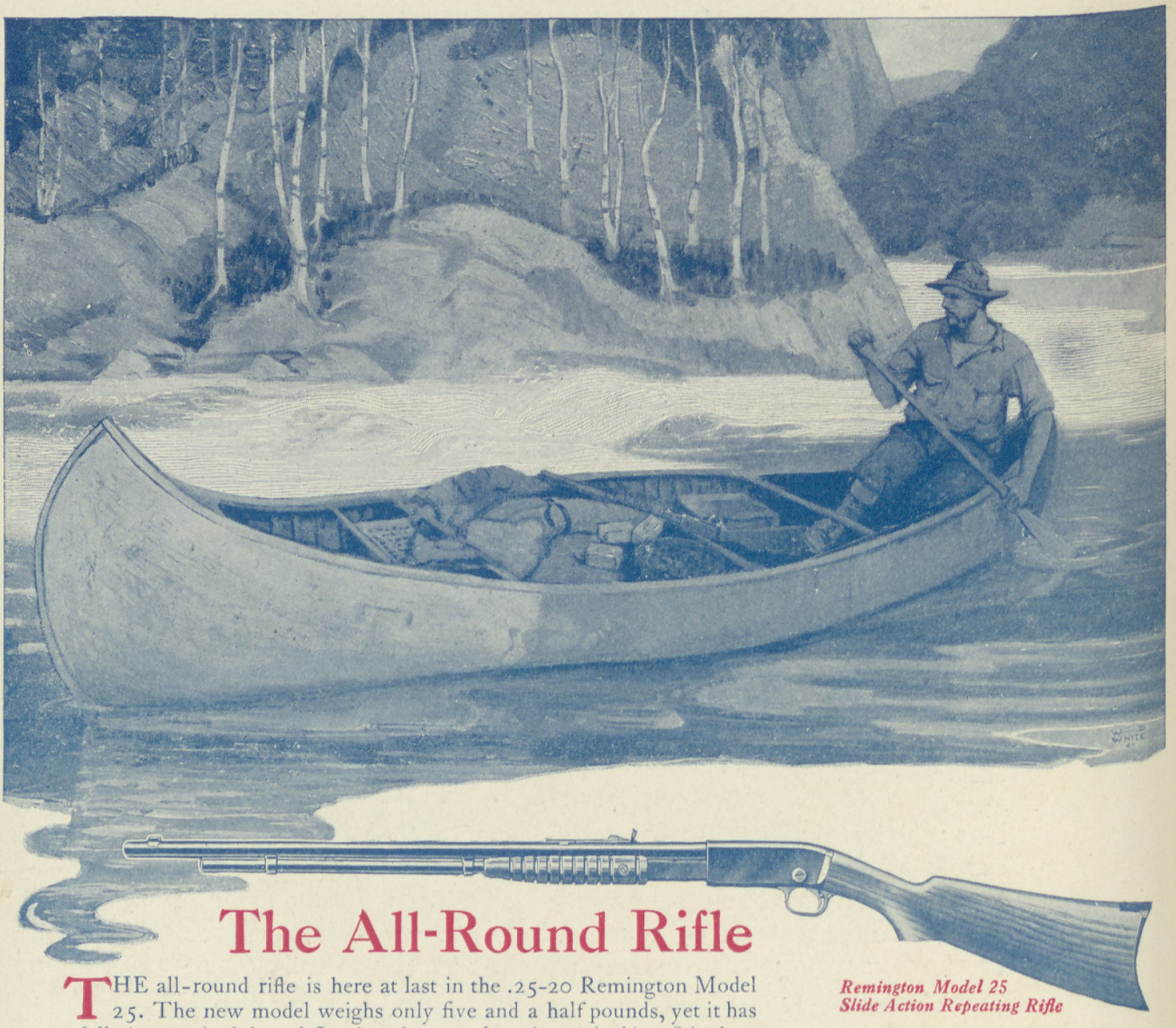
The Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to Outdoor America, to be sent to the following:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



The All-Round Rifle

THE all-round rifle is here at last in the .25-20 Remington Model 25. The new model weighs only five and a half pounds, yet it has a full-size, 24-inch barrel. It takes-down and can be packed in 28 inches.

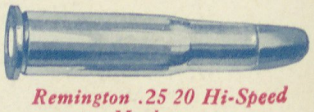
This rifle is just right in power and range for foxes, coons, lynx, wildcat, turkeys, geese, woodchuck; anything, in fact, from rabbits to deer. When used with the .25-20 Remington Hi-Speed cartridge, which drives a 60-grain copper-jacketed bullet at 2200 foot-seconds muzzle velocity, it is six times as powerful as a .22 and is nearly half as strong as the .30-30. It has punch enough for the larger small game, but not too much for shooting camp meat; for you can use any .25-20 repeater cartridge from black powder to Hi-Speed in this rifle.

The "25" has a speedy, hammerless, pump action like the Remington .22 repeater and the Remington shotguns. Its magazine holds ten loads, and you don't have to be a millionaire to buy them.

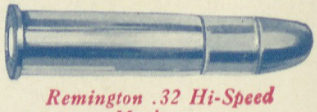
There is also a model 25 carbine six inches shorter and half a pound lighter than the standard model, but otherwise the same. You can stick this little rifle in your canoe or car, under your arm, or sling it across your back in the morning and forget it until you need it—then it's ready with ten shining, hollow-point bullets as soon as you slip off the cross-bolt safety in the trigger guard.

There are no fancy doo-dads on this rifle. It is just a snappy, well-balanced, all-round practical gun, and its price is right.

Remington Model 25
Slide Action Repeating Rifle



Remington .25 20 Hi-Speed
Mushroom



Remington .32 Hi-Speed
Mushroom

The Model 25 is also furnished in .32 caliber. The .32 Hi-Speed cartridge shoots an 80-grain bullet at 2000 foot-seconds muzzle-velocity; develops 710 foot-pounds muzzle energy and has an accuracy range of from 200 to 300 yards. Chambered for .32 caliber, the Model 25 will suit those who demand a rifle larger than the .25-20, but who must have a light, snappy, practical gun.

Remington

Remington Arms Company, Inc.
25 Broadway New York City
Established 1816

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